

Scrap Book

Talk of Binns, and America Grins



BINNS

By WEX JONES



He isn't a hero booted and spurred;
He hasn't a lance or a sword;
He just sits at his post and passes
the word.
That's to save all the hundreds aboard.

Who is he?
Binns, plain Binns.
Talk about heroes,
And Binns
Just grins.

He isn't a soldier who swoops on the foe
With a cheer and the promise of glory;
He just sticks to his job while the ship
settles low
And flashes the salvors the story.

And his name?
Binns, plain Binns.
Talk about glory,
And Binns
Just grins.

He isn't a picturesque person at all.
To be spotted at once in a mob,
But it's cheerful to know that whatever
befall
There's a fellow like Binns on the job—

That some Binns, plain Binns,
Will peel off his coat when trouble begins.
Talk of Binns,
And America grins.



Heroism and Dignity.

To say, as several of our correspondents have, that John Binns, the wireless telegraph operator of the Republic, proved himself more of a hero by refusing to exhibit himself for money than he did by sticking to his post on the sinking steamer, is wrong—by definition, as the mathematicians say. But there is no doubt that the refusal proved the possession of a much rarer, and in a way higher, quality than did the performance of a perilous duty. Heroism, in spite of well-intentioned attempts to extend its meaning, is, as commonly and properly understood, largely a matter of accomplishment, and especially of accomplishment in the service of others. The chief difference between the hero and the ordinary man, who also hap-

pens to be a real man, is that the great opportunity to make his courage largely effective comes to the one and not to the other. Probably not one operator in the marine wireless service would have done less than Binns in like circumstances, yet it is not unfair that his name has gone all over the world, while that of the others remains unknown—as yet. Their turns may come in time, and then they will be heroes, too, but for the present they must be content to earn their wages honestly.

In refusing to become an object of sapping and vulgar curiosity, Binns showed that he has the delicacy and dignity which not a few real heroes have lacked. Had he accepted the offers of the world-be explorers and conquerors of his fame, he would have remained as much of a hero as ever, but he would have been vastly less likable.



Jack Binns
The C.Q.D. Hero



UNIVERSAL LAWS FOR THE SEA.

The introduction by Representative James Francis Burke, of Pennsylvania, of a bill to compel all ocean-going passenger vessels to be equipped with wireless-telegraphy apparatus, and the attention the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries is giving to the same subject, is the first result of the notable illustration given by the collision of the Florida and the Republic of the supreme value of the latest aid in diminishing the perils of sea travel.

In addition, that disaster will serve to call attention to work that has been going on quietly for many years looking to the same general end. In the matter of collisions there is at least the beginning of a universal code in maritime law already generally accepted. The regulations of that code pertain to steering, sound signals, lights, &c., and while these have proved their utility, the inability of that code as at present interpreted to prevent collisions may be said to have been demonstrated. The first promulgation of these regulations was in 1864, an amended code was issued in 1884, and this again was modified and revised in 1897.

The confusion at present existing in the whole subject of maritime law is probably appreciated by none but those who have given the subject special study. There is, for instance, no uniformity regarding the time within which an action for damages resulting from a collision can be brought. The preliminaries to such an action differ in different countries. Also when both ships are to blame there is a like difference as to the legal effects in different countries.

To remove these anomalies and differences and to bring order out of the present chaos has been for years the object of the International Maritime Committee. In recent years the four subjects of salvage, collision, limitation of ship-owners' liability and maritime liens and mortgages have been under examination and discussion. The first two of these, salvage and collision, were discussed at the diplomatic conference of October, 1905. The codes then submitted on these two subjects also received the approval of the conference called to meet at Venice last autumn. Conferences on maritime law have met in recent years in London, Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam and Venice, and another called by the Belgian Government is soon to meet in Brussels. At the latter it is to be hoped a still more marked advance in the unification of maritime law will be made, and it is probable that we may at last have a universal code governing all over-sea traffic and travel.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

It has always been the lot of the human race to advance through distress and disaster to brighter life and better conditions. It took the disaster of the White Star steamer Republic to demonstrate to the world the enormous value of wireless telegraphy for the safety of ocean travel.

Marconi in 1896 produced the first wireless telegraph capable of sending and recording electric waves across long distances. In that year he could send intelligible messages 200 feet. By 1900 he had perfected the process so as to be able to transmit messages 200 miles. In 1902 his ship, the Carlo Alberto, kept in touch by wireless with a station on the coast of England at distances up to 2,300 miles. In December of that year

wireless messages were exchanged between England and Canada. In 1907 a regular trans-Atlantic wireless service was inaugurated.

There can be no doubt that in face of the service Marconi wireless telegraphy—the only wireless service that so far has proven its practicability and efficiency—on last Saturday, when the wireless messages of distress brought to the disabled Republic five ocean liners—every ocean-going vessel will hasten to provide itself with wireless instruments for intercommunication and co-operation. Travelers after the last experience will hardly be willing to go on steamers that are not fitted out with wireless telegraphy. The accident off Nantucket should mark a new and prosperous era in the development of the Marconi wireless telegraphy.

C. Q. D.

Anybody who has been at sea knows how big the ocean is and how small the ship. Also how lonely is the watery plain. As we sit at home and glance down the record of shipping news, with its daily tale of hundreds of ships plying (as we think) like ferryboats on the ocean highway (as we say), the mental picture is of a closely settled neighborhood of ships in a world of blue; something like the cheerful advertising posters sent out by the steamship companies; in these pictures there are always plenty of ships in sight of each other.

What has often happened, has happened again. A great floating bulk of steel, its power of propulsion and direction suddenly gone wrong, carrying a thousand human beings, wallows alone, helpless, in a fog. No lookout can see where the ship is drifting; no flag signal can be seen by any passing craft; no steam whistle can surely be depended upon to bring help. However big and stanch and well manned the ship, she is alone and unseen in the universe; relatively as fragile as a rowboat in a summer gale upon a lake, out of sight of land.

Until our fortunate time in the world, this has been absolutely true. The ship going to sea has swung off into isolation as a man lets go his life and swings off into an unknown country during sleep. He will probably wake; the ship will probably come to port. But meanwhile they are cut off.

But not now. Through the agency of Marconi's invention, the ship at sea can call through fog and storm. No longer is she an individual who must take her own chance of life every time she goes to sea. The resources of civilization and invention have been so broadened as to take her in.

The steamship Republic sailed from this port with 500 passengers for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean. She was disabled during the first day out, and lay helpless off the Island of Nantucket. But her Marconi operator sent up the ship hailing sign of distress, the letters C Q D, C Q D, C Q D, C Q D—straight up into the gray hollow overhead like a flock of carrier pigeons. One message went straight to the Revenue Cutter Gresham, off Cape Cod. At once the Gresham steamed at full speed to her help. Another message found the steamship Baltic, another found the steamship Lorraine; all of them started instantly to the assistance of the rammed and sinking Republic. Later wireless despatches received here say that the help came in time, and every person was taken off the Republic by the ships to whom MARCONI'S call of C Q D came dropping through the empty air.

Wireless telegraphy has been hailed as a marvel of science, but the service it has done humanity to-day sets it far higher in the people's minds. It will hereafter be considered as indispensable a part of any steamship's equipment of safety as her charts or her navigator. It is the steamship's invisible life line, by which the safety of her passengers is safeguarded in a degree which no traveller of ten years ago could have dreamed. It is the best of modern magic.

Wireless Hero of the Republic Who Has Won Fame With Signal "C. Q. D."



GREAT WIRELESS FEAT.

When, on Saturday morning early, forty miles out at sea a small steamship ran into and punched an ugly hole in the side of a greater steamship with five hundred people on board, the world knew of the disaster in a few minutes. The man at the wireless key on the damaged steamship gave a few clicks on his instrument. He sounded the marine code meaning danger and distress. Then a wireless man on shore, on Nantucket, caught the signal, and all other business of the wireless was suspended. From the shore was sent a general alarm to all vessels within a radius of two hundred miles, and it was not long before replies were received from two or three boats some of them one hundred miles distant, saying they would go to the scene of trouble. And the man at the key on the damaged vessel, the Republic of the White Star line—sat at his desk. He kept the people on shore, and thus the people throughout the world, informed as to the condition of the ship, and before he got through it was sent out that everybody had been taken from the ship in safety; and three or four government cutters were hastening to the scene. The vessel that had run into the Republic was damaged on its prow, but it managed to get near the Republic and rescue those on board. By this time another ocean steamer had reached the scene and others were close at hand, while a revenue cutter from a Massachusetts port had reached the Republic. But all danger to life was ended, and the damaged vessel was, according to the reports, able to keep afloat, while the Florida, which had caused the accident as the result of the heavy fog, started for New York guarded by another steamship.

What is of deep concern to those who travel on the sea is the fact that a few minutes after the collision other ships were told of the mishap, the people on shore knew it, and all suspense was relieved by the constant flashes sent from the Republic. It was a most remarkable illustration of the effectiveness of the wireless system. The mishap occurred only forty miles from shore, but it might as well have been two hundred miles. Fortunately the damage inflicted did not sink the Republic and, equally fortunate, the Florida was not put out of service. Even if both boats had gone down the chances are that the people on shore would have known of the tragedy and succor would have been possible for the survivors.

Wonderful as was the first use of the telegraph lines on shore, and later the Atlantic cables, their achievements were nothing compared with the wireless system used by the ships. By its use it was possible to tell other boats afloat that their services were needed, while those on land knew in a few minutes the extent of the mishap. And, by means of the wireless on the boats which caught the signals, it was possible to distribute the news throughout the entire route followed by the Atlantic steamers, by means of relay messages. The wireless system, and the man at the key on the Republic did great work on Saturday, aided by the man at Nantucket, who knew the Morse code.



CHEATED!

A NIGHT WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPH OPERATORS AT SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET

Constantly Speaking Big Liners, and Always on Alert for C. Q. D. Signal—Picked up Republic's Call and Summoned Help from All Directions.

FOR ocean liners out of sight of land followed one another in picking with the little, one-story Marconi wireless station at Siasconset, Nantucket. It was a night of coal-black darkness. The surf was splashing over the shore of the island in great whirlpools of foam. Across the Nantucket moors

swept a 75-mile-an-hour gale. The Mauretania, 500 miles eastward of Sandy Hook, was in frequent communication. La Savoie, 200 miles out to sea, had several messages for inland delivery. The Republic, a day's journey away, was persistent caller. The Teutonic, westward, was eager to get

news and to send messages. It was a busy night for the most important wireless station in America.

Just a little pitter-patter of dots and dashes those messages made as they came across the intervening turbulent seas into the 10 by 15 room. At the table, with telephone receivers attached to both ears, sat Jack Irwin, the man who first caught that famous C. Q. D. message from Jack Binns of the Republic and instantly relayed his information to the telegraph operator at Woods Hole. It was this same chubby-faced young Australian who, during that ordeal of the Republic and Baltic, remained at his post of duty 72 continuous hours.

So fresh was the memory of that interruption in the routine of life at Siasconset that a few days ago, when a Herald writer and a Herald artist sat there in the little room with details of the episode with graphic simplicity. But presently, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped abruptly, held up his hand for silence and grabbed a pen. He began to write as calmly as though he were copying from an open manuscript before him.

"The Mauretania must be on the line again," whispered Manager Edwards.

Irwin nodded dumbly and kept on writing. Two or three yellow blanks were quickly covered with words. At last came a signature, and there was a momentary pause in the movement of the hand.

Then the operator dropped his pen and reached for the lever of an overgrown telegraph instrument. Forthwith from the point where the lever of the key connected with a ragged-looking wire which ran upward to an insulator spattered a blue spark which was almost a flame. At the same time came a series of sharp barks. Spat—spat—spat, spat—the cutting of 300,000 volts into divisions of dots and dashes was like the snarl of a buzz saw. A turn of the lever followed a turn of the operator's wrist, and in the fraction of an instant the snarl

and the snarl had been squelched.

With that commotion ended, it seemed as if the storm outside took on a new life. The wind, sweeping past the windows of the little wireless station, sent back long-drawn-out howls. From the waste places on the Nantucket moors it brought pebbles and small sticks, which it showered upon the building. The windows shook and rattled until their frail panes threatened to become a thousand and one pieces. Occasionally, during a particularly violent assembling of the winter elements, the wireless station wavered and the 190-foot masts of the aerial swayed like saplings. Sometimes, over and above the howling and shrieking of the gale and the whirling of the dynamo in an adjoining room, came the thud of waves on the beach.

Irwin began to write again. The artist thought this was a good opportunity to make a sketch. He was thinking already of his title for it. "Talking with the Mauretania 500

Miles Away," he whispered, as he drew his chair from the glare of the stove to a corner near the operator. Presently the scratching of his pen mingled with the "scratching" of Irwin's pen—those two middest sounds contrasting with the staccato wrath from the moors.

The chart on the wall to the right of the operator showed the Mauretania's course eastward. A mass of lines which crossed and crisscrossed, this chart was—each line starting from a Monday or a Tuesday or some other day in the week, and then shooting upward or downward until it arrived at another day. Here and there in the rectangles which made up the intervening space on the sheet were printed names of ocean liners. The Mauretania had sailed on Wednesday. This was Thursday evening. The chart gave the fastest steamer in the world a position about 500 miles east of Sandy Hook.

At last the pen stopped. Once more the operator's right hand moved toward the key of the sending instrument. He shifted the direction of the lever 45 degrees, until its point touched the wire leading to the insulator on the wall. Then more blue flashes, more splutterings and splutterings, more snarlings, and out into the roaring night went another great stream of electricity, broken into dots and dashes—another oscillating current of 300,000 volts as expressive as speech. In the same second of its delivery, it told the wireless operator on the Mauretania to stand by for further communication.

The moment the blue sparks subsided, the operator swept his hand over the bench until his forefinger, middle finger and thumb met the Marconi sending key of a Morse telegraph instrument. There followed a baby clicking, and he was calling the telegraph office at Wood's Hole, 30 miles across Vineyard sound. And thus was the message from the steamer 500 miles at sea relayed to the coast proper with all the no-sooner-could-than-done celerity of communication in the fairy books.

Perhaps it was an hour later when the sequel to this marvellous incident took place. The telegraph instrument on the table began its baby clicking again. Its message was an answer, by way of Wood's Hole, from the man in Chicago for the man on board the Mauretania, now over 525 miles away. Things happened with wonderful rapidity. The gentle prattle of the telegraph instrument was succeeded by a ferocious snarl of the wireless apparatus. For a couple of minutes the key and wire leading to the insulator made blue sparks continually.

Then Operator Irwin wheeled in his chair, removed his double telephones and mopped his head.

"Thank heaven that message has gone on its way!" he said. "Maybe the man will be glad to get it."

Following this prompt dispatch of all messages to the Mauretania, Irwin gave her the "stand by" signal, as it is called—the code letters which told her merely to state from time to time her position.

Since 2 P. M. the Mauretania had been in communication with Siasconset. A little earlier, Manager Edwards had held several confabs with the incoming Teutonic. She came within Siasconset's radius shortly after sunrise, and all day long kept that station notified of her whereabouts. She had hardly transferred her attention to Sandy Hook when the Mauretania, east-bound, had sent through the gale the pipelay of her "S. C."—the call for Siasconset.

And then came La Savoie, the French liner, bound westward, from Havre to New York. About 400 miles her "S. C." had travelled through the storm. Her dots and dashes were the merest murmur—a faint tinkle. Her salute to Siasconset had been a suspicion of a sound; so delicate and echolike it was with

that roar of the gale going on outside that only a trained, sensitive ear could detect. La Savole wanted to know the hour, Washington time.

Later on, through the telephones came a prolonged series of hoarse, shrill dots and dashes having a sameness to the sound, a saw makes when it is drawn across iron. That was the wireless station at Wellfleet beginning its evening duty of sending to all steamers within a 1600-mile radius a resume of the news of the day.

Just to show, by comparison, the strength of Wellfleet's voice, Manager Edwards shifted a little lever on an indicator at the left of the table. In the hundredth part of a second the hoarse scrapings had gone somewhere into the night, willy-nilly, and through the telephones was flowing a most gentle burr—another series of sounds so subtle in volume that again only the experienced ears of the operators could be sure of their existence. Manhattan Beach was talking with Fire Island. And what had become of Wellfleet?

"Oh," said the manager, "the impedance has cut them off." Just a little clock-face piece of mechanism was the impedance—a clock face that reminded you of a compass. Only, instead of the hands of a compass, there was a group of levers, all having a common centre. An adjustment of a few points separated Siasconset from an undesired current. One moment, the dots and dashes of Wellfleet had been coming through the air readily enough to the aerial of Siasconset; in the same second the movement of a lever of the impedance had eliminated Wellfleet from the map and established communication with Sandy Hook.

Another movement, a few minutes later, established a range of communication with La Savole. Still another movement put Siasconset in touch with the Tontonic. And a fourth brought the Re d'Italia within talking distance. Beside this instantaneous transformation of the map, all deeds of the geni in "Arabian Nights" were quite simple and uninspiring.

By and by it was midnight. The gale still howled its wrath against the little wireless house and threatened even the great Oregon pines which held the aerial. It was time for Operator Irwin and Manager Edwards to go home. Their "shift" of duty was ended for the day. About the same time the door of the adjoining room opened, there was a rush of icy air, and, muffled to nose and eyes, Operator John Cowden reported for duty until 7 A. M.

It was growing late when the Adriatic sent her "S. C." through the storm-torn air to the aerial of Nantucket Island. This liner was on her way from the Mediterranean to New York, and she merely wanted to pass the time of day with Siasconset, to inquire for whatever news Wellfleet had failed to give, and to send a message or two to her owners. Thereafter, from time to time, the Adriatic carried on desultory signalling with Siasconset.

In this calm of the day's work came tales out of the unwritten log of the Siasconset station. Whatever had been recorded with pen and ink was the property of the company, not to be divulged for publication, as, for most interesting instance, the log of the morning of the disaster to the Republic. But the spoken reminiscences had many startling features.

Had the messages from the Mantetania, 600 miles away, been out of the ordinary in the daily history of the station? Not at all. Only a few weeks ago the station indirectly received word from the Corona, which at that time was sailing peacefully in the Mediterranean. From one steamer to another the message passed in its journey across the ocean, eventually reaching Cape Sable, whence in an instant it was flashed through the ether to Siasconset, 800 miles away—a total journey of over 1400 miles.

And then that night in February when the American fleet tried hours and hours to get into communication with Fire Island the messages sounded quite distinctly in the telephone receivers at Siasconset. Every word which the fleet sent 2000 miles was caught with as much ease as though the distance between Siasconset and the battleships was no greater than the width of the road on the moors of Nantucket Island.

But a thousand miles more or less in the journey of a wireless message ceased long ago to excite the three young men in the little room of the Siasconset station. For it is not impossible at any time, by a chance adjustment of the impedance to catch "freak" communications which are drifting around in the atmosphere—to go beyond the prescribed zone of operation. Sometimes Key West intrudes itself. Frequently Cape Sable, 800 miles away, murmurs a greeting through the telephones. Since, however, it is the special duty of the powerful apparatus at Wellfleet and Cape Sable to deal with phenomena of thousand mile transmission and the like, Siasconset doesn't bother with them; it restricts its attention to commercial affairs.

And largely for that reason it is the most important station in America. It is located beyond the disturbing influence of land and it is directly adjacent to the route of the great ocean liners. With its average daily deliver of 4000 words the Siasconset station now ranks among the larger stations of the world.

As though Nantucket itself were not far enough from the world—20 miles as the steamer sails and 90 more as the train travels from Boston—Siasconset is a seven-mile ride across a region as flat and uninteresting as a desert. In winter, when the thermometer is approaching zero and a gale is blowing at the rate of 75 miles an hour, it is not an absurd process of thought which gives Siasconset the distinction of being a desolate part of the world.

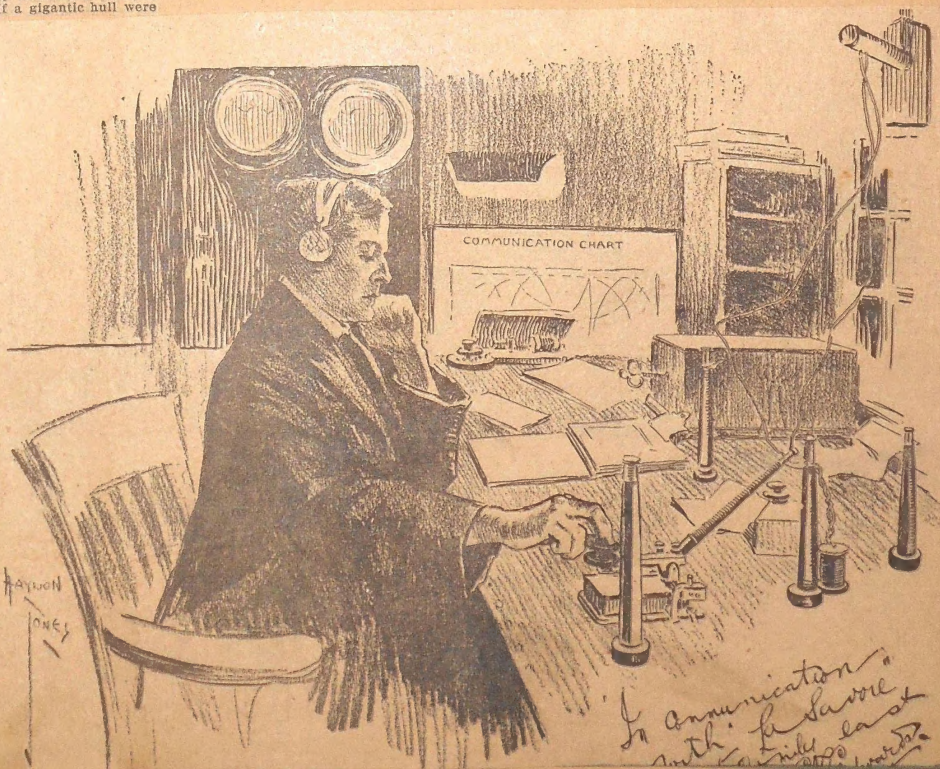
Half a mile from the beach is the Marconi Wireless Station. Here, about 50 or 60 yards from the main road, are two great poles strung with an assortment of steel cables and other wires. Between them is the one-story peaked roof house. Those poles are masts, such as might be placed on a tremendous ship, and they tower over a little deckhouse. If a gigantic hull were

there, the illusion would be complete. So high in the air go those masts that as you strive to find their tops, you get a bad crook in your neck. One pole is 190 feet in height, the other 185. That net work of steel cables and wires which is woven around and about them resembles for all the world a gargantuan spider's web.

From contrivances like horizontal trapezes which are attached to the masts there stretches a curious oval of wire undulating into the configuration of a beach loop-the-loop. In that gale, which blew so violently over the island the other day, all those antennae, as the experts designate the wires, swayed until it seemed as though the web must be torn into a million pieces. But it held together flawlessly.

But for Messrs. Edwards, Irwin and Cowden wild nights and the possibilities of accidents are all in the day's work. If a particularly heavy outburst of the gale should down the intricate aerial apparatus, well and good, they will put on their thick clothing and go out into the barren waste and repair things. If the dynamo should behave badly, well and good, they know how to apply the effective remedy. If the 53 powerful battery cells get out of order, here are men to restore each one of them to its regulation specific gravity of 1.210.

For this is a place where routine and extraordinary duty have alike become matter of fact. Only to the layman, outsider is there anything awesome in what transpires from dawn to dusk and from dusk to dawn in the midge house on the storm-swept edge of Nantucket Island—even in the spectacle of a genie at a table of instruments listening through telephones for a delicate ripple of sound, and answering with a snarl of voltage—talking with miraculous ease to many ocean liners far out at sea—and watchful for "C. Q. D." messages.



In communication with La Savole 800 miles away

REPUBLIC IN CRASH AT SEA; ALL SAVED

**Unidentified Steamer Rams White Star
Liner Off Nantucket—800 Lives
Saved Through Wireless Message
Caught by Two Big Steamers and
Two Revenue Cutters—Taken Off
by Italian Steamer Florida.**

REPUBLIC REPORTED TO BE STILL AFLOAT JUST BEFORE NOON

During a dense fog early to-day the White Star line steamer Republic, which left this city yesterday for Genoa and Naples with 450 passengers and about 400 crew was run into by an unknown steamer off Nantucket.

All the Republic's passengers and crew were taken off by the Italian line steamer Florida.

Soon after the Florida appeared on the scene the revenue cutter Acushnet, which had been at Woods Holl, Mass., arrived and stood by.

The government wireless operators at Newport reported that at 11.30 a. m. they could still hear the wireless working faintly from the Republic, indicating that the vessel was still afloat at that time, but that the storage batteries which had been used for messages were becoming exhausted.

The Florida left Naples January 10. She has 900 cabin and steerage passengers, many of them believed to be earthquake survivors coming to America as a refuge. She has no wireless apparatus.

The moment that Capt. Sealy recognized his danger, wireless messages were sent out calling for help.

"Help, I'm sinking," was the gist of the call he sent out, and within half an hour two liners and two United States revenue cutters were on their way to aid the crippled ship.

Baltic First to Be Reached.

The Baltic, of the White Star line, in-bound from Liverpool, was the first to be picked up. The Baltic was far away, but was expected to reach the side of the Republic within a few hours.

La Lorraine was found next, and she, too, started to aid the White Star ship. From Woods Holl, the United States revenue cutter Acushnet was started at once.

The revenue cutter Gresham started also from the Charlestown navy-yard, in response to a message for help, which read:

"To revenue Cutter Gresham, Boston. The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.26 miles south of Nantucket."

The torpedo boat Cushing also received the news of the accident, and without waiting for orders, her commander at once started out to give what aid he could.

Had Over Four Hundred Passengers.

The Republic had 220 first-class passengers and 215 in the steerage, many of the latter returning to their homes in Italy to do what they could for relatives impoverished by the earthquake. The Republic sailed from this port for Genoa and Naples yesterday.

It was in a heavy fog yesterday afternoon that she passed out of the Hook and the marine observer lost sight of her in a moment as she turned her nose toward Nantucket.

From that time yesterday afternoon the fog has been heavy off the Long Island shore, and she was running through it when the accident occurred.

First Message to the Line.

Nothing more was heard of the Republic until the following message was received at the White Star line office from Capt. Sealy:

When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost.

The French liner La Lorraine, from Havre, was in communication with her agent, Enquet, in this city when east of Nantucket. Her captain said:

Going to help Republic, sinking forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket lightship. Heavy fog. Our own position on chart uncertain. Will do all possible to save crew and passengers.

The captain of the Republic reported that he was twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship when the accident occurred. This would place the Republic about 200 miles along on her voyage.

The nearest land was Nantucket island, about seventy miles due north, but with his engine room full of water, the only thing left for the captain to do was to shed wireless waves broadcast over the Atlantic asking for assistance.

The Republic's officers are: Captain, L. Sealy; purser, J. I. Barker; chief steward, J. S. Stanger; surgeon, A. J. Marsh, and assistant surgeon, P. Gilleberti.

The bad weather at sea, which delayed the Baltic, La Lorraine and other vessels, proved providential. If the seas had been light these ships would have been too far toward port to have been of assistance to the Republic.

The revenue cutter Acushnet, which was hurried from Woods Hole to the aid of the crippled liner, was strangely enough placed at that point through the efforts of the White Star line. She is a new vessel.

As soon as the news of the wreck reached the White Star offices in this city the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company was communicated with and arrangements made for the tug Relief to go to the scene.

From a study of the wireless messages received up to noon it was apparent that the Republic was in collision between 6 and 7 o'clock this morning. The two big liners which received the "urgent telegraphic code call" could not steam alongside for several hours.

The first message was received from the Nantucket lightship, which repeated the wireless dispatch from the French liner Lorraine. Nantucket lightship is 170 miles from Ambrose channel lightship, Sandy Hook. The message stated that the Republic had notified the Lorraine of the collision and reported herself in a sinking condition. The Republic reported herself forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket, between Montauk Point and Nantucket.

Description of the ship.

The Republic was built at the Belfast yards of Harland & Wolff, Ltd., in 1902, for the Dominion line, which at that time operated a passenger service between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool. The vessel was originally named the Columbus, but after the Boston service of the Dominion line had been acquired by the White Star line the name was changed to the Republic. She is 570 feet long, 67.8 feet beam, and has a draught of 24 feet. Her tonnage is 15,378 gross and 9,742 net. She usually plies from Boston to Mediterranean ports, but during the winter makes New York her American port.

On her recent arrival at New York the Republic brought the first band of Italian earthquake refugees to reach American shores.

Owing to the Republic's great size she has always been known as a particularly steady ship. Driven by two quadruple expansion engines, she was capable of a sustained speed of sixteen knots an hour. She was equipped with complete refrigerating, electric lighting and ventilating plants.

Miss K. V. Gano.	Mrs. Hodges.
Miss I. L. George.	Miss L. J. Hewitt.
Fred J. Gilfillan.	Mrs. C. L. Hill.
Miss E. A. Gilfillan.	H. A. Hovener.
Susanna Glover.	Mrs. Hovey.
John F. Gloucester.	Miss A. J. Ingersoll.
Mrs. E. L. Griggs.	Gen. Bryanton Ives.
Miss Hall.	and violet.
Charles Hart.	Miss L. Jackson.
Alex S. Bell.	William White.
Miss M. E. Jones.	Miss A. Margendant.
Arthur Lamb.	Mrs. James Mason.
Miss O. Estote Lan.	Miss Mason.
A. O. Larkin and	Miss Alice Mason.
violin.	J. E. McAlinden.
Miss A. E. Larkin.	J. F. McCarthy.
Charles Law.	Mrs. McCarthy.
J. E. Lilly.	Miss E. McCready.
M. V. Linnell.	Miss G. McCready.
Eugene Lynch.	Miss I. McCready.
Mrs. Lynch.	S. P. McGovern.
Miss M. MacKenzie.	L. L. McMurray.
Miss M. Macomber.	Albert W. Mead.
Mrs. Mead.	Mrs. McMurray.
J. S. Melcher.	Mrs. C. O. McNeill.
Mrs. Melcher.	W. J. Mooney.
J. B. Mellon.	Mrs. Mooney.
Mrs. Mellon.	Miss E. P. Moore.
Miss S. L. Mellon.	Mr. Morris.
and music.	Mrs. Morris.
Miss M. M. Mermod.	Mr. Morris, Jr.
Miss A. Mermod.	Miss Morris.
George F. Merritt.	Miss F. C. Morse.
Reuben Miller.	Miss M. Mott.
Mrs. Miller.	Mrs. J. S. Mulligan.
Miss Ruth Miller.	M. J. Murphy.
Mrs. A. M. Miller.	Mrs. Murphy.
Countess Pasolini.	G. Newman.
Dr. J. A. Peoples.	J. W. Norris.
Mrs. Peoples.	Mrs. J. Rathbone.
Miss G. W. Perkins.	Mrs. A. Sampson.
Mrs. A. L. Peters.	Miss A. W. Saunders.
Hugo Peterson.	Miss A. C. Schack-
Mr. Phelps.	ford.
Mrs. Phelps.	Mrs. W. H. Scudder.
C. F. Pond.	Miss G. C. Scudder.
Wm. R. Porter.	Miss M. Scudder.
Mrs. Porter.	Mrs. M. C. Scudder.
Mrs. A. De Potter.	Mrs. C. A. Severance.
Mrs. E. B. Potter.	Ernest R. Sharp.
Wm. Prendergast.	Mrs. B. F. Sherman.
Mrs. Prendergast.	Mrs. M. de Silva.
Count Raspo.	R. N. Slater.
Mrs. Slater.	William Solback.
S. H. Smallman.	Mrs. J. L. Stock.
Mrs. Smallman.	S. E. Taylor.
J. Walker Smith.	S. E. Titus.
Mrs. M. L. Smoot.	Miss M. A. Tweedie.
Miss J. D. Smoot.	Mrs. K. Van Loon.
Rev. T. A. Sorely.	Alben E. Viles.
W. Snyder.	Mrs. Viles.
Miss M. Snyder.	A. A. White.
Miss L. Snyder.	Mrs. J. H. Whitely.
Robt. W. Snyder.	Miss Jean Whitely.
Mrs. Snyder.	Mr. Whitely.
Dr. A. G. Wagers.	George B. Whitely.
Mrs. H. Wakefield.	Mrs. Whitely.
Miss E. Wakefield.	J. W. Woods.
Miss H. Wakefield.	Mrs. E. W. Woods.
Dr. M. E. Waldstein.	Mrs. E. B. Woods.
Mrs. N. Waldstein.	Miss E. B. Woods.
Rev. J. W. Ward.	Mrs. E. B. Woods.
Mrs. G. A. Washburn.	Mrs. E. B. Woods.
Miss K. G. Weiling.	Mrs. W. T. Woodruff.

LINER SINKS 761 SAVED

White Star Ship, Republic, Rammed in Fog, Goes Down
Off Nantucket—Strange Steamer That Hit Her Not
Seen Since—Wireless Saved Those on Wreck

Running at reduced speed in a dense fog, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, to-day, the White Star Liner Republic, bound for Mediterranean ports, with 461 passengers and a crew of 300 on board, was rammed by an unidentified steamship, and this afternoon she was reported to be completely submerged. All of the passengers were taken off safely.

The vessel disappeared in the fog after the collision. The fact that she did not stand by to give aid to the Republic leads to the belief that she either went down or was badly disabled.

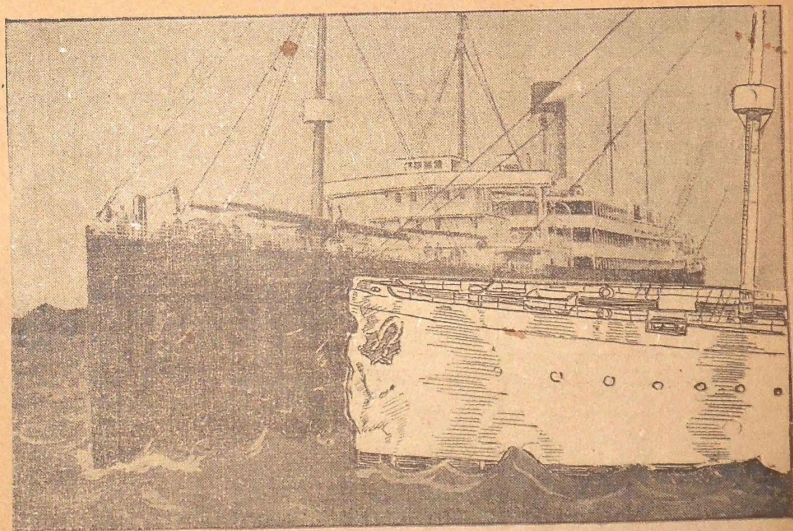
Within a few hours after the crash several liners, half a dozen revenue cutters and the torpedo boat Cushing, from Newport were hastening to the scene, in response to wireless distress signals. They went to Nantucket from the four points of the compass, but none of them encountered the boat that had rammed the Republic.

The steamer Nantucket, with thirty passengers on board, while going to the aid of the sinking liner, ran on the rocks near Wood's Hole, Mass., and is reported to be in a dangerous position.

Revenue Cutter First on the Scene.

The first boat to reach the side of the Republic was the revenue cutter Acushnet, a new craft, which started out from Wood's Hole just after midnight. It picked up one of the wireless distress signals and upon reaching the side of the Republic, learned that the liners Baltic and La Lorraine were hurrying to the scene. It was decided to wait and transfer the passengers to the Baltic.

The White Star boat was late in arriving, however, and as water continued pouring into the hold of the Republic, the danger of leaving the passengers on board increased. At this time the steamship Florida, of the Lloyd Italian line, appeared, and the passengers and two-thirds of the crew were transferred to her. The Florida then proceeded to New York and will reach here to-morrow. Wireless reports received in New York this afternoon stated that scenes of the wildest terror followed the frightful crash in the fog. All of the passengers were asleep at the time. Those in the first cabin had been up until nearly midnight at an entertainment to celebrate the beginning of a winter cruise, the Republic having started out from New York yesterday afternoon. There were two hundred and fifty first class passengers, and two hundred and eleven in the steerage. The crew numbered 300.



The collision occurred to-day, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, while the Republic, outward bound, with 461 passengers, was running at reduced speed in the dense fog.

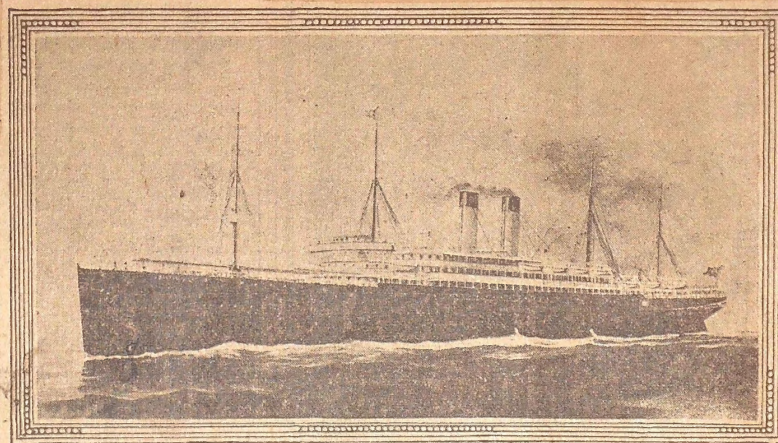
Sent Out Wireless Warnings.

It was not long after midnight when the Republic encountered a heavy fog. Speed was reduced, and the wireless apparatus was used to send out warnings to other boats that might be nearby.

The unidentified liner evidently was equipped with a wireless outfit, or it would have picked up the warnings and thus the collision could have been avoided.

WIRELESS REPORT

THE REPUBLIC, 400 ON BOARD, IS IN SINKING CONDITION, RAMMED AT SEA;



THE WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC

Big liner crowded with passengers, many of them from New York, rammed at sea off Nantucket. The Baltic, a ship of the same line, and a revenue cutter have gone to the rescue.

**Big White Star Liner Hit by
Unknown Vessel Off Coast
of Massachusetts.**

BALTIC TO THE RESCUE

**Sister Ship Sends Wireless Report—
Crippled Vessel Can Barely
Keep Afloat.**

NEW YORKERS ON BOARD

**Boat Left Yesterday for Cruise to
Azores and Mediter-
ranean.**

EXTRA!

BULLETIN.

The French line steamship *La Lorraine* by wireless says to this city to-day:—"I am going to the rescue of steamship *Republique*. She is sinking forty-five miles southwest of Nantucket Light in heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away as we have to take bearings. Shoal water very dangerous. Will try to rescue passengers and crew."

Boston, Saturday.—It is reported here that the steamship *Republique* is in distress off Nantucket. No particulars are obtainable from the White Star office. The *Republique* steamed from New York yesterday for Mediterranean ports.

The *Republique*, it is understood, was rammed by an unknown vessel early today off Nantucket and at eight o'clock was in bad condition, but able to keep afloat.

The steamship *Baltic*, of the same line, is in wireless range and will hasten to the *Republique's* assistance.

The revenue cutter *Achusnet* left Woods Hole at half-past eight o'clock for the scene of the collision.

At the offices of the White Star line in this city it was said that the steamship *Republique* left here yesterday carrying 233 first cabin passengers and 211 third class. The vessel carries no cargo.

The boat is one of the company's excursion ships, her itinerary including the Azores, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples and Alexandria.

The vessel's outward trip usually requires fourteen days. The *Republique* is a 10,000 ton twin screw ship, and is equipped with wireless apparatus. Captain Seabury is in command.

LOSS OF 560 ON THE BURGOGNE RECALLED

In a collision that occurred under somewhat similar circumstances to the crash that imperiled passengers of the *Republique* to-day, the French liner *Bourgogne* sunk off the Sable Islands eleven years ago, carrying down with her five hundred and sixty souls.

The *Bourgogne* was crashed into by the British iron steamship *Cromartyshire* early on the morning of July 4, 1888, sixty miles south of Sable Island. Of the seven hundred and thirty-four persons on board five hundred and sixty were drowned, including two hundred and six of the first and second cabin passengers.

All in the first cabin were lost and of the three hundred women on the fated vessel only one was saved. It was a tragedy stained with dishonor, for in the struggle for self-preservation, the maddened men, passengers and the crew turned the deck of the liner into a shambles.

The crash came at five o'clock in the morning when, in a dense fog, the *Cromartyshire* struck the *Bourgogne*, leaving a great jagged hole in the *Bourgogne's* port side, through which rushed a wall of water. In the few minutes that elapsed between the shock and the sinking of the *Bourgogne* the greater horror of the disaster was enacted.

In an instant the quiet deck of the liner was transformed into an inferno. Women who obstructed the way of strong men to the boats were struck down with knives. The steerage had contained many Italians and, in the face of death, their weapons flamed right and left and trampled bodies marked their course. The officers, who died as brave men, were powerless to con-

trol their mad passengers and madder crew.

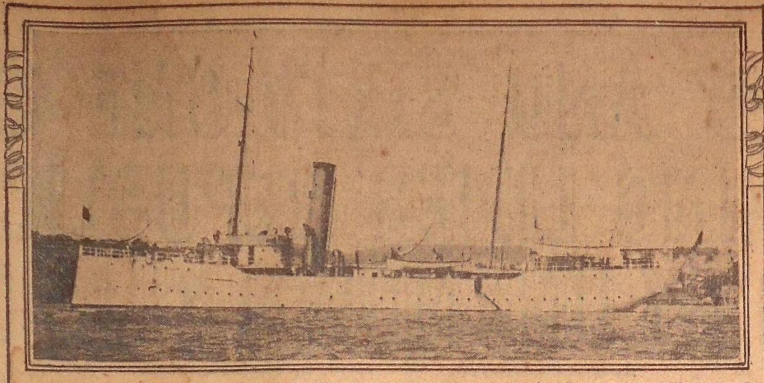
The second officer of the *Bourgogne* did the work of a dozen heroes, but his efforts were almost immediately set at naught by the cowardice of the frenzied men. One raft on which forty women were placed had been made fast to the ship's side. It was dragged down by the ship and all on it perished. Not one man would pause to cut the lines and give them life.

When the ship went down the few life boats that floated were surrounded by the perishing. Some women caught the rope lines of one boat, not endangering the occupants and merely keeping their heads above water. In sheer madness men of the crew cut the ropes and became murderers. In other cases men who struggled to keep themselves above water by clutching the gunwales were beaten back to death with oars and boat hooks.

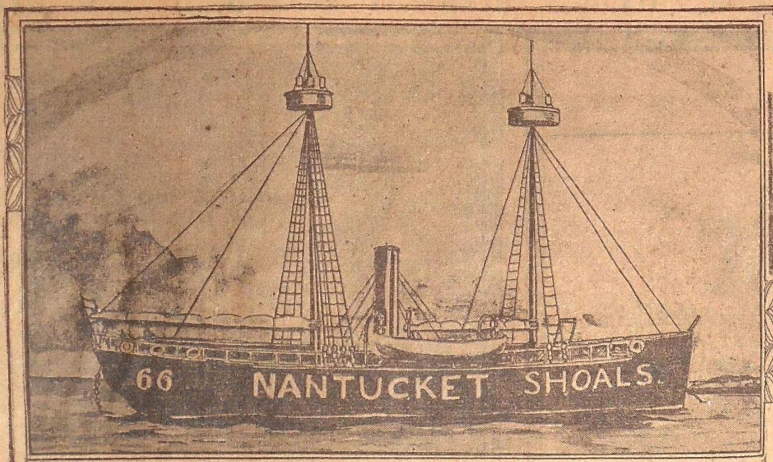
The British ship that had been in collision stood nobly by and for hours kept up the almost futile work of rescue. Then she was towed into Halifax by a liner whose course crossed that of the ill-fated *Bourgogne's*. Every officer of the *Bourgogne* went down with the ship. Five, however, were saved, being pulled from the shipwreck that marked the spot where she had floated.

The tragedy of the *Bourgogne* was felt all over the country, as New York, Chicago, St. Louis and virtually every big city had inhabitants aboard her.

RESCUE CUTTER AND BEACON ILL-FATED LINER WAS ROUNDING.



THE REVENUE CUTTER MOHAWK



NANTUCKET SHOALS LIGHT VESSEL NO. 66

Out of Black Fog.

Of what great value wireless telegraphy is to mariners could not be better shown than in the case of today's accident to the steamship Republic. Hardly had the big liner been struck when news of her condition began to arrive at various points along the coast. Immediately the captain got into communication with the White Star dock here and sent reassuring messages. At the same time he was able to get into touch with the Charlestown Navy Yard, at Boston, and summon the aid of a government revenue cutter.

The station at Woods Hole, Mass., was picked up by wireless, with the result that a speedy cutter was soon steaming to the assistance of the damaged ship. Next La Lorraine, of the French line, was found by wireless, and she changed her course. Instead of steaming on for this port the big French boat made at the best possible speed for the scene of the Republic's misfortune. In this wise the Baltic, of the White Star line, was reached, and soon was steaming to the side of her sister ship. The Onondaga, one of the speediest and largest of government cutters, was also summoned by wireless.

When the sinking of the Elbe and of La Bourgogne is recalled, in the days before wireless, and when it was a long time before even the slightest news of the accident reached shore, let alone the calling of assistance, it can be seen how wireless telegraphy has torn from the deep that uncertain mystery which hovered over the sea when ships had not beyond the limit of land signaling and which were unable to signal at all during fog except by whistle blasts.

Groping her way through a black fog of the early morning, the giant White Star liner Republic was rammed to-day and badly damaged by a vessel, up to the present unidentified, when in the open sea about seventy miles southeast of Nantucket Island.

Immediately wireless messages from the Republic began to scatter along the coast and to this port the news of her plight. Through the air flashed the signal "C. Q. D.," a general distress signal, but which literally means to convey, "Help! I am sinking!"

This message of distress was picked up here; it was caught at the Charlestown Navy Yard, in Boston, and at the naval station at Wood's Hole, Mass.; another at Provincetown grasped it, and in almost no time cutters were speeding to the assistance of the ocean traveler.

The French line steamship La Lorraine caught the message of distress as she was making for this port, and turned about in her course to offer succor. Following this the Baltic, of the White Star line, learned from the air of her sister ship's predicament and made for the Republic's side.

Liners Due Near Scene.

At the time the White Star line steamship Republic crashed in collision with another steamship off Vineyard Haven early to-day, more than a dozen transatlantic liners are supposed to have been in the steamship tracks in that immediately vicinity.

Most of these big liners were passenger steamships, carrying hundreds of persons bound for this port. While it is not known as yet what ship was in collision with the Republic, the names of about a dozen steamships westward bound, and according to their schedules due in the vicinity of the collision, were learned to-day.

Among these is the Cunard line steamship Lucania, which is expected to dock at her pier here to-morrow. The Lucania is bringing a full passenger list.

The French line steamship Louisiana, which left Havre on January 9, was supposedly off Vineyard Haven early to-day. According to her schedule she should have passed near the scene of the collision about the time it occurred, so as to make her pier late to-day or early to-morrow.

Another steamship which should have been in the vicinity of the collision to-day is the Furness, of the Anchor line. This boat left Glasgow on January 9 and is expected to dock late to-day or to-morrow.

RESCUE NEAR AT HAND.

The frightened and fearful passengers and crew of the Republic soon made out through the mists the shapes of the approaching vessels, and as soon as it could be done the passengers were taken off the disabled ship and started for shore. The first ship to reach the side of the Republic was the Italian steamship Florida, bound from Naples to this city, and it was she that took off the passengers.

The Republic had been rammed hard amidships and her engine room was soon flooded with water. The latest reports to reach land have the Republic's crew working heroically to keep her afloat, in order that she may be towed back here for repairs. The huge liner was struck when in deep water and should she not be kept afloat there will be little hope of ever recovering her.

UNDER DIMINISHED SPEED.

The Republic left her pier here yesterday bound for Mediterranean ports. She carried 230 first cabin passengers and 211 in her steerage. That she had encountered fog from the very time she turned the Scotland Lightship is shown by the fact that she had only negotiated 115 miles off the tip of easterly Long Island when staggered by a blow from another craft.

The reports that are coming in fail to tell anything of the vessel that rammed the liner. It is the opinion of skippers here that she probably was a tramp and not equipped with wireless. It is more than likely that this ocean assailant is standing off somewhere in the fog, herself battered and bruised.

The absolute lack of information concerning this unidentified vessel leads some to believe that she may have suffered to an extent whereby she settled and went to Davy Jones' locker.

SAYS HE CAN REMAIN AFLOAT.

The first news to be received here from the Republic was a wireless to the company from Captain Sealby, the commander of the Republic. He stated:—

"When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Light this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost."

This was a reassuring despatch, but the messages flashed by Captain Sealby to other points were in no way so optimistic.

"Steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70.20. South of Nantucket."

This was the cry for help that the wireless man at the Boston Navy Yard picked out of the atmospheric waves.

DANGER TO THE LORRAINE.

The operators at the Woods Hole and Provincetown naval stations got equally alarming appeals. That the Republic's skipper was not sending very cheerful messages through the ocean spaces is shown from the message that the French liner Lorraine shot to this port.

"Will go to the Republic's assistance," flashed the operator on the big Frenchman. "Republic is sinking, forty-five miles southeast of Nantucket Light. Will try to rescue passengers and crew. Must first take bearings, as there is danger from fog and water shoal."

With this Captain Tournier put the Lorraine about and made for the scene of the Republic's misfortune. Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, was soon heard from and he, too, reported that he had been informed the Republic was sinking. He sent the Baltic full tilt for the Republic.

In response to her wireless appeals for aid there rushed to the spot where the Republic lay stunned and helpless a flotilla of craft of all description that would rival in size somewhat the ancient Spanish armada. Besides the two liners, La Lorraine and Baltic, the revenue cutters Gresham, Onondaga, Acushnet, Mohawk and the torpedo boat Cushing made for the scene. Late reports indicate that there is a chance of saving the Republic and that she may be towed by either the Baltic or the Lorraine to Boston or else beached somewhere nearby the scene of the accident.

BOUND FOR MEDITERRANEAN.

The Republic, a huge craft of 15,000 tons, was bound for Mediterranean ports. The 230 cabin passengers were tourists bound for their winter vacations. She carried no second class list. Of the 211 steerage passengers, forty were Portuguese bound for the Azores and Madeira, while the others were Italians rushing to their native hearth to look up relatives either lost or injured in the Sicilian earthquake.

On the Republic was 500 tons of ship's supplies to be delivered to the American battle ship fleet now in the Mediterranean. These supplies were to have replaced those originally in possession of Admiral Sperry's fleet, and which were turned over to the sufferers at Messina and Reggio. The supplies were to have been discharged at Gibraltar.

One of the first vessels to reach the side of the Republic was the speedy revenue cutter Acushnet, which made the ninety some miles from Woods Hole in record time. When she arrived the Italian ship Florida was already standing by and taking off the Republic's passengers.

LOOKED OUT OF THE GLOOM.

The officers on the Acushnet learned briefly that the collision had occurred, in a heavy fog and that the lookout of the Republic had not made out the vessel that did the damage until that craft was practically right upon the huge liner.

The crew of the Republic explained that they had encountered heavy fog from the time they cleared the Sandy Hook bar late yesterday afternoon, and that they were uncertain as to their position, at least the exact position, all during the night. From the soundings taken and the location shown in Captain Sealby's despatches, it is apparent that the Republic was some miles northward of her course. As she was taking the southern, or so called Mediterranean, lane, the Republic should have been some miles further south.

The following message was received by wireless on the floor of the Maritime Exchange:—

"S. S. Republic reported sinking at ten A. M. Steamships Lorraine and Baltic standing by. All the passengers taken off safely."

The operators in the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., report that the

SAVED IN REPUBLIC COLLISION

All Taken Off the Sinking Liner.

ON WAY TO LAND

White Star Boat in Crash Off Nantucket.

WIRELESS BROUGHT AID

Quick Response to Messages from Stricken Steamship.

CARRIED 442 PASSENGERS

Nothing Known of the Vessel That Rammed Her.

The big liner Republic of the White Star company, bound out from this port to the Mediterranean with 231 saloon passengers, 211 in her third cabin and a crew of about 300, was rammed in the fog at 4 o'clock this morning off the Nantucket lightship. The name of the vessel that came out of the mist and crashed into the big liner remained unknown to those on land up to late this afternoon. Beyond this the wireless told most of the story of the accident—of how the Republic started to sink after she received the terrific blow, of how Marconi messages called to her aid her sisters of the sea and of how all the passengers were transferred to the steamship Florida of the Lloyd-Italiano line bound in from Naples.

There was some doubt expressed up to this afternoon as to where the Florida would land the Republic's passengers. The first wireless reports said that the Italian liner was making for Newport. Later word was received at the office of the White Star line that the Florida would bring her passengers to New York. The Florida is a vessel of 6,000 tons and had, according to advices from Naples, 900 passengers on board.

Messages received this afternoon said that the Republic was still afloat at 12:15 o'clock. Nothing definite was said as to whether or not her crew had been taken off by the Florida or was standing by the stricken liner. The Baltic, also of the White Star line, and La Lorraine of the French line were in the vicinity.

A wireless message received from the Baltic at 2 o'clock this afternoon said that she had been unable to locate the Republic.

The 12:15 o'clock message, which was picked up at the Newport wireless station, as it was flashed between the revenue cutters at the scene, read:

"Steamer Florida has taken passengers from the Republic. Steamer Baltic is about forty miles away and La Lorraine is searching close by. The weather is foggy."

It was said at the office of the White Star line here this afternoon that the best information that could be gained from the latest messages was that the Florida would come direct to New York. As the Italian vessel is not a fast one it was estimated that if she came here direct she would not reach Quarantine much before midnight. It was thought that the passengers might be transferred to the Baltic and La Lorraine, which were bound in.

It was the good luck of the Florida to be the first to the aid of the Republic. The wireless call of the wounded liner had been sent in all directions over the sea and there were many responses. The big liners within range picked up the distress message and made for the longitude and latitude from which it came. From shore revenue cutters were despatched with all speed. But the Florida, with no wireless apparatus, could not be receptive of such a call and probably made her way to the Republic at the summons of the steam whistle.

There was much speculation at the Maritime Exchange as to what vessel could have been in collision with the Republic. The lists were carefully gone over, but it seemed too dangerous even to hazard a guess. There were some who thought that it might have been the Florida that struck the White Star boat and withstood the shock. That no mention was made of this in the wireless messages, however, seemed to place it beyond the possibilities.

GREAT ANXIETY HERE.

Intense anxiety for a time held in its grip the officers of the White Star line here when information was first received about the accident to the Republic.

Then came a reassuring message at 9:30 o'clock. It was received at the office of the Marconi Wireless Company in this city from Siasconnet and was to the effect that the passengers of the Republic were all right and had been taken off by another steamship.

The message, which did not give the name of the steamship, said that she was making for Newport with the passengers.

Later it was learned that the vessel which took off the Republic's passengers was the steamship Florida of the Lloyd-Italiano line, bound from Naples to New York. It was estimated that it would take her at least six hours to reach Newport.

The Maritime Exchange received this message from Newport at 10 o'clock this morning.

"Passengers and crew of steamship Republic, before reported in collision off Nantucket, have been taken off by another steamship and coming in. The Republic is reported sinking at 10 A. M."

CRASH OFF NANTUCKET.

The accident occurred twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship, according to the message received by the line from Capt. Seably, commander of the vessel. The Republic sailed from this port yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The accident was caused by the thick fog. The messages gave no word of the other vessel, and it is unknown her name or whether or not she was also a sufferer through the collision.

HOW THE NEWS CAME.

Wireless Achieves a Triumph—La Bourgogne Recalled.

Wireless messages shot here and there along the seaboard from vessel and from coast station, spread information broadcast that the Republic needed aid and needed it quickly. Various ships were set in motion—each an independent relief expedition. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic went on her way to extend what assistance she could. La Lorraine had crowded on all steam in order to get over the 200 or more miles separating her from the Republic, and her wireless instruments were taking messages from the injured vessel. The revenue cutter Gresham was making all speed toward the same focal point from a point off Cape Cod. All vessels within the wireless zone were picked up one after another and sent toward the scene of distress. It was the first big sea disaster since wireless telegraphy became commercially practicable and the new system of communication had scored a triumph.

There wasn't a slip in the messages. Each was clear and coherent. They told just what was happening off there in the fog, which lay like a shroud along the jagged outlines of the Massachusetts coast. The first message received here, the one to the Maritime Exchange, told an entire story in itself. Furthermore, it was direct from the Republic. "In distress and sinking off Nantucket," it ran.

Another followed hot upon the heels of the first. This contained information in detail. The Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel; it was just able to keep afloat, but the revenue cutter Acushnet and the Baltic of the same line were within range of the wireless waves and were speeding toward her. After

that La Lorraine was heard from with the additional information that she expected to reach the Republic in about four hours.

The White Star line also got early word to the effect that there was no danger to life and that the Republic was talking with Nantucket.

The difference between the system of sending word by wireless and the old order of things had been strikingly shown. How marked the difference was made plain when one harks back a little less than eleven years to the occasion of the last great sea disaster—the loss of La Bourgogne of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique.

On the morning of July 6 a messenger boy from the offices of the Allan Steamship Company ran breathlessly into the building occupied by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique carrying a crumpled telegram in his hand. He did not pause until he stood before Paul Faguet, the agent of the company. Then he stammered:

"The Bourgogne is lost!"

M. Faguet threw up his arms. "Mon Dieu!" he cried. The boy exhibited the telegram. It was from the Western Union offices at Halifax.

There were no great poles at Nantucket then, from the top of which word was flashed through the air without the aid of wires, nor was there any such station at Newport or anywhere along the coast, which is now dotted with them. M. Faguet refused to believe the boy at first. Even when the youngster extended his hand and produced the crumpled telegram the French agent was incredulous. It told in the concise phraseology of the telegraph company how the steamship Gremlin was on her way to Halifax with the British tramp Cromartyshire, on board of which were those saved from the French liner. The message said that the Cromartyshire reported having been in collision with La Bourgogne off Sable Island, where the graveyard of many good vessels is located.

The news was confirmed from Halifax and M. Faguet instantly sent word to the Canadian city for a list of those saved.

There had been one of the greatest calamities in the history of the sea. It had occurred on July 4, but not until two days later was the truth known in Halifax as it fell from the lips of La Bourgogne's survivors. Out of a shipload of 338 only 184 were left to tell the story. The rest, 154 souls, were drowned.

Owing to the poor facilities for obtaining information in those days as compared with the methods of 1909 those who thronged to the offices of the French line to inquire about loved ones for whom they felt anxiety were left in suspense. The company could not give full details.

The Cromartyshire was working her way slowly forward through the grayness which shut off sight of everything about Sable Island, blowing her whistles at frequent intervals, when suddenly the huge bulk of the Frenchman spring out of the gloom. It was then too late to avoid the collision. The jilbloom of the Cromartyshire jammed against the bridge of La Bourgogne, her bows smashed into the steamship's side and ten minutes later the Frenchman sank.

The story of what happened out there off the rugged shores of Sable Island was rendered more terrible by the tales of cowardice on the part of the men among the passengers who trampled women under foot in the effort to be first in the boats and fought among each other with knives. One boat, filled with women, got away only to sink, and all who were in it perished.

The accident happened at about 5 o'clock in the morning. There was no ship near at hand except the Cromartyshire to give aid.

La Bourgogne left this port on a Saturday bound for Havre, and the collision occurred on the following Monday. The exact location of the spot where the ships came together was about sixty miles south of Sable Island. The captain of the Cromartyshire said that his vessel was travelling at the rate of about 4 knots an hour when a hoarse whistle was heard and the French liner appeared at the same instant. The board which met later to determine the question of responsibility exonerated the Cromartyshire's captain and crew, but found that La Bourgogne was steaming ahead at a high rate of speed and that she was out of the course she should have followed.

The only woman passenger the Cromartyshire took into Halifax was Mrs. La Casse of Plainfield, N. J., whose life was saved through the efforts of her husband. The two, with a number of others, got upon an improvised raft to which scores of the drowning wretches in the water tried to cling, but they were drawn down in the vortex created by La Bourgogne as she was immersed.

When the fog lifted the watchers on the Cromartyshire caught sight of two boats filled with men. These were taken aboard. Three hours later the Gremlin of the Allan line was encountered and she conveyed the Britisher into port.

SAVED BY WIRELESS.

The great value of wireless in a marine crisis was demonstrated in the manner in which the news of the accident was received and aid sent to the steamship. In the neighborhood when the accident occurred were the Lorraine of the French line, the Baltic of the White Star line, both of which started immediately to the liner's assistance. These vessels were both bound for this port, and under ordinary conditions would have arrived before the accident occurred. They were delayed by bad weather and fog.

THE "C. Q. D." DISTRESS CALL.

Also by wireless were summoned the revenue cutters Gresham and Acushnet, the former from Cape Cod Bay and the latter leaving Woods Hole, Mass. The wireless distress signal, the letters "C. Q. D.," flashed through the air in all directions from the Republic's wireless room, soon notified all vessels within a radius of 200 miles of the accident.

When the "C. Q. D." call comes into a Marconi Wireless office, whether ashore or afloat, the operator gets busy. The "C. Q." is a notification to all steamships within range to come to the spot from which the message is issued. The "D" means danger and is added to denote the great urgency of the summons.

THE FIRST NEWS OF THE COLLISION.

The collision occurred at about 4 o'clock this morning. The first wireless message was received at the Maritime Exchange here from the Nantucket station, saying:

"The Republic was rammed by an unknown vessel off Nantucket early to-day and is just able to keep afloat. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic of the same line is in wireless range and has gone to her assistance."

REPORT FROM CAPTAIN.

Soon afterward a message from Capt. Seably reached the White Star line offices: "Ship in collision twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lightship. Unknown vessel rammed us. In communication with Nantucket. In communication with Baltic. No danger to life."

Capt. Ransom of the Baltic soon after this reported by wireless: "7:15 A. M. Returning to Republic. Fifty miles away from scene of disaster."

"HURRY" CALL SENT OUT.

The French line received a wireless from Capt. Tournier of the Lorraine, saying that his vessel was hurrying to the assistance of the Republic. A subsequent message from the Republic requested all vessels to make the best possible speed.

"Able to keep afloat—engine room full," was another message flashed by the sinking liner.

The Lorraine was figured to be about forty miles east of Nantucket at the time the accident occurred, and it was thought she would reach the Republic in something over two hours. The Baltic was 115 miles east of the Ambrose Channel when the collision occurred, according to later messages, and was expected to reach the Republic in about four hours.

CALL REACHES THE LUCANIA.

The inward bound Lucania of the Cunard line also received the Republic's summons for aid as this Marconi message received from her captain this afternoon at the Coroner's office shows:

"Am sixty-five miles east of Nantucket lightship at noon to-day. Will reach Republic to render assistance about 4 P. M. Weather very hazy."

SPREADING THE NEWS THROUGH AIR.

There were many instances of how the news of the accident was spread by wireless. One message was received at the Charlestown navy yard, Boston, via Cape Cod, at 8:30 o'clock. It said: "Steamship Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40 deg. 17 minutes, longitude 70 deg. Twenty-six miles south of Nantucket." The wireless station at the Charlestown yard immediately communicated with the revenue cutter Gresham, which was cruising in Cape Cod Bay. The Gresham left for the scene shortly before 9 o'clock.

The White Star line offices were quickly besieged by those who had friends on board the Republic and telephone calls asking for information were continuous. Vice-President P. A. S. Franklin and General Passenger Agent Jeffreys were busy assuring those who inquired that there had been no loss of life.

A later message from the Republic said through the Siasconnet station: "Can remain afloat. Sea calm and foggy."

Nantucket lightship is about forty miles south of the island of Nantucket, and the collision therefore took place about sixty-five miles from the nearest land. Newport is about 110 miles distant from the lightship.

HIT AMIDSHIPS?

In giving a theory as to where the Republic was struck officers of the line thought it must have been about amidships. Their idea was that the liner was struck between No. 1 hold and the fire-room, if reports as to the vessel being in a sinking condition were true, and considering that her engine room was full of water. This is the largest section of the vessel between watertight bulkheads.

Although usually on the Boston-Liverpool service, the Republic was making a winter cruise to the Mediterranean from this port. With 230 saloon passengers aboard she sailed yesterday bound for the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Tunis, Naples and Alexandria. The Republic was a single funneled liner and made a speed of 17 or 18 knots. She carried a crew of about 200 men and consequently had on board about 750 persons when she sailed.

COLLISION IN FOG

A dense fog prevailed at the time of the accident, according to advices from along the coast. A despatch from Woods Hole said the weather was very thick when news of the accident came. The revenue cutter Acushnet got under way immediately, Capt. Johnson saying he would go to the Republic's assistance at top speed.

The position in which the Republic reported herself to be, in latitude 40 deg 17 min. and longitude 70 deg., is slightly to the north of the regular steamship lane, but near the place where outward-bound vessels change their course a little north of east in order to make the great circle route to the Mediterranean.

When the news of the collision reached Wollast, Mass., the operator there promptly notified the commander of the Baltic, Capt. Hanson of that vessel answered immediately that he had changed his course and was proceeding to the assistance of the Republic under forced draught.

As to the identity of the vessel which rammed the White Star boat, it was thought by shipping men that it was probably some coastwise vessel. All incoming liners seem to have been a considerable distance away when the smash occurred.

The Republic carried 231 first-class passengers, and 211 third cabin passengers.

Her officers were: I. Sealby, commander; R. L. Barker, purser; J. S. Stanyer, chief steward; J. J. Marsh, surgeon, and P. Gilberti, Italian surgeon.

Vessel That Rescued Republic's Passengers, and Diagram of Boats Called by Wireless

"C. Q. D." was the code message, the ambulance call of the sea, flashed by wireless from the sinking liner after the collision, and caught by shore stations and wireless ships within 100 miles. The liners Baltic, La Lorraine and Lucania got it and turned to the rescue; the revenue cutter Seneca, looking for a derelict forty miles away, got it, as did the cutter Mohawk, steaming off shore, while the cutter Acushnet was sent from Woods Hole, the cutter Gresham from Boston and the torpedo boat Cushing from Newport.



The Republic was known as the largest and fastest ship in the White Star line's Boston trade. She is a steel vessel with twin screws, 530 feet in length, 67.5 feet beam, 27 feet draught. Her gross tonnage is 15,375 tons. She is only 5 years old, having been built by Harland & Wolff, the great Belfast shipbuilders, in 1911.

The Republic was put but recently on the Mediterranean winter route. Previous to this she plied between Boston and Liverpool. She was the holder, while travelling over that course, of the record for speed between Boston and Queens-town.

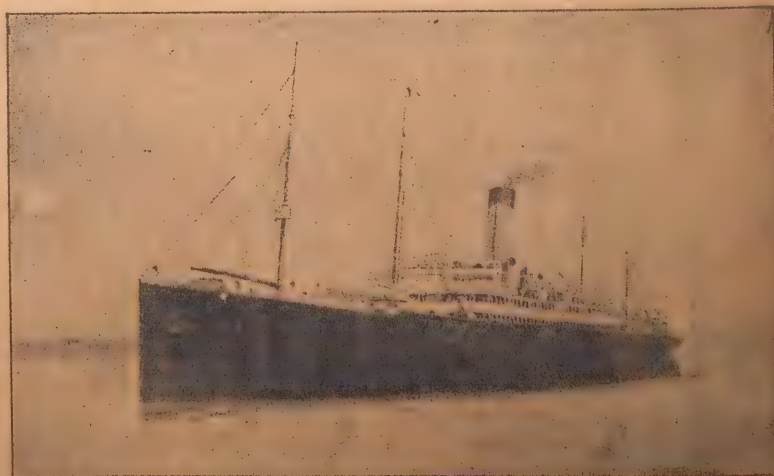
The Republic was fitted out with unusual elegance. Her dining saloon was constructed to seat not less than 200 passengers. It was furnished in polished hardwoods of the lightest colors, studded in an ornamental scheme of paneling. Overhead was constructed an unusually large and light canopy.

The Republic carries a number of sports boats, and for the comfort of first-class passengers, one of them a "lounge," a sheltered and specially fitted up on the promenade deck, an outdoor point for ladies. The vessel has an elaborately fitted smoking room and a big library, and last of all, what the ocean tourists know as a comfort ship, provided for agreeable surroundings and quarters.

The Republic's speed was 16 knots an hour.

The Republic was built not only with an elaborate watertight compartment system, which greatly reduces the danger of sinking in collision, but with a collapsible double bottom, which makes her safer than most vessels of her time and class. She was as nearly unsinkable in theory as could be made when she was designed.

THE WHITE STAR LINER REPUBLIC.



OPERATOR STICKS AT POST AS SHIP IS SINKING

"We'll Keep Afloat About an Hour Longer,"
Flashed from Republic by Binns, Who
Has Been in Many Disasters.

The latest wireless news from the sinking White Star liner Republic was received at Vineyard Haven this afternoon from the Cunarder Lucania, steaming westward in the direction of Nantucket, and about three hours' run from the scene of the collision.

The Lucania with her powerful dynamo working, was able to project her message to a much wider area than that available to the Republic, on which the wireless current was supplied by storage batteries.

According to the Lucania's message, the wireless operator of the Republic, sticking to his post until the very last, sent out word at about 1 o'clock that the helpless vessel could not keep afloat much more than an hour longer.

At that hour the only persons remaining on the Republic, outside the wireless operator were the officers and a few picked men of the crew. The passengers and the rest of the crew were on the Florida, which was standing by. The wireless operator reported as

steadfastly standing by the doomed vessel is J. R. Binns, a young Englishman, twenty-five years old. He was one of the first telegraphers employed by the Marconi system, five years ago, and since that time he has been at wireless stations on steamships encircling the globe three times. He was rounding out his forty-first trip to New York from Europe when the accident occurred.

Binns has sent out reports of disasters which have shaken the world in their list of deaths. He was aboard the Bluecher at Kingston when the earthquake destroyed part of Jamaica. He was at Genoa when the recent upheaval wiped out Messina and Reggio, and for three days tried to "raise" the wireless stations on the "boot" of Italy. Usually there are two operators aboard the liners, but in this case Binns was alone.

On board Binns ranks as an officer and takes orders only from the captain. Possibly a reason why such meagre reports of the disaster have reached land was the captain's anxiety to keep the wireless instrument calling for aid. While the ship is in distress the wireless station is guarded by a squad of seamen and only the captain has admission.

messages consisted of the letters "C. Q. D.," which in the wireless code notifies all ships in the wireless zone that some ship is in danger.

As this signal is recorded all business is suspended in every wireless office it reaches. After a time there is a lull, and then, in response to an answering signal, the cause of distress and location of the vessel in danger are sent out.

This was the course pursued by the commander of the Republic. He announced to all within the reach of his wireless electrical arm that his ship was filling with water and helpless in latitude 40.10, longitude 40. This message reached the Baltic and La Lorraine at sea and was received in the wireless offices at Charlestown Navy-Yard, Boston, Newport, Woods Hole, Siasconset and Vineyard Haven.

MANY BOATS TO RESCUE.

The revenue cutter Acushnet started out from Wood's Hole, the revenue cutter Cushman started from Boston, the torpedo boat Cushing started from Newport and the revenue cutters Mohawk and Seneca picked up the message somewhere along the coast and headed out in the general direction of latitude 40, longitude 70, south of Nantucket lightship.

The fog was thicker up there even than the fog that smothered down on this city like a blanket, and the vessels bound for the Republic were obliged to proceed with caution, because that section of the Atlantic is thickly sprinkled with ships. It is right in the line of travel between New York and all European ports.

ENGINE ROOM FLOODED.

Capt. J. Sealby, commander of the Republic, notified the White Star offices in this city of the collision in a brief wireless message. He said his vessel had been rammed by an unknown ship, that no lives had been lost, that the engine room was flooded, but that the ship could keep afloat until assistance reached her.

Other wireless messages received during the morning were not so reassuring. The captain of the French liner La Lorraine, for instance, sent to his agents the following wireless despatch:

"Am going to the rescue of the steamship Republic, which is sinking southwest of Nantucket. Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take bearings."

At about the same time this message reached the French line offices Capt. Pansoni, of the Baltic, sent a wireless stating that he was on his way to the rescue of the Republic. The Baltic, steaming westward in the fog, had reached a point 112 miles east of Sandy Hook and off the easterly end of Long Island when the news of the collision reached her commander.

The vessel was instantly sent around in a wide curve and headed back toward Nantucket. The Baltic and Republic had passed close to each other and exchanged messages only a few hours before.

The revenue cutter Acushnet, after two hours' search through the fog off Nantucket, located the Republic and ran alongside.

LITTLE CUTTER ALONGSIDE.

So far as was known up to that hour the little revenue cutter was the only ship within reaching distance of the disabled liner.

It was believed by mariners that the collision occurred as the Republic was about to turn Nantucket Lightship, although that beacon was some distance away. The position in which the Republic reported herself to be, of latitude 40.17, and longitude 70, is slightly to the north of the regular steamer lane, but near the place where outward bound vessels change their course a little north of east, in order to make the great circle route for the Mediterranean.

Besides her passenger list of 441 the Republic carried a crew of 250. She had no second-class passengers. The steerage passengers numbered 171 Italians and 40 Portuguese. From the fact that the engine room of the liner was flooded it is plain that the force of the collision was most strongly felt in the steerage, and there was undoubtedly a thrilling panic in that part of the ship.

SAVED BY WIRELESS.

The wreck of the Republic is the most marvellous story of the sea in recent years. By the use of the modern invention, wireless telegraphy, she was enabled to notify the shore and other ships of her dangerous plight, and the 700 souls aboard owe their lives, it is likely, to this fact.

IN COLLISION OFF NANTUCKET WITH UNKNOWN CRAFT

French Liner Lorraine and the Baltic,
Both Bound for New York, Turn
Back and Rush to the Rescue
With Two Revenue Cutters, U.
S. Cruiser, and a Collier.

ENGINE ROOM IS QUICKLY FLOODED, CAPTAIN WIRES

The Republic Left New York Yesterday With
460 Passengers Bound for a Cruise in the
Mediterranean—Many Prominent Americans on Board---She Also Had Supplies for Sperry's Fleet.

The great White Star liner Republic, with 701 souls aboard, 460 passengers bound to the Mediterranean for a winter cruise, and a crew of 301, was rammed in a dense fog off Nantucket Lightship early to-day by an unknown craft and sunk. The other vessel in collision vanished in the fog.

All the passengers and most of the crew of the Republic were taken off by the liner Florida of the Lloyd Italiana Steamship Company, and brought to Newport. The remainder of the crew with the officers stood by the doomed vessel till the last and then were transferred to other ships that were at hand. These vessels included the Baltic of the White Star line, the Lorraine of the French Line, the revenue cutters Cushman and Acushnet, the United States collier Lebanon, and the coast cruiser Seneca, all of whom had been rushed to the scene in response to the wireless call for aid that had been sent broadcast by the Republic's captain and picked up by a dozen or more craft and many land stations.

DIAGRAM SHOWING POSITION OF CRIPPLED LINER, PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VESSEL AND HER COMMANDER.

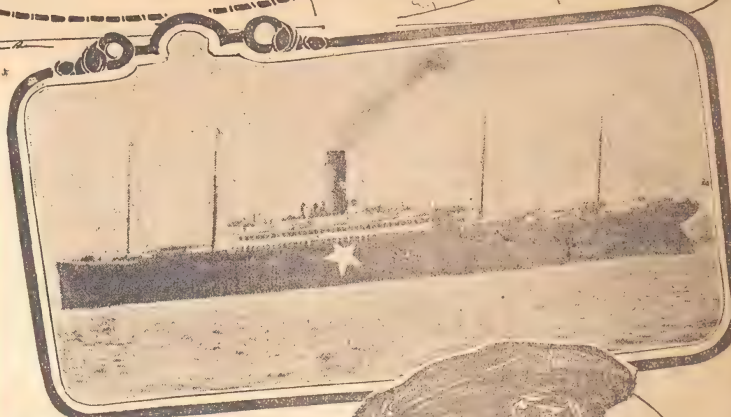


The Republic managed to keep afloat for several hours, but at 12.30 P. M. a message reached Vineyard Haven that the ship could last for only two hours longer. At that time her wireless could be heard in Newport working faintly, and it was evident that the storage batteries aboard were about exhausted.

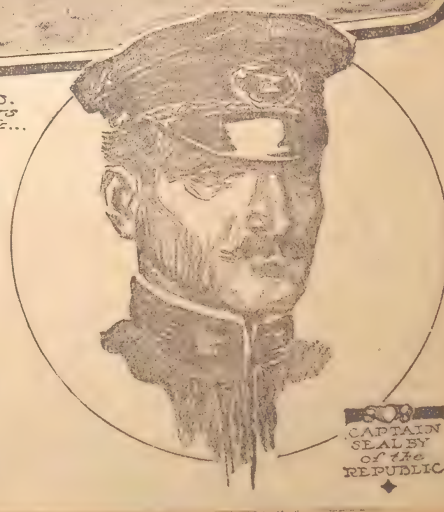
THE RUSH TO THE RESCUE.

The Lorraine and the Baltic were both bound for New York and miles this side of the spot where the collision occurred. Their skippers put about, however, and under a full head of steam headed back through the fog to find the stricken craft. At noon the government wireless station at Newport was advised by the revenue cutter Aucushnet that the Lorraine was continuing the search, and that the Baltic was forty miles away, but hastening to the Republic's assistance. The Aucushnet had stopped to aid the Sound liner Nantucket, which had gone ashore near Wood's Hole.

It was dangerous work in the fog, and the wireless was the only guide, for with the Republic's engine room flooded she could sound no whistle to show where she lay rolling in the trough of the sea. The other vessels got alongside in time to take the captain and the few who had remained with him.



WHITE STAR LINE S.S. REPUBLIC Star shows where she was struck...



CAPTAIN SEALBY of the REPUBLIC

The first report of the collision came to Boston by wireless to the navy yard, as follows:

"To Revenue Cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude, 40.17; longitude, 70.26 miles south of Nantucket."

The Gresham, however, was at Wood's Hole. She got a similar dispatch, however, and at once put out. Then the wireless call reached the other liners, and the race to help began.

Steamship the Florida, on her way to New York, just happened to sight the Republic. The former has no wireless, and it was only by chance that she picked up the foundering craft.

LORRAINE SENDS WORD.

Although the White Star Line officials denied that the Republic was sinking, the following wireless message was received by the French Line agent here from Capt. Tourner of the Lorraine:

"In distress, to New York to render help."

"SS, Lorraine, via Steamship."

"Coming help Republic sinking 45 miles south of Nantucket Lightship."

White Star Liner in Collision Off Nantucket—Crew Are Still on Board.

As the bridge last night the news was received definitely at the White Star offices in Reading Green that the Titanic, while lost in the sea, had sent a long pole at last attached with a line in a buoy of shipping.

[illegible]

missed. Captain Stalling gave the call to quarters, and the call was obeyed with the discipline of a man of war. Eases' mate, from the first officer to the Indian storage steward, jumped to his place. The boats were lowered, the men were held off to guard them, officers and stewards took on the task of getting the passengers out of their cabins and assembling them on deck, with the least possible delay and confusion. Of how frightened the passengers were, or how much of a panic resulted, no word has come from the sea but I catch the impression quite distinctly in the one word "panic."

First of all to answer was the Belite of the White Star Line. She was perhaps the latest cost of Stanley Hook when her wireless men picked the Monarch's end out of the air. Capt. J. B. Rossen promptly sent the Belite to the right about and headed her for latitude 42 degrees 37' northern and longitude 22 degrees. She was the first to reach the two vessels, although it took him hours to locate them in the fog.

While the buses were turning on their heels and steaming toward the Brooklyn, the operator at Saginaw was the lone survivor on the Atlantic seaboard.

The White Star Liner Republic.

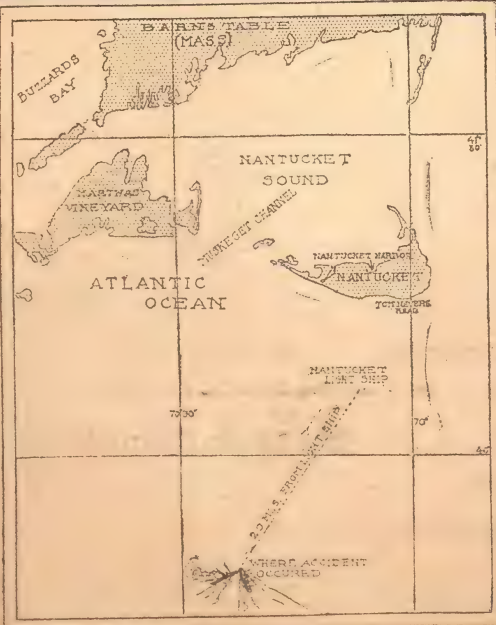


THE RESCUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The rescue of the passengers and crew of the White Star steamship Republic is a signal triumph for the wireless telegraph. That invention has given man one more potent weapon in his fight to control the forces of nature. In the foggy space, penetrating the pall of the fog and patrolling the wastes of the ocean it has greatly reduced the perils of travel by sea and increased the opportunities for great sea disasters.

Under conditions prevailing up to a few years ago the Republic would probably have been unable to summon assistance in time. Struck in a dense fog, the big liner might have lingered, as she did for a few hours, and then gone down without getting into communication with the shore or with any passing ship. Her passengers and crew would have suffered a fate only too common in the history of the dangerous coast from Sandy Hook to Cape Race. But the wireless telegraph has happily transformed the conditions of ocean travel. If a damaged vessel appears to be near shore or near a generally frequented ocean lane it can communicate its plight to many possible rescuers. To keep alert for such a day is an arduous task, but certain. Thus the Republic's message quickly reached the shore stations from New York to Portsmouth and was caught by the British, the German and the American, and concerted efforts could be made to effect a rescue. Whatever part the Florida may have played in connection with the accident, it was more chance than the passengers could have been transferred to a vessel without the wireless telegraph. But if she had not been by, it is clear that the ship's command from shore would have arrived a time to effect a rescue. The concerted action of these efforts will be judged by the fact of a great deliverance from the perils of the sea by the hundreds who were saved. It will help to eliminate a dread danger and furnish a confidence in the wireless telegraph to overcome the destructive conditions in the world about them. On the big liner she was made about as secure as it is possible to make the sea and the drifting wreckage of the ship's command and passengers.

The Republic's command from shore will be judged by the fact of a great deliverance from the perils of the sea by the hundreds who were saved. It will help to eliminate a dread danger and furnish a confidence in the wireless telegraph to overcome the destructive conditions in the world about them. On the big liner she was made about as secure as it is possible to make the sea and the drifting wreckage of the ship's command and passengers.



Scene of the Collision.

NAVAL STORES LOST.

Admiral Sperry May Have to Get Supplies from Relief Ship.

The Republic carried stores for Rear Admiral Sperry's fleet, which were valued at \$61,000. These it is feared will be a total loss.

The stores were to be taken to Gibraltar by the Carmania, but for some reason this plan was changed, and they were sent on the Republic. They comprised immense quantities of fresh and smoked meats, turkeys, potatoes, sugar, butter, and eggs.

It will be impracticable for the navy to start a fresh cargo in time to meet the battleship fleet at Gibraltar before it departs for the United States, and the Admiral may purchase his meats and other supplies from those abroad the Celtic, which has been sent to Italy for the survivors, the money to be paid for them being used for other relief purposes.

REPUBLIC A HANDSOME SHIP.

Flagship of the White Star Boston Service—Only Four Years Old.

The White Star liner Republic was commissioned in 1904. She has been regarded as the finest liner in the White Star line's European service, of which she was the flagship. Since she took her place in the service she has several times been used in the New York-Mediterranean service in the winter season. The voyage that ended in disaster off Nantucket yesterday was one of these extra assignments.

The Republic was of 15,000 tons displacement. For several years she had the record for the fastest passages between Boston and Queenstown. She was

thoroughly equipped for the saloon passenger trade, and her second-cabin accommodations, which were not used in this trip, compare favorably with the second-cabin equipment of any liner afloat.

The fiscal apartments on the liner were the dining saloon with its seating capacity of 250 diners; the library, the smoking room, and the lounge. The dining saloon was finished in ornamental wood. The upholstery was of rich texture, and the wood carvings were among the finest to be found on any vessel afloat. The great dome that formed the principal decoration feature of the ceiling of the dining saloon was another much admired feature. The library and smoking room were equally well equipped.

The lounge was on the promenade deck and was perhaps the most popular apartment, particularly with the women passengers. Seated for smoking passengers and the tables on deck were splendidly furnished loungers.

The Republic was a single funnel ship, 570 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 25 feet deep. She had twelve water-tight compartments and a double skin. The largest single compartment was that amidships, containing the engines. She was built by Harland & Wolff at Belfast, in Ireland, and was commissioned in the following year.

The only previous collision in which the Republic had figured was a slight one in Sunday, Feb. 10, 1907. While entering the harbor of Naples the Republic and the Centro America, an Italian steamer, crashed together. No one was hurt, but the passengers of the Republic were alarmed. Both ships were considerably damaged.

On her first trip from Boston to Liverpool the Republic, at that time the Commander of the United States in the harbor of Naples, carried the Honorable Arthur Connally of the United States as the guests of the American and Republic Atlantic Company of Boston. On her last trip to New York the Republic brought the first refugees from the Spanish and Cuban earthquake to land on American shores.

After the acquisition of the Dominion Line by the White Star Line the Republic was placed in the newly established Boston-Mediterranean service, together with the Canonic and Rumania, also purchased from the Dominion Line. Later the Republic was transferred to the New York-Mediterranean service.

THE REPUBLIC COLLISION.

The reports of the collision of an unknown vessel with the outgoing steamship Republic, with 461 passengers on board, near the South Shoals yesterday morning prove once more the utility of the wireless telegraph as a means of saving life at sea. Wireless messages from the damaged steamship quickly summoned to its aid vessels enough to insure the safety of its passengers.

Collision in a fog and fire at sea are now almost the only dangers to be dreaded in an ocean voyage. The construction of the modern ships and the discipline observed on them have minimized the danger of fire, while collisions such as that which damaged the Republic are never likely to occur except when a vessel is near the coast. In the open sea the peril is never great.

Most of the cabin passengers of the Republic were bound on pleasure trips in Southern Europe and the Orient. Their pleasure has been sadly marred by the shock they experienced and a few hours of apprehension, and also by an expensive loss of time, if not of all their luggage. Probably many of them, when they get home, will say these and defer their European trips until the weather is more propitious. With the Sicilian earthquake and the wreck of the Republic, projects of pleasure travel have been much marred this winter.

The news of the collision caused great excitement throughout the country yesterday, but the fears of a terrible loss of life were soon allayed. The rescued passengers have the consolation of knowing that their lives were never actually in danger. Steamships and revenue cutters quickly responded to the wireless appeal. The only gratifying feature of the incident is the proof it affords that the newest of man's inventions has greatly decreased the danger to human life at sea.

REPUBLIC CAN BE SAVED

IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER.
THE LINE HEARS.

Story of the Accident as It Came by Wireless to the Offices Here—Ship Struck Amidships and Engine Room Wrecked—Tugs Are Hurried to the Rescue.

This is the story of the disaster told by a White Star Line official based on wireless dispatches received and sent by that office.

The first intimation that the company had of an accident to the Republic was a wireless message which was delivered at the company's office at 8:10 o'clock yesterday morning. It was from Capt. Sealby. It did not have the time on it. It said that the Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel, but was able to keep afloat. This was sufficient to let the officials of the company know that the accident was serious. Later, about 9 o'clock, a message was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, dated 7:25, which said that he had been in communication with the Republic, had learned that she had been in collision and asked for help. It was thick off Nantucket then, according to him, and the Baltic, which started back at once to find the Republic, could not place her. He said that the steamers Lorraine and Lucania, which had also been in touch with the Republic, were seeking for the disabled vessel.

After the first message no more were received from the captain of the Republic, but Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was in constant communication with the office and later notified the company that the passengers of the Republic had been transferred to the steamer Florida.

The weather was so thick that it was impossible for those on the searching steamers to find the disabled vessel, but they were at times able to get in communication with her, and the news learned this way by Capt. Ranson of the Baltic was transferred to the company in this city. In this way it was learned that the Republic had been struck amidships and that the engine room was full of water, but all watertight compartments were closed, and so the vessel was able to keep afloat. The Republic is a modern vessel and has sixteen watertight compartments. There is a longitudinal steel bulkhead which divides the engine room. She has twin engines, and one is in each compartment. If only one compartment had been flooded it would have been possible for the vessel to have come back to port under one engine, but both were put out of business, and Capt. Sealby was using a donkey engine to pump out water and to work his wireless outfit.

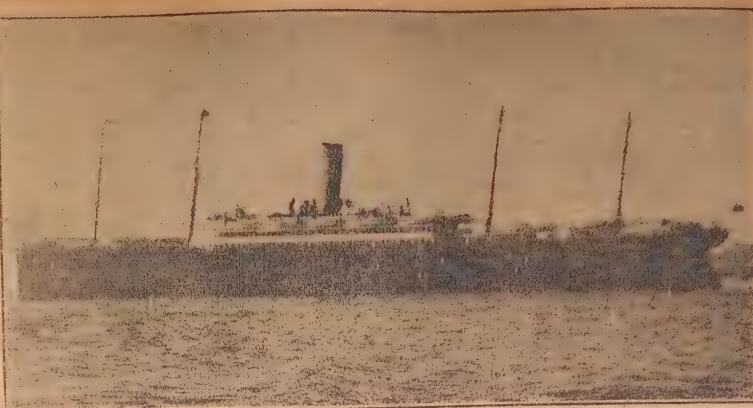
Only recently the company had storage batteries put on board the Republic for the wireless. These batteries were not strong enough to enable her to send a message a long distance, but were probably powerful enough to send a few miles, and in this way Capt. Sealby was able to communicate with Capt. Ranson and the commanders of the other ships that were searching for the disabled vessel.

It was impossible to state the position of the Republic accurately, as there had been a thick fog for several hours and no opportunity to get a sight, so that to find the vessel was a difficult job, as it was only known that she was about twenty miles south of the Nantucket Shoals yesterday.

In the company's office the experts got to work on the information and figured that even if six of the compartments were flooded with water the vessel would still keep afloat and as the sea off Nantucket was very rough the chances of saving her were very good indeed.

The fact that both engines were out of business and that both compartments were filled with water told that the Republic had been rammed hard and that either the vessel that struck her had gone through the longitudinal bulkhead or else had driven one engine through into the compartment on the opposite side of the engine.

It was also feared that the Republic must have been struck on the starboard side amidships. The Republic was steaming east and the Florida was heading this way. She was probably standing in toward Nantucket in order to be reported, and heading west by north or northwest would have struck the Republic at a sharp angle. That she was struck on the starboard side, if it be true, was fortunate, as on the Republic all the first class staterooms have their desks and the bed side.



THE WHITE STAR LINER REPUBLIC.

Early in the evening another message told that the Baltic had at last found the Republic and that she was still afloat, but that her engine compartments were full of water. The passengers were then on the Florida. Capt. Ranson did not give any details as to how the accident happened, but he did say that not a life had been lost and no one was injured. He asked for instructions.

The company sent him word that to save life was his first duty. It suggested that the Florida should proceed to this port with the passengers on board and that the Baltic should convey that vessel and if possible transfer the passengers to the Baltic so as to make them more comfortable and land them quicker.

At 9:55 Capt. Ranson sent a message which said that the Florida had started for New York and was making about eight nautical miles an hour, that she would probably arrive off Sandy Hook between 4 and 5 o'clock this afternoon, and that the Baltic would convey the Florida, and if the weather was fine in the morning he would take the passengers from the Florida.

The Florida at her best can make about fifteen miles an hour, but could not make more than half that speed under her present condition. If the passengers were transferred to the Baltic that vessel, being able to make sixteen miles an hour, would land them here much earlier.

According to Capt. Ranson the weather had then cleared, but the wind was coming from the east which, at this season of the year is likely to kick up a nasty sea and so hurt the chances of saving the Republic.

Capt. Sealby and his crew were still on the disabled steamer then and were waiting for the help that had been ordered. As soon as the tugs arrived it was the intention of Capt. Sealby to head for the nearest port and should the weather become bad to have the Republic beached at Nantucket or some other shoal and to spot.

At 11 o'clock another wireless was received by the White Star Company from Capt. Ranson. This said that he and Capt. Sealby were still in communication and consulting about the advisability of transferring the passengers on the Florida to the Baltic as the Florida was in bad shape and a strong wind was coming up. At the same time a message was received which said that the two revenue cutters had reached the disabled Republic and that attempts would be made to get that ship into port for to beach her if necessary.

The White Star Line's offices were kept open all last night and will keep open all day to-day, so that those who are anxious about passengers on the Republic can learn the latest news about them. The telephone in the offices, and there are many of them, were kept busy all the afternoon and until late in the evening with inquiries. In such cases the facts as they were known were given, and the telephone number of the inquirer taken so that later news could be given as soon as it was received.

WIRELESS TOLD WORLD

CALL FOR AID O'ER SEA
AND LAND.

How Land and Ship Stations, Scores

of Miles Apart, Told.

the News.

It was in the neighborhood of 4 o'clock when the Republic and the unknown steamer crashed into each other. It was two hours later that Captain Ranson, after a thorough examination, decided that the Republic's passengers must leave the ship as soon as possible. At 3 o'clock, four hours after the shock of collision, the following message sent a thrill through the receiving operator at the United States navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., 150 miles from the disabled steamer:

"To revenue cutter Gresham, Boston: The steamer Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17; longitude, 70."

The engine room of the Republic was flooded, but her wireless apparatus was equipped with a storage battery system, and with this at his command Blinn, the wireless operator, sent his call for aid continuously out into the night. It reached the Siasconnet wireless station, seventy-seven miles away, and Siasconnet took it up.

"C D 2" was the warning that carried through 150 miles of black fog, and every wireless operator on ship or on shore in that zone sat up and in turn sent out the call, until it became an endless chain of air waves, spelling "Republic in distress and sinking. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70."

Station after station took it up, and it reached ship after ship. Ship after ship took it up, and crowded on full steam ahead and forced into the fog wall. The cry of the Republic sounded within a radius of from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles of the spot where she was to go down. Highland Light got it, 120 miles away, and passed it on. Newport got it, 108 miles away, and flashed the warning out. New Bedford, 106 miles away, caught it, and the United States ship Seneca, in the harbor there, started to the rescue. The revenue cutter Mohawk, cruising 135 miles away, received the call, and turned her prow for the designated latitude and longitude.

REPUBLIC AND LA LORRAINE HEED CALL.

Westward bound, the Baltic, sister ship of the Republic, and La Lorraine were pushing cautiously into unending gloom. They were hardly more than ten miles apart, the Baltic being about seventy-eight miles from the scene of the collision, when simultaneously the message bearing waves struck their wireless masts. On the instant courses were changed. The wireless feelers of these two vessels then stretched out into the night and fog, and soon there was an answer from the Cunarder Lucania, likewise westward bound.

Then began one of the strangest and wildest scenes recorded in the annals of modern seafaring life. Round for the same spot, unable to get their bearings, almost feeling their way,

another as though side by side, were three huge greyhounds of the Atlantic and four United States revenue cutters, the Seneca, the Mohawk, the Acushnet and the Gresham. Collision threatened them, and the fate that had overtaken the Republic lurked for them in the fog. They kept on. "Have you found her?" "Are you talking with her?" they asked one another.

The nearest of the government cutters was three and a half hours' run away. One was at New Bedford, one at Watch Hill and one off Cape Cod, while the derelict destroyer Seneca was cruising off shore searching for a wreck at a point about forty miles away from the place

where the Republic was thought to be slowly foundering. The big liners were twice that distance away.

The Republic's dry battery was losing its power, but it continued to do noble service. "Still afloat," it called, and "She's still afloat" was passed around from ship to ship of the fleet hunting for the helpless one in the unlifting fog, from station to station on shore.

"When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket Lightship this morning was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger and no lives lost."

This was the wireless message transmitted by telegraph received at the White Star Line offices in New York at 10 o'clock.

At 9:45 a. m. a wireless message reached Vineyard Haven saying that the passengers and crew of the Republic had been taken off by another vessel. A wireless message, transmitted to the White Star offices, reported the revenue cutter Acushnet alongside the Republic just before 10 o'clock.

The government wireless operators at Newport reported that at 11:30 a. m. they could still hear the wireless working faintly from the Republic, but there were indications that the storage batteries were becoming exhausted. The same operators at 11:50 a. m. heard from the revenue cutter Acushnet, then somewhere off Gay Head, that she had picked up messages stating that passengers on the Republic were being transferred to another steamer, that La Lorraine was searching for the Republic, and that the Baltic was forty miles away, hastening to the Republic's assistance.

Thus each step in the hide-and-seek game in the fog, every measure of success that was being taken and the assurance of the safety of the passengers were flashed by wireless from station to station, from ship to ship, and, transmitted by Morse code and instruments, told all the waiting, anxious world of the fate of the steamer and her human freight.

The Republic's instrument in its dying breath told New York that the Florida was taking off the passengers and crew.

At 12:30 p. m. the Cunarder Lucania reported that the Republic would soon sink. The Lucania's message said that wireless communication with the Republic at that hour was nearly perfect. Not only had the Lucania caught the warning from the sea, but she sent a message first sent by wire from the office of her line told her to look out for the damaged vessel.

Having told of the transfer of the passengers to the Florida, the magic wireless told of a new danger. Word was sent broadcast once sea and land that she was displaying signals for assistance. It told thereafter of every step in the closing act of this sea drama; how the Baltic found the Republic and started with the Florida for New York, and how the Republic plunged to the bottom when all had left her.

attorneys today, say, either the owner or the operator. The commonest, the operator as

REPUBLIC, BIG WHITE STAR LINER, RAMMED AND SUNK OFF NANTUCKET; 701 SAVED.

Vessel, Believed to be the Italian Emigrant Steamship Florida, Westward Bound With Nearly 1,000 Souls on Board, Crashes Into English Ship on Way to Mediterranean With Many Rich Americans.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AVERTED
BY THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

"C. Q. D." the Call of Crippled Boat for Help Hurries Liners and Revenue Cutters to Her Aid—They Stand By All Day and Till Liner Goes Down at Night—Florida on the Way to New York with the Rescued Passengers.

Late last night the White Star officials received a wireless message that the Florida, with all the Republic's passengers safely on board, was on its way to New York.

This was followed by another message from Capt. Ransom of the Baltic saying he would keep in company with the Florida to New York.

As the Florida in her crippled condition can only about eight knots an hour, it is figured that the two vessels will reach this harbor about 7 o'clock to-night.

Good luck—and wireless telegraphy—robbed human history of an appalling disaster early yesterday, when the big White Star steamship Republic, her cabins laden with rich and pleasure seeking Americans bound for a Mediterranean cruise, was smashed amidships off Nantucket, Mass., by another vessel, believed to be the Italian Lloyd's emigrant steamer Florida, heading for this port, with 900 souls aboard. The Republic had on board 701 persons, including passengers and crew.

That not a life was lost on either ship was due in very large part to that most wonderful of recent discoveries, wireless telegraphy, which found in yesterday's collision a splendid chance to open a new chapter in the great drama of ocean life. Hereafter, shipping men agree, the sea will be robbed of half its terrors.

Big Liners Standing by Crippled Vessel.

At 8 o'clock last night a wireless was received direct from Capt. Ransom, on the White Star liner Baltic—which, with La Lorraine and the Lusitania had been reached by wireless and had gone off their courses to her assistance—stating that the Republic was still afloat.

He commented that the Florida, with her own people and most of those from the Republic aboard, close to 2,000 souls in all, was near by, and that the Baltic was near the scene, standing by in readiness to extend aid.

The channels La Lorraine and Lusitania, Capt. Ransom said, were also in the vicinity, and the Republic, through her wireless outfit, was directing the movements of the ships of power.

The Florida has not been crippled in, it was stated last night by wireless messages.

The fog was still heavy late last night all along the Nantucket stretch of western water.

At 8 P. M. some word by wireless that the captain and the rest of the crew had left the Republic and she had been abandoned. This was taken hope to indicate the Florida, with the Baltic, had proceeded to some port.

When the Republic started to no order, Capt. Ransom launched his gun. Instead of running to the Florida in assistance he remained a short distance from the Republic, and she disappeared under the waves. Then he rowed to the Florida and some time on board.

The Florida, with one of her compartments full of water, then started proceeding for the New York water company of the harbor. The Florida is expected to arrive about eight hours on board, and should arrive in New York harbor about 7 o'clock to-night.



The Italian steamship Florida, which first rescued the passengers from the disabled Republic.

BAFFLED



Vice-President Franklin Pays High Tribute to Captain of the Disabled Ship.

[illegible][illegible]

York for Europe during the present week.

[illegible]

INVENTOR WHO
BROUGHT

GIGLIAMO MARCON

THE LONDON, Jan. 28, 1960 - I am exceedingly grateful that wireless telegraph has again proved its value in saving life at sea. I feel that a single message such as the one to the Japanese's assistance, as well as the following one, offers a lot of help to a man who is in a rather thin predicament. Much had been overruled already. The case of the Republic is an example of the future. I believe the case is fast as possible, if it is not already here, when wireless telegraph will have helped many more of the suffering people.

USE WIRELESS
PAID TO LINER.

The Florida Crashes Into the Republic During Fog, Then Rescues Passengers

Accident Happens in the Early Morning Twenty-Six Miles South of Nantucket, the Vessels Being Wrapped in Dense Blanket of Mist.

461 PERSONS, ON THEIR WAY TO EUROPE, WILL BE BACK IN NEW YORK THIS EVENING

DURING the prevalence of a dense fog off Nantucket in the early hours of yesterday morning the steamship Republic, of the White Star line, was rammed by the Florida, of the Lloyds Italiano line and so badly damaged that she was later abandoned.

All the passengers, many of whom were wealthy Americans bound for winter resorts on the Riviera, were transferred to the Florida, which was somewhat damaged. They will arrive in this city to-day.

Although the Florida stood by her stricken sister ship, the use of wireless telegraphy and of submarine bells, with which the White Star liner was equipped, summoned to her aid two other liners and several revenue cutters and insured the safety of the seven hundred persons aboard her.

PASSENGERS BEING SENT TO THE BALTIC AS A HEAVY SEA IMPERILS THE FLORIDA

(SPECIAL BY WIRELESS TO THE HERALD.)
STASCONSETT, Mass., Saturday, 11:30 P. M.—The passengers of the Republic are now being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

Captain Ransom, of the Baltic, on noticing that the fog had lifted and a strong northeasterly wind had come up deemed it advisable to transfer the passengers to the Baltic. The company had instructed Captain Ransom to use his judgment in the matter.

Effort is being made to get in wireless communication with the steamship New York, which is due in the vicinity of Nantucket at two o'clock on Sunday morning, and to request her to stand by the Florida and Baltic.

Contrary to earlier advices which stated that the captain and crew of the Republic had abandoned that vessel and taken refuge on the Florida, it is now learned that Captain Sealby and his crew are still aboard the damaged liner, which has now drifted to a point about ten miles south of the Nantucket light.

Two revenue cutters are standing by the Republic and a Scully tug is being sent to the vessel with the object of taking her in tow and beaching her.

HOW THE 461 PASSENGERS ON THE SHIP WERE SAVED THROUGH BELLS AND WIRELESS

Rammed in the fog early yesterday morning when about twenty-six miles south of Nantucket, the Republic, of the White Star Steamship line, was so badly damaged that at nine o'clock last night she was abandoned by her crew and was momentarily expected to sink.

The passengers, numbering 461, were saved by the Florida, of the Lloyd Italiano line, bound for New York, the vessel which came into collision with the unfortunate liner, which was on her way to the Mediterranean ports.

The master of the White Star line, Edward Bond, was in the neighborhood, probably about thirty miles away, as were the French line ship the Lorraine and the Canadian liner, both bound westward. All these vessels were apprised of the disaster by the wireless telegraph system in use on all the White Star ships, and by the Lorraine, which at the time of the collision was fifty miles distant, was warned by the submarine bells with which the Republic, like all her sister ships, is equipped. The two inventions of the twentieth century were the means of averting what had proved the lives of the passengers, this being the first instance in which the submarine bells had proved their usefulness in time of shipwreck.

CRASH IN THE FOG.

As nearly as can be learned the collision took place at about half-past four



THE S. S. BALTIC.

o'clock while the Republic was threading her way slowly through a dense fog. The nose of the Florida crashed through her side and tons of water poured into her engine room, rendering her utterly helpless.

Realizing that safety for the passengers and the crew of nearly three hundred men could only be had by calling for aid, the captain of the disabled vessel set the wireless apparatus at work in every direction, calling on Boston, Newport and New York for help and upon any ships in reach to come alongside.

The response was immediate and within a few minutes three ocean liners and as many revenue cutters were on their way. The messages sent out by Captain Inman Sealby at first indicated that the Republic was sinking and that her passengers and crew were in imminent peril. Later despatches were to the effect that she would not go down for at least several hours.

First of all to reach the side of the stricken ship was the Florida, whose crushed bow and general appearance of distress indicated that it was she who had hit the Republic the blow that may end her career on the sea. Fortunately the sea was quiet and it was a comparatively short time before the entire complement was taken aboard the Italian ship.

Alarm over the prospect of what seemed to be certain death had given way to confidence, and the 461 passengers went aboard the rescuer without disorder. Later in the day the Baltic caught up and stood by both the crippled steamship and the "first aid" vessel, while the Lorraine and the Lorraine were in hot pursuit, following the clues furnished by the mysterious waves of the wireless apparatus.

CRY FOR HELP HEARD.

Across the ocean miles in each direction went the signal "C Q D," the Marconi code sign which means to all mariners, "I am in serious trouble; come to my aid."

It was this signal that caused the three liners to turn about in their courses and seek the vessel which had sent out the cry for aid.

Other messages were sent to the mainland in a few minutes, the first one being received at the Navy Yard in Boston at eight o'clock, in which the revenue cutter Gresham was asked to hasten with all speed to the side of the ship.

"The Republic in distress and sinking," this message ran, "latitude 40 37, longitude 75, twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket." At that time the Gresham was at Provincetown, but she had "caught" the message and in a moment was under way. Other wireless stations had likewise received the call and the cutter Aushnet was soon on her way from Woods Hole, while the Mohawk started out from New Bedford on the mission of mercy. Neither of the latter vessels got far, however, the Mohawk going aground and the Aushnet putting back to assist another vessel in distress.

As the day wore on the wireless was worked with untiring energy and constantly messages were sent from the injured ship calling for help or notifying the thoughts of the line of her condition and of the progress of the work of rescue. Just before noon came a message which reassured the friends of the passengers in this and nearly every other city in the land that the Republic was in no immediate danger of sinking and that in all probability there would be no loss of life.

THE REASSURING MESSAGE.

"When twenty-six miles south of Nantucket lights," said this despatch from Captain Sealby, "was run into by an unknown vessel. Engine room full of water. Can remain afloat. No danger. No lives lost."

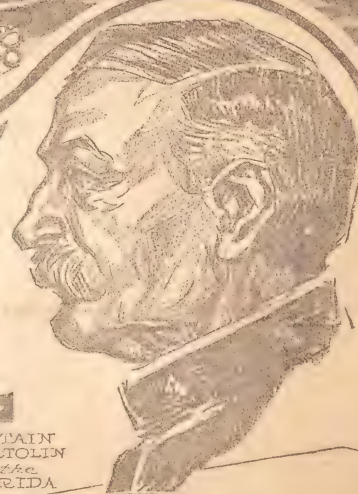
Later came the rumor that the Florida had come alongside and was taking off the passengers in lifeboats. Only human beings were taken off the ship, all baggage being left behind. A despatch that came late in the afternoon stated that the Republic was still afloat and that her watertight bulkheads were holding well, although under a terrible strain. Fears were expressed, however, that she could not long resist the tremendous pressure and that she was likely to go down at any moment.

As nearly as the limited description of the accident furnished by Captain Sealby could explain the collision, it seems that the bow of the ocean vessel struck the Republic squarely amidships, crushing into her engine room so as to stop her and to destroy her and render her utterly helpless.

Naturally this put her dynamism out of commission and would have destroyed the chance of her wireless plant except for the fact that she carries a storage battery system of great power. It was upon this emergency plant that she depended, and it was kept working at full speed until it gradually became exhausted, nearly eight hours after the accident.

The energy displayed by Captain Sealby and his assistants in working the wireless under such discouraging conditions was responsible for the prompt appearance of the relieving squadron of liners and for the safety of the lives of the passengers.

LINER THAT TOOK OFF REPUBLIC'S PASSENGERS, HER CAPTAIN AND DIAGRAM MAP OF SCENE OF COLLISION.



CRASHED IN FOG.

The Florida Stood By and Took Off Passengers.

When packing her way out to sea on the east-bound transatlantic trip to the Mediterranean last night for early yesterday morning, the Atlantic Star liner Republic, with 265 souls on board, was struck by the Florida of the Florida-Tampa line, which suddenly emerged from the fog, when the steamships were about forty-three miles south of Nantucket Lightship. The collision is reported to have occurred about 1 a. m. None of the wireless messages gave any details of the collision, but it is thought that the Republic must have been hit, and hit hard, on the starboard side, just aft of midships. The Florida, which was engaged with her stern lights, and a crew of 100, is thought to have been out of her course and not being equipped with the automatic ball system was unable to get the bearings from the ball signals from the Nantucket Lightship.

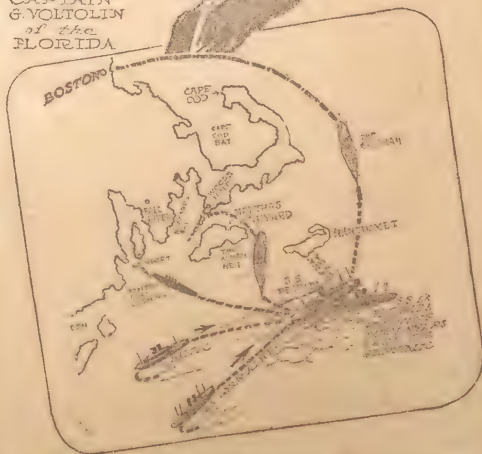
The impact of the vessel that struck the Republic was terrific, as it turned up six steel plates and let a flood of water into the engine room, making her helpless. The fact that the vessel was used as a life boat was due to the fact that the wireless equipment did not give any warning of the collision. A powerful searchlight in the room of the wireless operator on the Republic supplied sufficient

current to send messages to Nantucket, a distance of about forty-five miles.

Realizing that his vessel was in a bad way Captain Sealty sent out a wireless message, which was received at the navy yard at Charlestown, Mass., Nantucket, Vineyard Haven and Newport and subsequently sent broadcast from those stations to various points from whence relief boats could be sent to the disabled liner. The first message sent by Captain Sealty announced that he had been hit by an unknown vessel in the fog, in latitude 40.17, longitude 70. The message was sent with a twofold purpose, primarily that assistance might come to him, and incidentally to inform the local office of the accident. The message stated that the engine room was flooded, but that he could keep afloat. Later messages announced that the steamship had taken off his passengers, that there was no danger, and that there had been no loss of life.

The storage battery, which was sending the messages from the Republic held out well, and according to the wireless operator of the government station at Newport the waves from the Republic's antenna could be heard distinctly up to 11:25 a. m. The station then became weaker and weaker, and within fifteen minutes ceased. The failure of the Republic's equipment to work further gave rise to the rumor that she had sunk.

CAPTAIN G. VOLTOLIN of the FLORIDA



REPUBLIC'S PASSENGERS SAFE ON THE FLORIDA

Wireless Messages Report She Has Sunk--White Star Denies It.

WIRELESS SUCCOR BY LAND AND SEA

Over a Thousand Souls in Peril When Florida Rams Liner in Thick Fog Forty Miles from Nantucket Light.

Wireless messages from Nantucket state that the steamship Republic, of the White Star Line, has sunk after being abandoned, and that her passengers and crew, taken on board the steamship Florida, which gave the Republic a deathblow in a collision yesterday morning, are proceeding to this city.

At 11:30 o'clock last night the White Star Line office in this city declared this to be untrue, asserting that the Republic had not been abandoned and was still afloat; that the Republic's passengers were on the Florida, which, with the Baltic, was standing by the Republic.

The White Star liner Republic, outward bound for Naples, was rammed and sunk yesterday, about forty-five miles south of Nantucket. Through the agency of wireless telegraphy assistance was sent to her through an almost opaque fog blanket, and not a single soul of the 761 on board was lost. The big liner, which is only five years old and was built to be proof against the heaviest storms of the Atlantic, was sent to the bottom by the Lloyd Italiano steamer Florida, a vessel about a fifth of the Republic's tonnage. The little vessel which sank the Republic took on board the latter's passengers, numbering more than four hundred, and when the Republic was abandoned started for New York with the rescued and her own nine hundred passengers and crew of 130. The Florida is being convoyed by the White Star liner Baltic, which arrived on the scene of the wreck, being summoned by wireless telegraphy. The two ships will arrive in New York Bay about 7 o'clock this evening.

The collision occurred in the fog about 4 a. m. Within two hours the Republic's passengers were transferred to the Florida, which stood by after sustaining a buckled bow and disabled machinery. Within four hours the plight of the Republic was known all along the Atlantic Coast, and help was not only sent from shore, but transatlantic liners within a radius of one hundred miles started for the scene.

The Baltic, of the White Star Line, inbound from Liverpool, was one hundred miles to the westward of the Republic when the plight of the latter vessel was made known through the receipt of a wireless message from Siasconet. The Lucania, of the Cunard Line, and the French liner La Lorraine, both westbound, were both informed, and they sent messages to New York announcing that they would look for and stand by the Republic.

The Baltic got to the Republic first.

The Republic was abandoned by Captain Seably and his crew at 9 o'clock last night. The captain sent his crew aboard the Baltic, and getting into his ding, he stood by the wrecked vessel until she sank. Then he consented to board the Baltic.

Captain Seably, who is considered one of the ablest commanders of the White Star fleet, was on his proper course when the Florida hit him. He knew his latitude and longitude and plotted his exact position, but the Florida was some thirty miles off the westward lane, taken at the Mediterranean bend.

The Florida hit the Republic on the starboard side, aft of the midship section. Tons of water poured into a big hold, and the engine room was flooded. Had the positions of the Republic been reversed the Republic, it is believed, would have cut the Florida in two. The Republic kept afloat for about fifteen hours, but the pressure of the sea in the rent made by the Florida was too great for her to withstand, and one by one her watertight compartments found ways to the sea. She sank where she was struck.

The Florida started for New York after Captain Seably was taken aboard the Baltic. The Baltic stood alongside the Florida, acting as convoy. A wireless message, received at the White Star office in this city last night from the Baltic, said that the Florida and the Baltic were standing at about eight knots, and would arrive here about 5 o'clock this evening if the weather remained favorable. The Florida was damaged chiefly in the bow, and one of her watertight compartments is filled with water.



THE BALTIC, WHICH IS CONVOYING THE FLORIDA TO NEW YORK.

Sinking of the Republic, As Told by the Furnessia

STEAMSHIP FURNESSIA, via SIASCONSETT, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during the night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Republic at 7:50 o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there, and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:15 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close by.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o'clock. The Baltic then started for New York, and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her bow, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cut-

ter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P. M. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6:22 P. M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 P. M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 3:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searched all about that she could not be seen. The captain and chief officer were on board when she sank, and were very much shaken and sore, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After waiting about to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

Wireless on Both Boats Would Have Averted Crash

Had the Florida been equipped with the Marconi wireless system the collision with the Republic would have been avoided.

In foggy weather, all liners equipped with Marconi apparatus, and in touch with one another constantly, keep each other apprised of their position, speed, identity and condition of weather. When the signals from an approaching ship become unusually strong, showing the vessels to be in close proximity, the operators call up the bridge on their ships, speed is reduced and all eyes scanned until all chances of a collision have passed.

The wireless transmitter on the Republic was operated from the electric light house of the ship, and the range with this sort of power was about two hundred miles. In addition, wires are fitted with an auxiliary storage battery or just even an emergency set secured on Saturday off Nantucket shore.

Method of Communication.

The standard instruments are placed on a table conveniently built for the purpose and usually located on the main deck. They consist of a coil with a variable inductance, a battery, a condenser, a tuning fork, and a set of earphones. The operator can hear the signals from the other ship, and can also hear the signals from the shore.

A small transmitter and a set of earphones are carried on each ship with a communication cable.

For every station on a ship, which is a small station, there should be a wireless set.

The operator is seated with direct connection to the antenna, and can hear the signals from the other ship, and can also hear the signals from the shore.

close touch with all that goes on. The Marconi operators are classed as officers, and are directly under the command of the captain.

The transmitter equipment of the Republic consisted of a ten-horse power, an Morse key being placed in the circuit to make and break, thus forming the Morse code. For instance, the word "forward" would be sent as follows: F, O, R, W, A, R, D.

For the most part, the Marconi apparatus is operated by a battery of cells, which are recharged by a dynamo. The dynamo is connected to the ship's engine, and the battery is connected to the transmitter. The battery is recharged by the dynamo, and the dynamo is connected to the ship's engine.

Effect of High Pressure.

At this extremely high pressure the pressure of the water is so great that the ship is forced to the bottom. The pressure of the water is so great that the ship is forced to the bottom.

The pressure of the water is so great that the ship is forced to the bottom. The pressure of the water is so great that the ship is forced to the bottom.

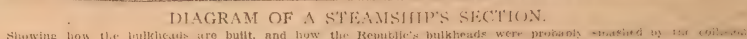
The pressure of the water is so great that the ship is forced to the bottom. The pressure of the water is so great that the ship is forced to the bottom.

With the behavior of all concerned so admirable it is not strange that our congratulation rather than commiseration is present in the comment on the Republic disaster. Discipline comes properly for praise. It is very fine to think of the firemen, when the water was rushing in, calmly and methodically drawing their fires and thus obviating the risk of explosion. Equally fine was the behavior of the crew calmly debarking the passengers and of the captain and engineer staying with the ship until she went down in the night. Science is also a hero, for aid came in response to the messages of distress that a new invention scattered on the waves of the impalpable ether. And likewise sympathy is lauded, and quick and eager was the response of a fleet of vessels to the call that came to them out of the air. Great is the contrast between the present news and that which came in 1898, when the La Bourgeois went down, and out of a company of 735 but 164 were saved.

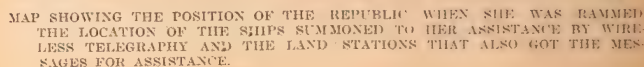
Yet, despite all that has been done, much remains to be done if peril is to be taken from those who go down to the sea in ships. There was a collision, and the query naturally arises as to why the ships were unaware of a dangerous propinquity. A function of the wireless is to locate other sea travelers. The explanation is that one of the ships was not equipped, and thus could neither give nor receive warnings. Thus one lesson of the calamity is the desirability of international regulation requiring every steam vessel to have electrical antennae. On the same principle that ships are compelled to carry lights so ought they be compelled constantly to display electrical signals, stating their location. In time doubtless the oceans will be chartered into sectors, each vessel at reasonable intervals proclaiming which one it occupies. This application of the block system to ocean travel is a development soon to be expected.

Furthermore, it appears that there is need of greater care in the making of the compartments which are supposed to make a modern vessel unsinkable. The Republic had compartments, yet she sank, and if the vessel had been in warmer waters, even though the engagement was delayed, there might have been no reliance except on open boats. The naval constructors may not assume that they have reached a finality in the making of bulkheads.

Nevertheless, it is more than ever susceptible of statistical proof that travelling on the sea is safer than travel on land. There is a smaller percentage of lives lost on the steamships than on the railway trains, especially the railway trains of this country. With such men as manage the Republic, with the wireless at their command, there is little need of writing walls before landing on shipboard. Yet even the minimum of danger now existing is to be still further reduced.



A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and bow tie. The portrait is framed by a decorative border with ornate corner pieces. The man is looking slightly to the left of the camera.



It was La Lorrain that brought to this port the first connected story of the hunt through the fog-blanketed waters off the New England coast for the stricken Republic and the battered Florida. The big French liner was forty hours late when she berthed, and for practically all of two days, and for practically all of two days, Capt. Edouard Turner had to wait for the vessel to get out port, first gawdoling his own ship in the mist that wrapped her in thick and smothering fogs, and then, when the foggy came finally by the blue-tinted wireless from Stanceton, groping about to find a beach the sinking

[illegible]

On Duty Thirty-three Hours.

It was at thirty-three hours, according to the testimony of the witness, that the defendant was taken to the hospital. The witness testified that he was on duty for thirty-three hours, and that he was taken to the hospital at that time. The witness testified that he was taken to the hospital at that time, and that he was taken to the hospital at that time.

La Lorraine to Republic: Now thirty miles off.
11.25 A. M.—La Lorraine to Republic:
Now about twenty miles off.
It all sounded so short and formal, and precise. But those words and figures, on curtly and accurately snapped and spiked over in the hard worked instruments of the sinking Republic's perceptor sounded sweet to him.
12.45 P. M.—La Lorraine to the Republic:
Tell your captain we can hear his bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he didn't make as much noise as possible to pick him up, because the fog was thick. M. La Lorraine.

The Baltic's Message.

"It was 6.40 P. M., on Saturday, I believe," concluded M. Monrouseau, "that we caught this message from the Baltic:

Battle to La Lorraine: Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and she must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blast.

The White Star liner, from Liverpool, now first appearing in the wireless conversation and action, thus acted as intermediary between the Republic and the Lorraine, which was asked to stand by the Florida, also now making her first entrance into the story of the etheral waves. Here was the message at 6:55 P. M. Saturday. La Lorraine to Glascock:

French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York.
Republic's passengers have all left for Florida. Battle remains. We have now asked the Republic to leave the Florida. We

The best message flows the time at which the French liner was notified by its own state of the safety of the Republic's passengers.

7:32 P. M.—Battle to Lorraine; Battle elsewhere both ships. Clear weather. Can see lights.

RANSOM

Along with the principal of the forwarding messages, so potent with hope, and been posted in both French and English on the bulletin boards in the first and the second cabins where they had been posted with varying degrees of interest, largely dependent upon the confusion and temperament of the passenger.

After the modest Marcanti operator had told his part, Capt. Tournier, with equal modesty, the course of the Legion of

Honor on his breast, told how he had guided his ship during a tireless vigil to coincide with the requests and directions received through the air.

He said he had had fog from St. George's Bank and before this nice weather. The first wireless telegram from Siasconset had been received, he supposed, at about 6.30 A. M. on Saturday.

On the Bridge All Night.

"I was on the bridge," said the captain. "I had been there all night, from after 7 A. M. of the day before, but that's nothing."

"The first thing I did after I received the message of distress? Well, nothing but to look on the chart and see what I had to do. On the day before I had my last observation, in the morning, and so on. I got this message, I loosed myself on the chart, and that my way is to Nantucket Lightship and to go directly to Nantucket, so as to have a good start for the Republic."

"I do not know how far I was from the Republic," I heard a submarine boat and don't know whether it was the Nantuxet's bell or the Republic's."

"I stayed in the vicinity about six hours. In about six hours I have received from the captain of the *Remondy* a message telling me all the submarines are on the Florida and will proceed to New York.

"I saw [got into wireless touch with the *Remondy* in the afternoon of September 10.] It had taken the *Remondy* about four hours to find the *Remondy*."

"The M.P.'s then turned me to the two British soldiers who took me to New York and who I have forwarded for. As soon as the M.P.'s on Saturday found the three members of the group, they were taken to the main prison and exposed to the sunbather and heard nothing more."

1. "AC" should be "C". AC is not a valid code.

STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC GOES DOWN WHILE IN TOW

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MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1909.—16 PAGES.

BALTIC CAPTAIN WIRES AMERICAN FULL STORY

First News of Four Deaths on Florida, as Well as Other New Details of Disaster.

Marconi Wireless to New York American from Capt. Ransom, of the Baltic, off Sandy Hook, at 3 a. m.

Florida inward and Republic outward bound in collision 175 miles east of Ambrose lightship at 5:45 a. m. Saturday.

Republic struck amidships on port side, penetrated to engine room. Ship was immediately plunged in darkness.

Marconi's were sent from Republic asking for assistance, Baltic first vessel to make for scene of action and after searching for twelve hours in dense fog located both colliding vessels close together.

At 7 p. m. Republic was abandoned except Captain, chief officers and lifeboat crew, who remained alongside all night.

Baltic proceeded to steamship Florida and removed all her passengers and crew except the deck department.

The Baltic took on board 1,610 people. Two first saloon passengers, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, were killed on the Republic. Mr. Mooney was killed instantly and Mrs. Lynch died soon after.

Four passengers on Florida were killed. Names are unknown, but they are stated to be passengers of Italian nationality.

Several passengers were injured, but are all doing well.

The furnace at daylight, proceeded to convey the Florida, which has her bows buckled and is up to the bridge.

The New York and the Baltic searched for the Republic, which had been lost again in fog during the night and found her about a week, with Captain Sealy and his boat crew aboard.

A skeleton crew was then put aboard her and the mail boat made for New York later.

The Laramie, New York and other vessels are anchored off Sandy Hook. The Republic sank at 8 p. m. Sunday.

Photo-Diagram Showing How the Florida Rammed the Republic, Killing Six Persons



All hands are now safe aboard the Florida, making for Gay Head. Bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were on board Republic in caskets and are probably gone down with her.

Inquiries from survivors of Republic show there was no excitement.

Capt. Sealy controlled everything, and made a speech from the bridge and kept all hands informed of movements of ship.

LATEST BULLETIN.

On way to Gayhead, arrive in the morning. The Republic sank 8 p. m. Gresham's boat picked up captain and mate in the water. Seneca is going with us to take passengers to New York in the morning.

proaching vessels as reported by wireless, being aided assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

WIRELESS IS PROOF PRAYER REACHES GOD

—PATLER WALSH

The wireless telegraph, it is said, is the most powerful and accurate of all the instruments of science and industry. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places.

Medium Converted Him. The wireless telegraph, it is said, is the most powerful and accurate of all the instruments of science and industry. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places.

Crucifix Was Broken. The wireless telegraph, it is said, is the most powerful and accurate of all the instruments of science and industry. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places.

Wireless Proves Prayer. The wireless telegraph, it is said, is the most powerful and accurate of all the instruments of science and industry. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places.

Suspend Nature's Laws. The wireless telegraph, it is said, is the most powerful and accurate of all the instruments of science and industry. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places. It is the only one that can be used in the most remote and dangerous places.

Distress Signal Aroused Whole Force at Siasconset; Help Sent to Sinking Republic

LONELY VIGIL BROKEN BY FIRST CRY FOR AID

Wireless Operator at the Siasconset Station Tells of Alarm.

ALL HANDS CALLED OUT

How Assistance Was Sent to the Republic from Nantucket.

By A. H. Ginman.

(Description of vigil for news of wrecked Republic as told by manager of the wireless station at Siasconset, Nantucket Island.)

Siasconset, Mass., Jan. 24.—Imagine a lonely island in the middle of winter, thereon a lonely Marconi station, therein a lonely Marconi operator, with his telephones glued to his head watching the break of day, thinking of his past and future, listening for any sign of life in his telephones.

Imagine that man suddenly startled with a faint, very faint, call from a ship using the recognized distress signal, giving her position and calling for help.

Slowly, all too slowly, came the cry for urgent aid, each call seemingly taking an hour's valuable time, yet in truth but a fraction of a second. What he never said? Who can it be? At last came the recognized code letters of the White Star Republic, and again the call for aid.

Search for Ships Made by Wireless.

With this information Operator Irwin, of the Marconi force at the station here, who was on duty at the time immediately got the wires hot, knowing the revenue cutter, Ashcroft, to be lying at Wood's Hole, and within one minute the captain was informed that his calls had been heard and aid was being rushed to him.

All hands were immediately brought on duty and the search continued by wireless in search of a vessel near the Republic.

The first to answer the urgent call of the now very busy wireless station was the French liner La Lorraine, and she was immediately sent to render assistance to the sinking vessel.

The White Star liner Baltic, at this time passing Long Island, however, was apparently intending to pass free of orders, for she captain the marconi station, and was making in pursuit of the vessel.

THE NEW MONARCH OF THE SEAS.



fore actually receiving orders direct. Now attention was turned to the sinking vessel and assurances given that aid was being rushed to them. The result to them could only be imagined.

Calls of the Republic Were Growing Faint.

No time could be wasted on sentiment, for the ships in pursuit had to be kept in close touch with the situation so not a moment would be lost. Fainter seemed the Republic's calls, now like the gasp of a drowning man, but the Marconi operator abroad had apparently been working under great difficulties and was able to give the news that her engine room was full of water and that the passengers were being taken off by an unknown vessel, apparently the one that struck her.

Slowly and deliberately this news was scattered broadcast by the local operator, evidently now nursing his power for the supreme efforts that he knew would be called for. Nothing but the most essential points could be gained from him, and anxious though he knew those on shore would be, he was still more anxious to keep the

vessels searching for him on the right track.

"Steer south-southwest," "Is that you firing two bombs in succession?"

Those and other vital instructions were winding their way through the ether, each man anxiously straining his ears for the smallest scrap of information that would successfully guide them to the distressed vessel.

The steamer Baltic was the first to relieve the tense situation when she reported being alongside the Republic, and that all passengers were safe aboard the Florida, which was also standing by.

Up to this time it was obviously impossible to disturb such important orders with a request for details of the accident, but now came the urgent cry of relatives ashore for news and pay.

Still there was the difficulty of getting news of the Republic's passengers, who were now on the Florida, which is not fitted with wireless, and the impatient cry of the loved ones at home came fast and furrier.

It was then decided to transfer all passengers to the Baltic, and this was done with the same strict discipline that prevailed at the previous transfer. Now the air was filled with:

"Safe and well aboard Baltic." "All this time the Republic seemed to be settling fast, but her captain refused to abandon her, and preparations were made to endeavor to save her." This done, the Baltic steamed toward New York. The exciting period had passed, but the triumph of Marconi will live forever.

LOST FLEET SUPPLIES.

Naval Paymaster Must Buy More to Replace Those Sunk on Republic.

VILLEFRANQUE, Jan. 24.—As a result of the sinking of the White Star steamer Republic, Fleet Paymaster McGowan has been directed to purchase supplies for the Republic's crew. The supplies were lost when the Republic was sunk. The supplies were lost when the Republic was sunk. The supplies were lost when the Republic was sunk.

GETTING BALTIC NEWS FROM OUT THE AIR

Long Island Wireless Stations Swamped with Messages from and to Incoming Liner.

"A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE"

Thus Was One Message Worded—Communication Broken at Times—What the Stations Heard.

The several wireless stations on the south shore of Long Island when on Saturday had to be content with repeated messages from the wrecked steamer Republic and her rescuers, took up yesterday the work of conveying to this city news of the progress toward this end of the White Star liner Baltic, laden with the passengers of the Republic and of the Florida. The station at Sagaponack, near Bridgehampton, L. I., 100 miles from this city, caught the first flash from the incoming Baltic.

This was late in the afternoon and after receiving many messages destined for friends of those on board, the operator commenced sending words of congratulation and invitations to visit friends on reaching this city, to the passengers on the Baltic. All told, the operator had more than 300 messages of this kind to send, and before many of them had flashed away from the wireless sending pole, communication with the steamer, creeping slowly toward this city, was lost.

Then Sagaponack called the wireless station at Sea Gate, and explained the difficulty. Sea Gate knew it already, for it was only 330 o'clock when Operator Harry Williams picked up the first of the Baltic's messages, destined, however, for Sagaponack and not for him. But this communication had been lost after a time, and when Sagaponack called Sea Gate was still awaiting the re-establishment of communication with the Baltic. In the meantime, Sagaponack's messages were relayed to Sea Gate to be sent from there when the Baltic was picked up again.

The scene in the little room on the second floor of the lounge of the Sea Gate Association, situated less than a quarter of a mile back from the end of Narrows Point, was one of suppressed excitement. Without there was nothing to be seen but the murk of a heavy fog, through which sounded the boom of the surf from the Lower Bay on one side and from smaller channels on the other. Within a dozen men, among whom was Chief Engineer Frederick M. Samuels of the Marconi Company, crowded around the operating table, at which sat Harry Williams. Back and forth flew questions and suggestions as to where the Baltic might be, until a faint sound like the peculiar rumble of an automobile engine, only many times weaker, sounded in the room. Instantly there was perfect silence for the message was a faint one to be caught by the Baltic," said Williams, as he caught the first words, and then he passed them to the men around the operating table.

At the first call an effort was made to connect with the steamer. This effort failed, however, a long time later, and the search continued. The search continued for the Baltic, which was lost. The search continued for the Baltic, which was lost. The search continued for the Baltic, which was lost.

Mrs. Lynch's Body Lost. At Sagaponack the most important message which was received Saturday night, from the Marconi station at Bridgehampton, was the news that the body of Mrs. Lynch, who was on board the Republic, had been found.

"SAFE AND WELL" ABOARD BALTIC,

Anxious Friends Besiege Offices of White Star Line.

Crowd Gathers when News Quickly Spreads that a Number
of Passengers Had Met Death in Collision
Off Nantucket.

After a night of anxiety Vice-President Franklin, of the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controls the White Star liner Republic, that was wrecked Saturday morning by the British liner Florida, gave a sigh of relief yesterday when it was announced that the passengers of the two vessels had been safely transferred to the lifeboats and were on their way to New York. Mr. Franklin had his assistants to take a brief rest and himself went to bed for a few hours. His rest was short, for his sleep was disturbed by a wireless message saying that several passengers had lost their lives in the collision.

When he retired Mr. Franklin was unaware that not a single life had been saved in one of the most startling of modern maritime disasters. The report of deaths soon spread through the city, however, and by the time the White Star offices again reached their offices many friends and relatives of passengers on both the Florida and Florida had gathered to make inquiry. Capt. Ransom, of the Baltic, had been sent to the scene of the collision and was now on his way back, and many were looking for the well-known ship. It was not until about 10 o'clock that he had not taken time to send a brief bulletin saying that four of the Republic's passengers had lost their lives and two others had been injured.

Immediately there was a clamor to learn the identity of the dead and injured. Mr. Franklin got busy with the wireless. He communicated with Capt. Ransom, and instructed the commander to let him know at once the identity of the victims.

"This is too time for delay," said Mr. Franklin. "We have nothing to conceal from the public, and this instant we hear from Capt. Ransom the names of the unfortunate ones will be given out."

For two hours a score of anxious ones passed in and down the White Star offices at No. 3 Broadway. They seemed to some official every time a messenger boy appeared with a telegram. It was not until after 2 o'clock that the long list of names was given out. The names of the dead and injured were received from Capt. Ransom. If

officers to report that of the Republic's passengers, Mrs. Lynch, of Boston, and the daughter of Hamilton W. Mack, are dead. Mr. Lynch, of Boston, and Miss Mack, of Grand Rapids, Minn., are badly hurt. Four of the Republic's passengers are dead. Their names are:

Off those who had been awaiting news, whether it was to be good or bad, this morning most anxious. It was the first time since the collision that the White Star Line had been in communication with the public.

Mr. Lynch, who accompanied his daughter to New York to bid him good-bye, is an experienced ship surgeon.

Mr. Lynch was one of the last known survivors of the Republic, and Mr. Mack, who was with him, was the last known survivor of the Republic.

Mr. Mack, who was with him, was the last known survivor of the Republic, and Mr. Lynch, who was with him, was the last known survivor of the Republic.

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BRAVE CAPTAIN AND REPUBLIC'S CREW IN PORT

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 25.—Captain Sealby, of the lost Republic, and all of his plucky crew except the four coal passers killed by the Florida's bow, are safe and sound in the harbor here aboard the United States revenue cutter Gresham.

They were taken off the wrecked steamship not an instant too soon. In fact, Captain Sealby, who obstinately refused to leave until the last one, had to jump overboard and cling to a grating with his first mate until one of the Gresham's small boats picked them up, exhausted from the cold and the terrific struggle they had made to keep from being sucked under in the mad storm created when the liner disappeared.

The rescue will take the Republic's men from the Gresham and bring them to New York to-day. Captain Sealby and his crew are being royally treated in the Gresham's wardroom and are loud in their praises of the men who faced death to save them. They all seem to be in good condition in spite of their thrilling forty-eight hours experience, although Captain Sealby was too tired to answer a message from his office asking full particulars of the sinking.

The efforts to save the Republic, even after her passengers had been safely taken off, was one of the most desperate and thrilling fights in the history of the sea, in which great personal courage and skill, aided by the latest achievements of the science of shipbuilders, were matched against the ever-meninging element with which the lot of the liner was cast.

After the ship had been rammed early Saturday morning and her unknown assailant had disappeared in the fog, quick measures were taken to preserve the lives of those aboard. The watertight compartments were clamped to and the men from the stokehold and the engine room after performing their emergency duties, rushed to the decks to save their lives from the incoming sea.

The crew went to their posts at the lifeboats and stood by while the officers looked after the passengers, awakened from their sleep by the shock of a collision and frightened into a panic. There was a period of frightful suspense while the liner gradually settled, and no living soul could foresee at that time the fate of passengers and ship.

The Gresham in port.

Arrives at Vineyard Haven at 3 A. M.—To Land the Republic's Crew.

Special to The New York Times.

GAY HEAD, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Jan. 25.—A vessel believed from her general appearance to be the United States revenue cutter Gresham, on board of which are Capt. Sealby and the crew of the White Star liner Republic, which sank off No Man's Land this afternoon while an attempt was being made to tow her to New York, was sighted by the crew of the Gay Head Life Saving Station at 11:50 o'clock to-night.

The Gresham, if it were she, passed fairly close to the point and the members of the life-saving station had little doubt that she was the revenue cutter.

She is believed to land the Republic's crew in a Massachusetts harbor.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., 3 A. M.—The Gresham with the Republic's crew is now putting into the harbor. She reported when two miles off the port.

3:30 A. M.—The Gresham has come to anchor in Vineyard Haven.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL REPORT OF WRECK AS SENT BY BALTIC

Sinking Steamer Located by Two
Liners and a Revenue Cutter After
a Hunt Through the Dense Fog
for Over Twelve Hours.

The following is the first official report of the collision received from the Baltic by wireless as she came to anchor inside Sandy Hook. It was sent by Operator Tattersall, under authority of Capt. Ransom:

STEAMSHIP BALTIC, via SEA for the Republic, which had been lost GATE, L. 1, Jan. 25, 3 A. M.—The steamship Florida, inward bound, and the Republic, outward bound, were in collision 15 miles east of the Ambrose light vessel, at 5:45 o'clock on Saturday morning.

The Republic was struck amidships on the port side, penetrating to the engine room. The ship was immediately plunged in darkness. A Marconi despatch was sent out from the Republic asking for assistance. The Baltic was the first vessel to make for the scene of the accident.

The Republic was struck amidships on the port side, penetrating to the engine room. The ship was immediately plunged in darkness. A Marconi despatch was sent out from the Republic asking for assistance. The Baltic was the first vessel to make for the scene of the accident.

Bodies Lost in Wreck.

The Gresham made for Gay Head. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were on board the Republic in cellars, and have probably gone down with her.

Inquiries from survivors of the Republic show there was no excitement. Capt. Sealby controlled everything. He made a speech to the passengers from the bridge, and kept all on board informed of the movements of approaching vessels, reported by wireless, being ably assisted by his officers and crew.

The Marconi cabin was smashed in, but fortunately the operator and apparatus escaped injury.

In the stokehold the firemen remained at their posts, and calmly proceeded to draw the fires, thus avoiding explosion, seeing the engine room was almost immediately filled with water.

The news of the disaster was received on the Baltic at 7 A. M. from St. Louis, and by 8 A. M. preparations had been made to receive all the survivors. While all the boats were prepared for launching.

I can send no more. I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours. TATTERSALL.

The New York and Baltic searched

CAPT. SEALBY, OF THE REPUBLIC, SAID TO HAVE KILLED HIMSELF.

A report was circulated in this city this afternoon that Capt. Sealby, of the broken steamer Republic, had committed suicide.

In the offices of the White Star Line, where the report was received, it was stated that the captain had not committed suicide.

On the Florida, which was the first to locate the Republic, it was reported that the captain had not committed suicide.

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Gibbons Talks of Passengers' Escape

It is believed that the passengers of the Republic will be able to escape.

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A sepia-toned photograph showing a group of approximately ten people, including men and women, standing on a wooden balcony or deck of a ship. They are looking out over a body of water. The balcony has a decorative metal railing with a diamond pattern. The ship's structure, including railings and a ladder, is visible in the background.

JAMES B. CONNOLLY'S STORY OF THE DISASTER



STAYED ON REPUBLIC TO THE END

Captain's Narrow Escape as Liner Sank.

ONE OFFICER WITH HIM

Both Picked Out of the Water by Boats.

BODIES SINK WITH WRECK

Those of Mrs. Lynch and Mooney Were Left on Liner.

Woods Hole, Mass., Jan. 25. Incensed in hermetically sealed emergency coffins the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston and W. J. Mooney of Taunton, N. D., the two passengers of the steamship Republic who were killed in their staterooms when the Italian freighter rammed her south of Nantucket on Saturday morning, went to the bottom with the Republic when she sank last night.

The bodies had been hastily prepared for burial during the hours of anxiety which followed the collision, with the hope that the Republic might be towed to some port or shoal before the ocean claimed her, but there was only time to save the living when the final spasm of the great ocean liner came.

The bodies now lie with the doomed steamship covered by thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket in long. 40.28, lat. 40.52.

The water is so deep at this point that the sunken steamship is not considered a menace to navigation, as her masts, masts and hulls are fully sixteen fathoms below sea level at mean low water. This information was brought to this port today by Capt. K. W. Perry of the revenue cutter Grampus of Boston. Capt. Perry says that Capt. Sealby of the Republic and his second officer, although urged by the living members of their own crew and those of the revenue cutter to leave the steamship before she foundered, shouted back that they would not do so until the last of her had vanished. After having commanded all the other members of his crew, numbering forty-seven men, to move to the lifeboats, Capt. Sealby headed the plan of his faithful second officer and allowed him to remain at his side.

WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID.

Then, with his hands as a trumpet, he shouted from the bridge to his rescuers: "I shall not leave my ship long as a spar is above water. Never mind how hard the wind blows or how heavy the sea is running. Look out for the other boys, but my place is here and here I shall stay until the last minute."

The words came out of the fog with an emphasis which lacked the slightest tremor of fear, nor had it the ring of bravado.

"Rather it was the final decision of a brave ship's master who realized his duty in the face of great peril and had the pluck to face it," explained Capt. Perry in speaking of the incident.

"As I look back at it I don't see how our boys ever saved Capt. Sealby and his second officer," added the commander of the Grampus, as he peeled off a reefed soaked through after two days and two nights unrelenting service in the work of rescue. "It was one of the most thrilling spectacles I ever witnessed." Capt. Sealby is a young fellow. He can't be more than 37 or 40, and his conduct out there when things happened fast showed that he had sand. He didn't risk the lives of his other men and he even wanted his second officer to join them in the boat which picked them up, but the latter stuck fast, showing a loyalty to his commander stronger than life itself—and he nearly went to the bottom, too, let me tell you.

THEIR NARROW ESCAPE.

"Both of them did, for that matter. It happened this way: The Republic's watertight compartments had done such valiant service and she had remained drifting so many hours that Capt. Sealby actually believed she would hold her head above water until we towed her to a place of safety. He decided to stand by the bridge

and took his blankets up there, intending to snatch a little sleep after while if things went right, but he never got so much as a wink. We had been hauling for hours on the Republic, which is—or, I should say, was—a ripping big cutter. By 'we' I mean the revenue cutter Seneca, which did valiant work, and the British steamship Furnessia.

"We had a hawser direct to the Republic, the Seneca had a line to us and the Furnessia had two lines astern acting as a steering device. Finally the Republic's condition was so bad that the Furnessia dropped her lines and abandoned her labors."

"The weather grew thicker steadily and a drenching shower set in. Everything was blotted out to natural vision, but with the aid of powerful searchlights we kept the floundering craft and the two lone figures in the rigging in view."

"The Seneca focused her flash, we did ours and a naval tug whose identity we could not make out put on a third strip of brilliancy which pierced the fog. We could see the captain on the bridge and the second officer was on deck. The Republic was filled with water, was completely waterlogged, in fact, and was bobbing like a porpoise, first nose down, then her stern. With every lurch the tons of water in her seemed to roll backward and forward with a tremendous force which must have played havoc with her."

CAPTAIN SEALBY REFUSES TO LEAVE.

"I kept watching the swirl about her, and finally, when things looked bad, another appeal was made to the captain and his second officer to come away before it was too late. He refused, as before. Then the rolling swell became choppy on top and the water leaped high about the steamship, whose galliard side, just off the main rigging, was plunged with collision pails, showing where the Florida had rammed her."

"We saw by the aid of the flashlights that the final moment was near. The second officer was rolled the length of the deck at the next lurch, and the captain was forced to climb further up on his bridge. Every time she dived her rail was lower. Finally there was a heavy lurch aft, and her bow hung high out of the water, so we could almost see her forefoot."

"A huge wave, formed partly by her own swirl struck her broadside. She quivered and slipped backward. Meanwhile Capt. Sealby was climbing with all haste into the fore rigging. We could not see the second officer then, but presumed that he had been swept from the deck."

REPUBLIC DISAPPEARS.

"With this final plunge aft, the Republic disappeared. We had a lifeboat ready waiting for this moment to arrive. One of our lifeboats which had been equipped and launched was swept away, showing how strong a sea was running. Another was in readiness before the critical time arrived, however."

"The second mate of the Republic had early requested that in case the steamship sank he should be allowed to command a boat with a crew of his men to save their captain. It was finally decided that the crew would be made up of four of the Republic's picked men and four from our crew. Almost before the order was given from our bridge to man the lifeboat there was a streak across the deck and the form of a man in blue disappeared over our side. The next instant we discovered that it was our gunner, Carl Johansson, who insisted upon commanding the crew, and it was four of our men instead of a mixed crew that went to the rescue of the two men who, we feared, must have drowned in the swirl left by the sinking steamship."

OFF TO THE RESCUE.

"Gunner Johansson with his sheath knife cut away the painter, jumped into the stern and the crew was away over a nasty sea in as thick a fog as one could care to poke a nose into. The minutes that followed were full of anxiety. The men of the Republic's crew stood on deck eagerly following the play of the flashlights, which now swept the waters in a search of the hobbling heads of the two officers. The life boat first came across the second officer of the Republic, who was clinging to small bits of wreckage, and he was badly used up. The life savers realized this when they dragged him aboard and were on the point of pulling back to the ship so that he might get instant medical aid when the man's bravery and loyalty to his captain was again manifested."

SAVING THE CAPTAIN.

"Don't mind me, boys," gasped the almost unconscious man, "keep after the captain. He must be about there, somewhere. I'm all right."

"The nose of the lifeboat was headed out to where the wreckage was thickest. The fog being thick. It was blinding, but once again the value of the searchlights was demonstrated when the rays of one of them brought into relief the crouched figure of a man astride a hatchway. It was Capt. Sealby."

"When the lifeboat came back the crew of our own ship, numbering sixty-three, and the crew of the Republic, numbering forty-seven, were lined up, and a cheer went up that must have carried for miles. There was a cheer and a cheer for the plucky Capt. Sealby, another for his devoted second officer, a third for Gunner Johansson and the four other rescuers, Hanson, who acted as coxswain; Becker, Mattson and Smetzer, all of our crew."

"Gunner Johansson and his four companions displayed great courage and alertness in their work, as the timely rescue proved. Capt. Sealby and the second officer went down a great distance with the ship and the wonder is that they ever came up. They were both in pretty bad shape, but the second officer was the worse off. They were placed in warm blankets, rubbed down and otherwise treated, and when put on the Seneca with the other members of the Republic's crew bound for New York they were sound as nails."

"The last thing I noticed when the Republic went down was that her flag was flying the royal British emblem from her aft peak."

When he was assured, last night, that the Republic would land the Republic's passengers at this port he took the train to this city and broke the news to the sisters of Mrs. Lynch, who were at the Hotel Bristol.

Last week Mrs. Lynch's address had been on deposit on the Republic above and well and it was said her train to realize that they would not see her again.

Mrs. Lynch was known among her friends as "the best second woman in Boston." She was very prominent there in church work and a generous giver herself. She was a member of the congregation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and was educated at the Sacred Heart convent at Kenwood, Mass. Tragedy, of which city she was a native, Mr. Lynch, a Boston capitalist, is a member of several prominent clubs there.

Another and little group on the pier contained several of the North Dakota friends of Esther Mooney, who was killed, and of Mrs. Murphy, another native of North Dakota, who was badly injured. Those in the party were George H. Winters and wife, State Senator, North Dakota, and proprietor of the Grand Forks Hotel; S. S. Tins, cashier of the First National Bank of Grand Forks and his wife and Mrs. J. Walter Smith, wife of the bank's president.

SCENE AT THE PIER.

Great Throng Grooms the Arrival of the Republic.

Scenes of joy followed the arrival of the Republic at Pier 40, North River, this afternoon. As they caught sight of relatives or friends through the rails of the big liner, men and women stood on tiptoe waving canes, umbrellas, hats and handkerchiefs, and calling out a greeting to those whose faces they recognized.

There was a scramble to be first aboard when the gangplanks were put in place, and the custom house officers and police had to hold the enthusiastic ones in check, for they surged forward toward the openings in the side of the pier pushing and jostling in their efforts to embrace those who had been saved from the perils of the deep.

There were several hundred waiting at the White Star line pier when the bow of the Republic first shot into view far down the river. Some of them had been waiting there since a o'clock in the morning. Others had gone there from distant points in the country. Outside in West street, scores of hacks automobiles and carriages stood, ready to convey the refugees to their homes, to the hotels or to the houses of friends. A great crowd had gathered there and mounted police were required to keep order.

It was a long time before the Republic arrived. From morning until afternoon the crowd stood upon its feet on the pier with eyes trained down the river watching for the first glimpse of the Republic's hull. Several times before she came in sight some other vessel was mistaken for her. Then the doors at the west end of the pier would be thrown open and the crowd rush out to its extremity to watch the ship creeping up.

When the Lucania of the Cunard line, which also played something of a part in the ocean drama, appeared, the crowd was raised that she was the Republic, but she passed by the pier. But when the good old Republic finally exhibited her black and white sides to the watchers she got a warm welcome.

There was one group on the pier who didn't do any cheering. Amid all the joy it was the one grief-stricken circle. They kept in the background and waited silently for the expected body of Mrs. Lynch, the only woman killed. Among the group were her sisters. They didn't know until two priests broke the news to them that the body of Mrs. Lynch had gone down with the ill-fated Republic.

Those who had gone to the pier on that sad mission were Dr. P. J. Hennessey and his wife, a sister of Mrs. Lynch, of Cambridge, Mass., John B. Britton of Boston, and his wife, another sister; Joseph A. McCarthy and his sister Helen of Troy, N. Y., cousins of the dead woman; T. J. A. Johnson, an Irishman friend of Mrs. Lynch and his wife, who is a member of the Lynch family; and John H. Casey, former Boston School Attorney, the personal counsel of Mrs. Lynch. Mr. Lynch had been injured in the collision.

Mr. Britton explained that he and Dr. Hennessey came on from Boston yesterday afternoon. Mr. Britton was the first word of the accident on Saturday and then telephoned right and left, trying to get contributions.

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It took a long time to wrap the Republic alongside the pier, ages it must have seemed to the waiting ones, but the refugees made themselves as prominent as possible on the deck while this operation was in progress, and called greetings to those in the crowd ashore whom they knew. It was a constant volley of "Hello, George!" "All safe, Joe!" and so on. Many of those on the pier climbed to the highest eminence they could reach, and from pyramids of piled goods waved canes to which two or three handkerchiefs were knotted, or colored streamers. One man on the Republic, dressed in a fur coat and possessed of a powerful voice, hailed scores "All safe!" and that was as close a message to some as any they had ever heard in their lives.

"Now, don't push," the Custom House officers pleaded. "We must keep this gangway clear for the passengers."

But a little later had to be used at times to see that the orders were obeyed.

The manner in which those who were on the Republic felt at this homecoming may best be exemplified by one picture which stood out above all the others. A gray-haired, bonneted, motherly old soul who stood close to the rail gave one long, hungry glance at her own country and her own people. Then her head went down on the rail and her tears streamed down her cheeks. "All safe, Joe!" and so on. Many of those on the pier climbed to the highest eminence they could reach, and from pyramids of piled goods waved canes to which two or three handkerchiefs were knotted, or colored streamers. One man on the Republic, dressed in a fur coat and possessed of a powerful voice, hailed scores "All safe!" and that was as close a message to some as any they had ever heard in their lives.

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BALTIC'S STORY OF RESCUE

LANDED AFTER WRECK

Arrival of Baltic with the Survivors.

JOYOUS MEETINGS

Friends Board Liner at Quarantine.

SIX DIED IN CRASH

Several Were Injured, but None Seriously.

FLORIDA COMES TO PORT

Steamship That Rammed Republic Is Also Badly Damaged.

The White Star liner Baltic, having on board the 1,334 survivors from the steamships Republic and Florida, which were in collision on Saturday morning off Nantucket, arrived at her pier in the North River at noon today. With her came the full story of the collision. The casualties resulting from the collision follow:

THE DEAD.

Mrs. ROBERT LYNCH of Boston.
W. J. MOONEY, banker, of Langdon, N. D.
Four Italian sailors of the Florida.
The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney sunk with the Republic, on which they had been left in hermetically sealed caskets.

THE INJURED.

Dagmar Lynch of Boston.
Mrs. M. M. Murphy of Grand Forks, N. D., leg broken.
Mr. M. Murphy.
Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs of New York.
Henry E. Woodward, a steward of the Republic, back injured.
Dr. Mills, the surgeon of the Republic.
The steward of the Florida.

The survivors fix the time of the collision as 5:30 o'clock on Saturday morning. The Florida struck the Republic a raking blow amidships, cutting clear through three decks and into her engine room, which filled with water in a few minutes, driving out the engine room force.

At the first shock the electric lights were put out and the passengers of the Republic, rushing from their staterooms in scanty attire, found the vessel in total darkness. There was no light until day-break.

Throughout all this time the discipline on board the White Star liner was excellent, according to the passengers.

Soon the Florida returned, after backing off, and the transfer of the Republic's passengers to her was begun.

The Baltic came alongside the Florida at about 5 o'clock, but it was not until 11 o'clock last night in thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket. Capt. Sealby, her commander, and his second officer remained on her until the last. They were picked out of the sea by a boat crew from the Gresham.

It took until morning to transfer the last of the passengers.

The Republic, while in tow of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca, foundered at 10:20 o'clock last night in thirty-eight fathoms of water about forty-eight miles south of the Island of Nantucket. Capt. Sealby, her commander, and his second officer remained on her until the last. They were picked out of the sea by a boat crew from the Gresham.

was the real cause of the collision. Passengers on the Republic thought that the Florida was out of her course, because she had rammed the Republic on the port side. There was another story to the effect that the helmsman of the Florida was asleep or nodding.

To supplement this there was a rumor to the effect that one of the officers of the Florida, after the collision, struck the man at the wheel on the head with an iron spike. When this man arrived on the Baltic to-day his head looked as if it had been badly battered. The story of the sleeping helmsman met with prompt denial.

The Florida, with her bow badly smashed, reached Quarantine at 3:30 o'clock today. Accompanying her was the Anchor liner Furnessia, which reached the scene of the collision about noon yesterday.

About two-thirds of the saloon passengers saved from the Republic were women and children.

The purser of the Baltic gave out the following figures as the number of persons carried into this port by that vessel. From the Republic there were 228 first class passengers, 211 third class and 241 of the crew.

From the Florida she carried 13 cabin passengers, 326 third class and two from the crew.

Her own passenger list included 88 first class, 127 second class and 229 third class passengers. She had a crew numbering 240 men.

The Baltic also carried 3,300 sacks of mail from the Republic.

Liner Met Off the Hook at 1:15 A. M.

TALK WITH SURVIVOR

Darkness Followed the Crash, but There Was No Panic.

CAPT. RANSON'S ACCOUNT

One of Florida's Anchors Left in Republic's Stateroom.

At 1:15 o'clock this morning, in a dense drizzle, the big hulk of the Baltic nosed out of the murk off Sandy Hook and her anchor splashed in the waters a short distance from the Ambrose Channel lightship. With her came the 1,650 souls saved from the wrecked Republic and Florida. Most of the ports on the great liner were dark, and her decks glowed faintly through the blackness; it was a dismal ending to an eventful voyage.

SIGHTING THE BALTIC.

There were two tugs to greet the Baltic—one the New Jersey, the steam pilot craft, with her red signal lights away about at her masthead, and the other a newspaper tug. Both had chug-chugged away out east of the lightship, and it was a few minutes after midnight when the huge, hoarse blast of the Baltic's whistle first reached to them. Even when the roar ended close at hand not a light of the vessel was visible through the mist and rain.

Through a rift the big mountain of the liner loomed out of the night, making the Baltic look like toys alongside. The Baltic took on her pilot and then moved ahead slowly until abeam of the lightship. The sea-going tug of the newspapers, the Dalzelline, hove to alongside her bridge, and no sooner had the Baltic's anchor splashed over her bows than a megaphoned inquiry was shouted up to Capt. Ranson.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"On the bridge of the Baltic—What news?"

"Injured doing well," called back Capt. Ranson.

It was an interview under difficulties. The deck of the tug was bobbing up and down some fifty feet below the bridge of the liner, the ship's bell rang rapidly every few seconds as a fog signal, and off to the north the lightship's foghorn moaned lugubriously every few minutes. It was slow work, but it was the first story of the rescue from the lips of an eyewitness.

"How about the transfer of the passengers?" was shouted up.

"Both times it was made in small boats," called back Capt. Ranson. "The Republic's passengers were taken off in the boats of the Republic and the Florida. It took two hours. There was a thick fog, but the sea was quiet."

"And the second transfer?"

"We took all 1,650 from the Florida in our own boats. It was an all-night job, from 5 o'clock Saturday evening till 5 o'clock Sunday morning. Our searchlights played on the water between the Florida and the Baltic as the boats loaded in."

running and a thick fog. Two passengers slipped as they were entering the small boats and fell overboard. Both were rescued.

"Have you all the passengers of the Republic?"

"All except Mr. Lynch. His leg was broken in three places and he was kept on board the Florida in charge of the ship's surgeon. Capt. Sealby stood by the vessel and the Florida is coming in under her own steam, convoyed by the New York."

"CUT ME OUT," SAYS RANSON

Capt. Ranson explained that the Republic's wireless was crippled as the water flooded her dynamos and that she then resorted to storage batteries. These gradually weakened as message after message calling for help was sent out and the Republic finally became a silent ship wallowing in the trough of the Nantucket seas.

"How long have you been on the bridge?" called out a questioner.

"Oh, cut me out of it," replied the captain.

It was then forty-four hours since the Republic's first cry for help had reached her sister ship, and throughout that time the Baltic had been doing perilous rescue work continuously. First she had searched out the injured vessels, playing a game of blind man's buff in the fog banks off Nantucket for hours, and then she had taken off 1650 persons in her small boats, with a high sea running and a dense fog over all. It was a magnificent record for Capt. Ranson and his men.

The tug then dropped astern a little, where the big, burly figure of a passenger had appeared on the promenade deck.

"Aho, there; tell us about the collision!" went up through the megaphone.

A PASSENGER'S EXPERIENCE.

"We were all in bed at the time," came down the answer. "The fog whistle was going, and the first we knew there was a grinding crash. The boat heeled over and then righted. Everybody knew what had happened, but there was no panic. Women ran up the companionways to the decks in their nightgowns. Many were barefooted. The lights went out and it was hard to get around, for it was still dark."

It was a bad time and there was plenty of excitement but no panic, reiterated the passenger.

"Some women screamed, but they were in the steerage. I don't think any of our American women screamed."

"How did the crew behave?"

"Magnificently. The discipline was perfect. Capt. Sealby reassured us and announced that we were in wireless communication with Nantucket almost immediately. That made everybody feel a lot better. A big sail cloth was tied over the hole in our side, but the water poured in, flooding three compartments. We were down by the stern but were on an even keel."

"What happened to the Florida?"

"She struck us on the port side just forward of the after hatchway. It was a glancing blow and she did not stay in the gap she cut in our side. She fell away from us, leaving one of her bow anchors jammed fast in a stateroom. Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were crushed to death in their staterooms."

TWO PASSENGERS FELL OVERBOARD.

"We did not know what the vessel was, for she disappeared in the fog in a few seconds. She was gone for half an hour—then she found us again by our distress whistles and we learned she was the Florida. Both transfers were made without mishap except that two passengers got a ducking. The transfer from the Florida to the Baltic was a wonderful sight—the searchlights poking around and the boats rowing back and forth in the fog. There was a big sea running and the small boats tossed about like cockleshells. It took twelve hours."

"Any baggage saved?"

"No—all lost. We've nothing but the clothes on our backs."

"Who are you, sir?" came up from the tug to the obliging passenger.

"H. A. Hoyer of Spokane. Will you wire the folks there that we're all right?"

"We will!" came back in a shout.

Then somebody recalled that Mr. Hoyer was bound on a 105,000-mile auto trip with his wife, and the query went up as they tug drew away:

"Will you continue on your trip?"

"Just as soon as I can get another passage," came back the cheerful reply.

There was a hearty "Good night" and "Good luck" for the undaunted Mr. Hoyer. Mrs. Hoyer and several passengers had appeared toward the end and joined in the story of the disaster. All were loud in their praise of Capt. Sealby and the crew, and all declared that nothing like a panic had occurred.

About 3 o'clock the tug turned for home, leaving the big Baltic anchored off the lightship for an indefinite wait, pending the clearing up of the fog. The drizzle had ceased, but a more dense fog had rolled down in its place. The lights of the liner faded out swiftly, and even the big flashing white light on the Ambrose Channel lightship was soon a flickering candle flame in the distance.

The business of navigating out to the Baltic had been hard enough, but the homeward bound trip was much worse. The fog shut in white and wet. Now and then a red or a white buoy light would slide into view to be doused a few seconds later in the blank wall astern. A wailing siren pierced through the moist substance of the fog occasionally, sounding like the wail of a lost cat. Then a sudden clattering bell would reveal the presence of an anchored ship—with a sleepy watch awakened only by the tug's impudent, insistent whistle.

Time and again the tug was forced to stop her way altogether while her pilot listened for a fog signal or waited to make sure of the direction of some anchored vessel. Luckily not another craft cared to be out in such weather, and the Dalzelline had the lower bay, the Narrows and the upper bay all to herself as she groped, foot by foot, her blind course to the Battery sea wall.

How Seven Liners Figured in Collision

Republic, White Star Line—Rammed by the Florida off Nantucket and her passengers transferred to latter vessel; sank while being towed in by revenue cutter Gresham.

Florida, Italian Lloyd Line—Struck by to pick up Republic's passengers after the collision; is bound for New York.

Baltic, White Star Line—Caught distress signals from Republic's submarine bell, searched for and found the disabled ships, and Saturday morning took the Republic's and Florida's passengers from the latter vessel to bring them to New York.

Furnessia, Anchor Line—Picked up by wireless by disabled Republic and was aiding to tow her to port.

La Lorraine, French Line—Picked up wireless messages, sought and found the Republic, but, finding she was not needed, came into port.

Lucania, Cunard Line—Picked up distress signals from submarine bell and searched for disabled vessels.

New York, American Line—Warned by wireless messages of disaster and searched for Republic and Florida, and acted as convoy to the Florida.

CHEERED BY WIRELESS FLASHES

Republic's Passengers Knew Aid Was Coming.

WORK OF OPERATORS

Stuck to Their Posts to the Very End.

HOW SHIPS WERE CALLED

Hurrying Through the Fog to the Scene of the Collision.

There are four men who stick out prominently in the story of how those on the White Star liner Republic were saved by wireless as it is told by the men of La Lorraine, which made a notable run through the fog from a point 120 miles off the scene of the collision to help her stricken sister. Two were the French liner's wireless operators, Messrs. Ernest Monrouzeau and J. B. Bour, who held to their posts high up on the boat deck of La Lorraine, the third, Tattersall of the Baltic, the other, J. R. Binn, a young man 26 years old, who kept his place on the crippled Republic, the wireless phone strapped to his ears for a stretch of more than thirty hours. Out there on the deep, where everything was without form and void, where one could not see the sky and there was no horizon, these four game men kept messages of hope and courage flashing back and forth through the upper gloom.

On board the Republic, limping ahead as best she could, with the Florida close alongside, those constant taps at the key were like the taps from the picks of rescuers which tell imprisoned miners that help is not far off. Each message from the Baltic or La Lorraine was like a tonic. It buoyed the spirits of the Republic's passengers and crew until they pined all their faith on those four men who never once lost track of each other and were wireless in their devotion to duty and the safety of others. How hard they labored is best told in the last message of Tattersall: "I can send no more," said he. "I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours."

The Marconi cabin in which Binn sat was smashed in the collision but he escaped injury and his apparatus was not damaged. The lives of the 761 souls on the Republic depended upon that one young man. Everything hung upon the steadiness of his finger on the key. When the jarring, rending crash came over the Republic was plunged in total darkness. It was a situation calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. All about were the impenetrable fog banks. Not a sound, not a welcome light, travelled through the appalling blackness. Capt. Sealby controlled the passengers, making a speech to them from the bridge and then—rat-tat-tat—rat-tat-tat, the finger of Binn of the Republic sent forth this brave word, "I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end."

Now and then Bour got a chance to flash an unofficial message to Binn. "Old man, how are you?" he called, and the cheery word came back: "I am on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to end."

"Keep cool, old man," advised Bour, and the steady young fellow of 26 instantly responded: "O K. Come along; we're waiting for you."

At 12:45 P. M., as Operator Bour tells the story, this message shot to the Republic: "Tell your captain we can hear his submarine bell and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our steering, because the fog is thick."

At 6:40 P. M. there was this, Baltic to Lorraine: "Republic says to steer for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers. She must have some one to stand by. She is blowing full blast."

Then La Lorraine to French line pier: "Have been asked by Republic to follow Florida. Will arrive at Sandy Hook daylight." The last official message was from the Baltic to the Lorraine and ran as follows: "Baltic alongside both ships. Clear here. Can see lights."

But as La Lorraine started homeward bound, Bour and Binn sent one last word to each other. "Remember me to Broadway," said Binn. "The Republic isn't doing very well."

It was all over. The four men who had carried on over the void of the sea the strangest conversation in maritime annals sat weak and limp in their places, so exhausted that they were ready to drop. They had signalled back and forth, day and night, without a wink of sleep; but they had saved a ship.

Groping along toward this port on her way from Havre was the big steamship La Lorraine. It was Saturday morning and 7 o'clock. A wireless operator stepped up to Capt. Tournier and told him that a message had been received from Siasconset. It was the distress call—the "Q Q D D," meaning both "hurry" and "danger." Capt. Tournier was all action at once. He had the operator flash back "G," which, translated, means "I am coming."

The bell in the engine room of the liner tinkled and the engineer received orders which headed the Lorraine in the direction of Nantucket lightship. With his ear trained to catch the slightest signal from over the deep, one of the liner's two operators sat waiting. Presently there was another message from Siasconset. It told La Lorraine what ship it was which had met with the misfortune and that she needed help quickly. The Frenchman stood at her best gait—a sort of Sheridan of the sea with 120 miles to go—and Bour of La Lorraine talked with Binn of the Republic. "We are doing twenty-two knots," he said, "stick to it," or words to that effect.

La Lorraine fairly quivered with the speed she made. It was foggy, yes, but every minute was precious to the White Star boat and there was no pause except to be sure of the direction. Siasconset had given the Republic's location as lat. 40 deg. 17 min. north; long. 70 deg. With the aid of a chart of the Nantucket waters and further flashing from Siasconset, Capt. Tournier made a rough estimate as to the relative positions of the Republic and Lorraine.

All morning La Lorraine sped through the fog. In the afternoon, Capt. Tournier heard, through the telephone connecting with the submarine receiver, the faint boom of the submarine bell on the Nantucket lightship. The lightship couldn't be seen, doubtless she was a long distance off, but La Lorraine was in the near vicinity of her wounded sister ship now and the crew of the watchers on the bridge peered through the mist for a few moments of hope.

Meanwhile flash answered flash. When the Frenchman started on her run against the Cunard liner Lorraine was thirty miles astern. La Lorraine spoke her, telling her what was ailing her. She was asking for the wireless waves from Siasconset. Then the most peculiar four-cornered conversation ever held at sea under the strangest of circumstances, went on through the hours between the Baltic, the Republic, La Lorraine and Siasconset.

After Siasconset had given La Lorraine the Republic's position, the Frenchman replied to the land station: "Your C. O. D. message received O K. Notified C. O. M. L. L. (Wireless signal of La Lorraine). Then the liner picked up the Cunard boat and gave her this: "Republic wrecked. Wants assistance. Lat. 40 deg. 17 min. north; long. 70 deg. west."

At 7:50 o'clock in the morning the Lorraine, after Capt. Tournier had consulted his charts and made his computations, sent this word to Siasconset: "Please tell Republic we are within 120 miles of her. Shall reach her at 2 P. M."

Every passenger had caught the spirit of the thing by that time and each moment was filled with excitement. On the Republic Capt. Sealby kept the anxious ones informed of every word that passed between the wireless operators.

The Republic could communicate only eighty miles, so Monrouzeau and Bour could not reach her at first, which was the reason why Siasconset was asked to tell the Republic where La Lorraine was, but at 9:45 A. M. the operator on the French liner got in touch with the White Star boat and asked:

"Please tell us if you are in fog and exact position."

The details of the wreck were not known. Capt. Tournier had not heard then whether another ship had rammed the Republic or whether she had run aground. If she was aground he wished to know how deep the water was in which she lay, for then it might be necessary for him to exercise great care in approaching her. Preparations were made on La Lorraine to take soundings.

Just five minutes later the French operator took down this message and handed it to the captain: "Republic to Lorraine: Position, 40 deg. 17 minutes north, longitude 70 west. We are in fog." The Republic had then drifted a little.

WHAT WIRELESS TOLD BEFORE BALTIC CAME

The Story of the Transfer of the Passengers to the White Star Liner.

Through the night the coming of the Baltic with the survivors was awaited. A tugboat swept an arc off the Hook to meet her as she approached. The steamboat General Putnam had been commissioned by the White Star line and was held in readiness. On board her were a number of friends and relatives of the Republic's passengers. When the word came that the Baltic had reached the bar the White Star line agents decided to make no start until 3 o'clock this morning. Then the General Putnam put down the bay to wait for a while at Quarantine. The fog still hung thick outside and the moving of the Baltic was a matter of uncertainty.

Finally, at 9:45 o'clock, came the word from the observer at Sandy Hook that the Baltic had started in. The craft that had been awaiting her made a dash down the bar. The big White Star boat was the central figure of the big incoming fleet. Wireless had told nearly all the other steamships or they had heard from their pilots the story of the collision. The whistles of the other steamships blazed out a hearty welcome as the Baltic plied her way through the channel and swept on to Quarantine.

THE BALTIC AT THE BAR.

It was 11:5 o'clock this morning when a wireless message was received saying that the Baltic was off the Ambrose Channel lightship with the 1,559 passengers from the Republic and the Florida. The weather was then very thick, and the big White Star liner anchored for the night, prepared to make a move into port as soon as the mist permitted this morning.

Already wireless messages had told that six fatalities had attended the collision of the Republic and the Florida. They had also told how the Republic, while being in tow of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Hancock, had sunk at 9:30 o'clock last night in about forty-five fathoms of water off the coast of No Man's Land, a small islet south of Martha's Vineyard.

The sinking of the Republic had been most sudden, according to the report. It had been about forty hours from the time early on Saturday morning when she was rammed by the Florida and the time, her strong bulkheads being unable longer to stand the strain, she was swallowed up by the ocean. As she sank her indomitable Capt. Sealby and his second officer were still on board. Apparently they threw themselves into the sea on a grating and were rescued by the men from the Gresham. The skeleton crew which had remained on the Republic had already been taken aboard the revenue cutter.

SURVIVORS REST.

All night long the arrival of the Baltic had been awaited. Tugs patrolled the sea section off the Hook and made for each incoming craft that appeared out of the mist and the darkness with the hope that she might be the White Star liner. Finally the Baltic came and dropped her anchors preparatory to remaining outside for the night. With the exception of the officers and men of the watch and a few passengers all appeared asleep aboard the liner, but some of those awake spoke over the side and what they told supplemented the wireless reports that had preceded the arrival of the survivors.

WHERE THE REPUBLIC WAS STRUCK

The information received from the men on the Baltic showed that the Republic had been struck by the Florida on the port side abaft midship and just forward of the centre hatch. Staterooms 14 and 26 were stove in by the sharp prow of the Lloyd-Italiano liner, and it was in these staterooms that the passengers of the Republic met death or injury.

The collision found all the passengers in their berths. There was a general rush from the cabins to the deck and few waited long enough to put on any clothing. It is the testimony of the officers of the Baltic and the passengers that there was no great panic, however.

For a few minutes after the shock there was tumult, but ship discipline soon asserted itself. Every squad was sent to its station and the boats were swung out and made ready for reception of passengers. By this time all of the 241 saloon passengers and the 211 from the third cabin were at the rails. Most of them were in their night clothes and few had shoes on.

THE FLORIDA BACKS OFF.

After the impact the Florida withdrew swiftly and for a time there was no chance for those on the Republic to make out the identity of the vessel that had rammed her. The stricken White Star boat sent out her signals of distress by whistle and a half hour later the Florida, her prow smashed so that her fore compartment was filled, crept up alongside the vessel she had riven.

By the time the Florida came up the bows of the Republic had been lowered and each already had its quota, all at the first to be sent down over the side being women and children. The sea was placid, but the murky hung low over the water and the recently ailed passengers suffered with the cold.

Once alongside, the transfer of the pas-

sengers was begun, for the Republic, which had settled immediately after the crash, was sinking lower now and the section in her that was struck was so vital that it was not known how long she could remain afloat, notwithstanding her watertight compartments.

Back and forward through the darkness and the fog the boats of the Republic plied, and to this lifesaving fleet were added the boats from the Florida. The transfer took two hours. When it was through all the passengers were on board the smaller vessel and all of the crew, save the complement that had elected to stay on board with Capt. Sealby and his officers. The Florida still remained near the Republic, which was sinking lower in the water all the time.

THE "Q Q D D" MESSAGE.

Meanwhile the stricken White Star liner had been sending out her wireless "Q Q D D" signal which spread her story of distress over the sea and to the land. Apparently it was thought best by the captain of the Florida to remain in the vicinity of the Republic, for he had no wireless apparatus of his own, and with the fore compartment of his vessel filled he did not know what might happen. Already the Florida's bow was deep in the water.

THE BALTIC AT THE SCENE.

It was just before 5 o'clock in the afternoon, nearly eleven hours after the collision, that the Baltic came close to the vessels that had collided. In the meantime the survivors had been made as comfortable as possible on board the Republic, which, with 900 passengers of her own, had comparatively little accommodation to offer. With the arrival of the Baltic Capt. Ransom of that vessel tacitly became the admiral in command of the situation. Capt. Sealby's work now looked to the doing of whatever he could to get his own ship ashore. Wireless communications to Capt. Ransom from the White Star officers had told him to do whatever he cared to do in the emergency, and while this message was sent the officers of the line here felt that the instructions were simply perfunctory. They knew that Capt. Ransom would act on his own initiative, anyway.

TRANSFER DECIDED ON.

It appeared to Capt. Ransom, as the evening came on, that it might be safer to transfer all the passengers to his own vessel. There seemed to be no immediate danger of the Florida going down, but there was no telling what might happen, and besides, the crippled Italian could at best make eight knots into port. This would mean added discomfort to the passenger, to say nothing of their anxiety at the thought of being on board craft that had herself been badly damaged.

THE SECOND TRANSFER.

So at 11 o'clock on Saturday night the second transfer—a record in sea conditions—was begun. There were 1,620 men, women and children, all of them under immense strain because of the dangers and the trials through which they had already passed, to be taken from vessel to vessel over a rough sea. For the wind had come up a bit and the waves ran high. In the first transfer the surface of the water was almost as smooth as the sea of a small inland lake, but it was different now.

The lifeboats from the Republic had been retained and those of the Baltic and the Florida were also brought into commission, but the work of this fairly large life-saving fleet was long and difficult. As before, the women and children were the first to be sent overboard. Twenty to a boat was the rule, and the work of a whole night was begun.

HER CALLS FOR HELP ARE HEARD

"I was proud to be an Anglo-Saxon when I saw the way the passengers were transferred from the Florida to the Baltic," said R. H. Ingersoll, a manufacturer, "and if I was ever proud of American and English womanhood it was when I saw those women come up those shaking stairs at the side of the Baltic each with a smile on her face."

THE LAST WOMAN TO LEAVE THE REPUBLIC.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked a friend of Mrs. Epy, the wife of Major John Epy of St. Paul, Minn. "Yes," replied the little woman, "you may say if you are questioned that the crews of the three steamships deserve the thanks of every person who had a friend or relative on board." Mrs. Epy did not mention that she was the last woman to leave the sinking Republic, and insisted, though weak and ill, that others should reach safety before her.

The women who were in the cabin of the Florida after the transfer of passengers from the Republic saw a Frenchman rush into the cabin gestulating wildly. Shouting something in his native tongue he threw himself into a chair in despair.

"What did he say?" they asked of a girl still in her teens who understood French. "He said," the girl replied, "that the Baltic will be here in half an hour." She smiled as she said the words, and a man seated near did not contradict her, though he knew that the terrorized Frenchman had cried "We are lost! The ship will sink inside of three hours!"

WHEN THE CRASH CAME.

W. C. Fish of the General Electric Company, Boston, was loud in his praise of all who figured in the wreck. He said that he felt the shock of the collision at 5:30 A. M. He instantly realized the meaning of the shock. Dressing hurriedly he went on deck and found the passengers pouring out in all stages of negligence. He had dressed in the dark, for less than a minute after the collision the lights had all been extinguished, and the engines had stopped running. Hardly a sound was heard save the orders of the officers and the noise of the passengers' footfalls. Every one was grieving deeply and on every face he saw a look of portentous gravity gradually turned to one of determination as those aroused from their beds realized their situation. It was known by all on board within a few minutes after the collision that the damage was probably fatal to the ship.

"Boat" crews were told off, Mr. Fish said, "and without any sign of hysteria the women and children were transferred to the Florida, which after crashing bow foremost into the port side of the Republic had backed off and now appeared on the starboard quarter. The attitude of Capt. Sealby was deserving of highest commendation. He and his men were cool and collected and to no man would more praise be given than to the stewards and clerks of the ship."

"As regard to the injury I should say that the plates on the port side aft were bent inward for a length of 15 feet. They had been torn loose and were impressed about two feet. How much below the water line the injury extended could not be ascertained, for the engine room began to fill immediately."

DETERMINED AND COURAGE.

"I have made seventeen voyages across the Atlantic or to India and I have never seen better discipline, courage and pluck than was shown by the officers and crews of the ships which had been concerned in this catastrophe," was another comment of Mr. Eales, who was supported in this assertion by Charles Ward of Charleston, W. Va., and R. H. Ingersoll.

"To show what we all thought of the work which the men did, the passengers of the Republic and the Baltic have subscribed over \$1,000 for the crews and stewards of the three ships. The men

asked that medals be given them, and it is probable that each man will receive a medal instead of a cash present. This subscription was made yesterday and to-day," said Mr. Eales.

GEN. IVES'S VIEW OF IT.

Gen. Brayton Ives was fast asleep when the collision occurred. He said that the passengers behaved with particular coolness. The women were splendid. After the vessels struck and had broken apart passengers poured out of their staterooms into absolute darkness, which was the worst feature. There was a weird and quiet anxiety on the face of each which was not expressed by a sound, and as far as he knew by but one cowardly act.

"I myself, played in better luck than the rest for a relative of mine had given me a small candlestick as a present and it stood on a table alongside my berth. I guess that candle was the only light on the whole ship and I thank my stars for the day that relative was born."

"We did not think at first that the danger was as serious as it later proved. When they began transferring the passengers the women were taken off first. They went to the Florida, which, though it was claimed it was a third class ship, was anything but clean. I am a college graduate and Saturday morning was the first time I had taken hold of an oar in forty years." Gen. Ives and William J. Prendergast of Boston said that the only complaint they had to make was that the boats were manned without an officer in command. Neither was exactly satisfied with the way the second transfer was made. They thought that too free a use of stimulants had been allowed, although both admitted that the men suffered great privation and proved themselves heroes.

SOME OF THE CHILDREN SAID.

Mrs. H. H. Armistead, of 136 West Forty-fourth street, her daughter, Mrs. John T. Davis, whose husband is a son of Henry Cassaway Davis, Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1901 and the two Davis children, Miss Hallie Elkins, aged 10, and Henry Cassaway, aged 7, were met at Quarantine by H. H. Armistead. Mrs. Armistead was awake at the time the boats came together.

The entire party went on deck partly dressed. Like all other passengers, they are destitute of baggage, as none was saved from the Republic. They were able to get the money and letters of credit before leaving their staterooms. All the members of the party commented on the coolness shown immediately after the collision. They, too, said that there was no screaming or hysteria. When the children were taken off and put on the Florida, they remained for seventeen hours and a half without food and without leaving the seats assigned to them.

"What did you think when the collision happened?" was asked of Miss Hallie Elkins Davis.

"I thought," the little girl replied, "that the big smokestack up on the deck had tumbled down. I thought it had probably broken the paddle wheel, but I couldn't tell what put the lights out."

Passengers in the same boat with Miss Hallie when the transfer from the Republic to the Florida was made remarked later that she was as self-possessed as Capt. Sealby himself, for she devoted herself to her younger brother in a manner which even in the midst of the fog and darkness brought smiles to the faces of the anxious ones.

THE TRANSFER FROM THE FLORIDA.

All those who took part in the transfer stated that the more difficult one was that made from the Florida to the Baltic. It was late at night and early in the morning and a heavy black fog hung over an unquiet sea, and though the passengers were changed from ship to ship without accident there was much close

escapes. When Mrs. Earl fell overboard at the time of the transfer and a sailor went over the side and aided in her rescue it was feared that the man might perish, but as Third Officer Brook-erbanke of the Baltic helped him aboard, the sailor grinned, waved his hand, and shouted to the cheering passengers, "You can't drown a sailor!" Then he went to work with his wet clothes still on.

The same committee which raised the \$1,000 for the seamen praised the work of the officers and of Capt. Sealby especially, and commended the endeavors of the steamship line to assist them in every possible way. It was rumored that last night a few of the more dyspeptic among the passengers who had been transferred from the Republic criticized the captains for the loss of the baggage. Short work was made of these fault-finders, for the rank and file were overpowering their condemnation of any such criticism.

HEARD WHISTLES BEFORE CRASH.

Dr. J. J. Marsh of the Republic said that three whistles awakened him. The third

whistle was a terrific blast; then there came a crash and he toppled out of his bunk. Running on deck he found that the vessel had been injured on the port side. There had been but one crash. The engines had stopped almost immediately and in a few seconds the electric lights went out. "I don't think that I heard a scream," he said. "The passengers were thoroughly Anglo-American. Their pluck was great."

David S. Towle said that the Italian ship had hit the Republic on the port side, and the rapping along its side had smashed the six rear staterooms and torn loose plates. He occupied Cabin 22, while Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, who were killed, occupied 28 and 30 respectively. They were crushed by the impact which drove the steel timbers of their staterooms back upon them. The bow of the Florida was partly carried off and saved in. He commented upon the

great service given by the wireless telegraphy. He said that in less than an hour and a half after the accident the Republic and the Baltic were in communication.

Many of the passengers said that they distinctly heard two foghorns for an indefinite period before the crash. It was the consensus of opinion of the majority of the passengers that the Florida was off her course when she struck the Republic or else she would never have rammed the vessel on her port side.

The responsibility for the accident has not been settled, though many are of the opinion that one of the under officers of the Italian ship was at fault. The passengers on the Baltic took their thirteen days at sea philosophically.

ALBERT W. MEAD.

Albert W. Mead of Boston, who was saved with his wife from the Republic gave a full account of all the trying hours from the first alarm to the transfer on the Baltic. "We were in our berths," said Mr. Mead, "when the collision took place, but not asleep."

"A little before 4 o'clock, finding the room rather stuffy, I got up and partly opened the door for ventilation. I was fully awake at the time of the accident. We heard whistling from our vessel and from some other vessel nearby for some moments before it occurred. As I heard

those other whistles growing nearer and nearer I realized that the ship was in danger, but I did not say anything. Suddenly the whistle sounded again right outside our port-hole, as it seemed. Then there was a crash just astern of us. We were in stateroom 28, only four staterooms forward of the rooms where the Florida's bow struck us."

"There was a grinding as if the entire ship were crumbling. She listed and heeled far over under the shock. We crawled out of our berths and I turned on the electric light. I cried to my wife to hurry and make ready to go on deck. We said very little, but we both had the thought that the vessel might go down before we could reach the open air. My wife put on her waist and my bathrobe, which was handy. I put on my shoes and stockings and climbed into my coat and trousers."

"Even as we were doing so the electric light suddenly flickered and then went out, telling us that the engines were out of commission. We threw open the door then and looked out into the corridor. It was dark everywhere, but there was a sound of people rushing toward the companionways. There was little other noise and no outcry. The people behaved themselves quietly."

"I told my wife to take hold of my hand and hang on for dear life, then I started to find the way above decks. We were on an upper deck and better situated than many of the passengers for escape. A steward it must have been, posted in the hall, directed us 'This way out' and pushed me by the shoulder as it was too dark to see. Soon we were on deck huddled together with hundreds of our fellow passengers, shivering and ill-dressed but orderly in their behavior and showing perfect self-command."

"It seemed as if we must stand there helpless an endless time. We did not know at what moment the ship might go down. The hours that followed were perhaps the most trying of the whole experience. Cold and wet added to our distress. The officers and crew were all at their posts doing excellent work. The captain prepared the boats and had I announced that the ship was not yet immediately sinking and that the boats would be filled when necessary from the gangway on the port side and from the davits on the starboard."

"I asked an officer whether there would be time for me to get down to my stateroom and pick up a few of our things. We were too thinly clad to stand the weather, and we had brought up absolutely nothing that belonged to us. He told me that I must go down at my own risk and he could guarantee nothing. Nevertheless, I determined to go. It was possible to see vaguely about the deck. I placed my wife next one of the boat davits and made her promise not to move whatever happened until I came back. Then I ran down. The companionways were clear now; all were on deck."

"But in the corridor I found one of the stewardesses perfectly calm. She asked the number of my room and brought me there, then she helped me to bundle what I could into a big steamer shawl. Suddenly she was called away. The stewardess

wanted her to attend a woman who had been injured in a room just aft. I, making a sack of my steamer shawl, carried up in it my wife's skirt and petticoat, her shoes, her jewels, her cloak and our traveler's money orders for \$2,500."

"I found her again and held up the steamer shawl to shelter her from the wind and to hide her while she put on the garments. Soon afterward we were told that seawards would serve but coffee and bread. Sure enough, they had been preparing it down on the galley. It came up piping hot, and there was enough for everybody. The officers and men alike, the whole ship's company behaved heroically and devoted themselves to the passengers with never a thought of themselves and their own risk."

"Soon afterward, as it seemed, I do not know just when the Florida appeared little by little we were taken off. I saw no disorder whatever among the first-class passengers and no fight to get to the boats, whatever the steamer passengers might have done. Women and children first was the rule, and I had to see Mrs. Mead go off in a deeply laden rowboat and then wait for six hours before I knew what had become of her. All the men had to suffer the same experience. It was worse for her, who left me behind and did not know until six hours later whether I would be able to leave the sinking ship in time."

"On the Florida they hurried us in, immigrants and first class all alike. The food was coarse, though there was plenty of it. It was uncomfortable, and we were scarcely less anxious than we had been aboard the vessel we had abandoned. The Florida's bow was all stove in, and she was down by the head. We feared that she would sink before the night."

"There was a good deal of disorder among the steamer passengers, and there were over 1,000 of us on board. That evening the Baltic came up and we were transferred again, this time less comfortably than before. There was a rough sea and the immigrants fought hard to get off. Again my wife left some hours before me and we were separated. I was knocked down in a fight with an immigrant while I was in the stern trying to steer our boat, which had no tiller."

"Since reaching the Baltic we had been comparatively comfortable. We are pretty well dressed, as you see. I had our money orders and could buy some things. Others were less so. A New York man lent me my underwear. This shirt is the present of a German from Berlin and this collar was donated by a Milwaukee man."

A STEWARD HERE.

The hero of the occasion in the passengers' eyes is Frederick Spencer, second steward, who stood off the steamer passengers and got the women off first into



MARCONI STATION, WHITE STAR LINER REPUBLIC.

AND ALL ABOARD ARE SAVED

the boat from the injured Republic. Women came up and shook his hand with tears in their eyes before landing as he stood near the gangway, when the ship was in port. "Goodby," "Thank you, I will never forget you!" said an elderly woman who was very weak and pale. She was Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, who was rescued from drowning when she fell overboard from the lifeboat.

"We had ten boats," said Spencer, "and it took us nine hours to carry all the passengers off. We had to hurry, as the wind was rising."

Spencer himself is exhausted and suffering from a heavy cold. He was wrapped in a heavy shawl about his neck, and looked pretty much at the end of his strength even to-day. He is a slender, dark, unlined man, with a London accent, and a drooping black mustache. "I had to knock down a good many of those Italians," he admitted, "but I didn't use anything harder than my fist. I didn't have to use a baying pun. I had an interpreter who could make some of them behave. When all were off our last job was to put the dead in caskets and seal them up with lead, and lay them in the after cabin. I suppose they stayed there and went down with the ship when she sank later on."

Mooney's head was gone and Mrs. Lynch's body was in fragments. It had been carried with the wreckage through the stateroom partitions.

Mrs. George F. Merritt of Boston said: "Our worst experience was the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic. They had to call volunteers to man the lifeboats, and the stewards from the Republic were the best men in those volunteer crews. There was a rumor that one of the boats was smashed in the passage to the Baltic. The second steward was the hero of the occasion aboard the Republic. I saw him stand for hours and keep back those excited Italians, crying to them, 'For God's sake, be men!'"

Miss Frances C. Morse, a sister of Mrs. Alice Morse Earl, told how her sister fell overboard and was saved. "It was in the last transfer," she said. "Miss Morse slipped as she was trying to get aboard the Baltic. The sea was pretty rough and the lifeboat swung out just as sister was stepping across. Two men had her under the arms, but she fell out of their hands into the water between the boat and the ship's side."

An Italian seaman took a bathrobe and caught her by the dress before she sank. Then two men took her by the hair and kept her head out of the water until she could be lifted in. I was by when she recovered her speech. Her first words were, 'I am not dead, you see,' as she looked up at me."

Miss Morse's narrow escape was the only one reported of falling overboard during the whole difficult transfer between the two ships.

George Fletcher, the barber aboard the Republic, who took a hand in the rescue of the passengers, is a burly, able-bodied seaman, who knows about boats as well as any sailor. "The boats made as many as twelve trips," he said, "for taking to the water. It was dangerous to crowd them. The Republic was struck on the starboard side amidships. Staterooms 22 up to 30, inclusive, were carried away and 31 and several adjoining it on the port side. In fact, the anchor of the Republic struck the staterooms, and the Marine Marine escaped unhurt, and no doubt the anchor is sitting on the deck."

Miss Spencer, who was rescued from the Republic, said that she was taken to the Florida by the Republic. He said that the Republic was the first to get the passengers off. "We had to get the passengers off the Republic as fast as we could," he said. "We had to get the passengers off the Republic as fast as we could."

lighted a wax lamp which his sister had given him just before starting. He did not leave his cabin until the stewards, seeing the light in his room, warned him to get on deck.

PROF. COULTER OF CHICAGO.

Prof. John M. Coulter of Chicago, who was aboard with his entire family, said: "I was waked up by the shock. We were on the opposite side of the collision and it did not sound there very severe. My son, who was sleeping in the berth above me, said, 'It sounds as if a big hoghead had dropped on the deck.' There was the same thump and rolling grating sound, but the jar was too severe for that. We knew that there must have happened something disastrous. The lights went out and we had to grope our way up through a crowd of confused people. There was no brutality and little disorder. I saw but one or two women who lost their self-command. Other women took them in hand and calmed them. The officers and crew behaved with great devotion."

Some of the passengers saved from the Republic were inclined to be angry because they had lost their baggage, although the general disposition was to be thankful at coming off so well. The angered ones said the ship's company made no effort to save the baggage, although several hours might have been so employed. Others, however, gave it as their belief that Capt. Sealby and his men had had enough to do trying to keep the Republic afloat.

WOMEN NODD IN BLANKETS.

Passengers rescued from the Republic were most of them still short of clothes when they reached port this morning. Many of them were robed in dressing gowns and shawls. A number of the women had no skirts and wrapped themselves in blankets. A number who were still ill and faint from the experience stayed on deck nevertheless to see the ship reach her wharf, as glad were they to reach land after their experiences. Many were in absolute destitution, without ready money on hand for any clothes obtainable. "I haven't a dress in the world," said one woman. "We were going to Egypt, and I had all my summer and winter clothes with me."

Many of the passengers stayed aboard the Baltic after reaching land, until they could fit themselves out.

DR. J. ARTHUR LAMB.

"I was asleep in my stateroom, which was just below that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, when the Florida hit us," said Dr. J. Arthur Lamb of Kallispell, Mont. "Before going to bed someone had said something about the possibility of the ship striking an iceberg, so that when the shock came my first thought was that we had struck a berg. About half a minute later the lights all went out and there was a hurried running back and forth in the corridors. Every one ran on deck. In the meanwhile the stewards showed the greatest coolness."

"They immediately examined all rooms and locked the doors of those that they found empty. This was done in order to keep any one from entering some one else's room and other accidentally or intentionally taking the valuables within. There was no panic to speak of, except for the clatter and dash as people collided in the dark. Those who had not lost out-rippers to their rooms were due to gather sufficient clothing for themselves and make a hurried dressing. In this connection I know the passengers of the Republic will all remember Mrs. Seymour, who was rescued from the Republic, and who was rescued from the Republic. She had a good case of her stock of clothing but paid her money to the stewards to get their help in getting her stock of clothing."

STEWART GARDNER OF ST. PAUL.

"It was to have been my first trip abroad," said William Gardner of St. Paul, Minn., "and I had had much of a long time to get ready. I had been attending to my business. My wife and daughter were expected to Europe for

twelve years and never met with an accident. I had demurred against going, but at length consented and intended to meet them in Rome. In the two days I was aboard the Republic I have had more experience than my wife and daughter have had in all their travels. No, I was not injured at all, beyond the loss of my clothes and sleep. It was a terrifying experience of which nothing but a confused blur of events now remains. The passengers on the Baltic were most kind, and helped us in hundreds of ways."

W. J. PRENDERGAST OF WORCESTER, MASS.

"I occupied room 79," said Mr. William J. Prendergast of Worcester, Mass., who with his wife was aboard the Republic. "When the crash came we donned what first came to hand and together we managed to get on deck. There was a mass of people there and all kinds of wild rumors were afloat. The Republic's crew showed most remarkable and praiseworthy coolness, and had it not been for their efforts in quieting the passengers I am sure many more lives would have been lost. We were but poorly clad when we reached the Florida, for no one had been able to get any clothes after once leaving their rooms. The passengers of the Florida did what they could. From them we received a number of blankets, which served as covering. It was a welcome sight when the Baltic finally came and took us aboard. Her passengers extended us every possible kind of aid. I am sure the Republic's passengers will all remember the stewards, who were so helpful throughout the disaster."

CAPT. RANSON'S STORY

Statement Given Out by the Commander of the Baltic.

Capt. J. B. Ranson of the Baltic, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, made the following statement after all the passengers and survivors who came in on the Baltic had been put safely ashore.

"We got notice about 6 o'clock Saturday morning that the Republic had been in collision and assistance was needed. We turned around and went back and commenced to search. This search began at 11 o'clock."

"The Republic was found finally by the Marconi wireless. The first thing we did was to take off the Republic's crew, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer passengers. First we transferred the Republic's passengers, and then the Florida's, using the crews of all three ships. We used only the Republic's boats. We have seven or eight of the Republic's boats on the Baltic now. The transferring, beginning with the time we started to take off the Republic's crew, was made from 8 P. M. to 8 A. M."

"The weather was threatening and very misty, but there were no accidents."

"We left the captain, the chief officer, the boatswain, chief steward and a boat's crew on board the Republic. Only one person fell into the water, and she was an Italian woman. She fell like a bag of potatoes. Life buoys were dropped all around and upon her."

"After we had finished with the passengers, we returned to the Republic and found her all right at that time."

"This is how the Republic guided us to her in the fog. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have all the codes. For instance, 'Another message reads: You are now in our port box. Can you see us?' Our Marconi operator reads: 'You are now in our port box. Can you see us?'"

"The first message of all said that the Republic was in a dangerous condition at lat. 31, long. 70. We went there and she was not there. Then we had to grope, and we had to hit 30° 27', long. 70° 50'. We were interfered with by the wireless of other ships, which complicated the situation, on Saturday evening the fog lightened and I came back again."

The captain gave some more samples of the message sent by the Republic to him when he was trying to find her in the fog. One was:

"You are getting louder, later east-southeast. Listen to our bells."

Another message made Capt. Ranson very anxious. It came from Blausconnet, and read: "Hear from Republic says to Baltic to hurry; sinking fast."

"I think I received this just before we found them," said Capt. Ranson. "When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to come aboard my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last."

THE NEW YORK'S PART

American Liner Was Ready to Assist in Rescue.

The American line steamship New York, which went to the assistance of the Republic and Florida, docked at noon. The New York stood by until Capt. Roberts saw that he could be of no assistance and then proceeded to this port, conveying the Florida until about 190 knots out from Sandy Hook. At this point the New York received signals from the Florida to go ahead, and left her steaming for this port at about 7 knots an hour.

Capt. Roberts said that his first notice of the disaster was a wireless received at 9 P. M. Saturday via Siasconnet from General Manager Franklin of the International Maritime Exchange, saying:

"Republic and Florida in collision. Baltic standing by." At 10 P. M. a message was received direct from the Baltic, saying: "Florida sinking; am removing passengers from Florida. Have removed all except captain and boatswain from Republic. Please stand by Republic."

At 11 P. M. this message was received: "Come with all speed. Florida sinking. We are removing passengers. Stand by to help Florida."

The New York reached the flotilla of distressed ships and rescuers between 2 and 3 o'clock Sunday morning, but on account of the fog was unable to render active assistance. During the night whistling was heard and occasional gleams of the vessels signalling with lights by the Morse code. About 8 o'clock Sunday morning the fog cleared slightly and the New York steamed close enough to the Republic to communicate by megaphone. At that time the captain of the Republic was confident of his ability to keep afloat.

About 10 o'clock the New York proceeded for this port with the Florida in company, parting company with her at about 1 P. M.

Miss C. Marshall, one of the saloon passengers, said that there was little excitement on the New York.

"The first I knew of the accident," she said, "was in the morning when we noticed that the engines had stopped. When we came up on deck we could see the ships around us, but indistinctly because of the fog."

"We ran very close to the Republic and could see an enormous hole in her side. It was about in the middle of the ship and close in the water line. We saw the Republic plainly, too, with her bow smashed in about forty feet. I should say, 'There was some canvas tangle about her bow. We went along slowly with the Florida until about lunch time yesterday. Then we began to go faster and soon got her behind us.'"

"Another message reads: 'You are now in our port box. Can you see us?'"

Other Marine Tests of Wireless' Value

Although the Republic disaster has shown the value of wireless communication, the fact that the Republic was not able to get a message to the New York, and that the New York was not able to get a message to the Republic, is a sad proof of the limitations of the wireless.

The Republic's wireless operator, who was rescued from the Republic, said that he was able to get a message to the New York, but that the New York was not able to get a message to the Republic. This was due to the fact that the Republic was in a sinking condition and the New York was not able to get a message to the Republic.

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BOUTELL PRAISES BINNS IN THE HOUSE

Illinois Representative Gives Republic's Operator Much Credit.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—By unanimous consent the House suspended business at noon to-day to listen to Representative Boutell of Illinois, whose sentiments in reference to the Republic disaster and the part that Jack Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, played in it were warmly applauded. Mr. Boutell said:

"Mr. Speaker, during the last two days we have been reminded once more of the perils that beset those 'that go down to sea in ships and do business on the great waters.' The accident that befell the steamships Republic and Florida last Saturday found heroes ready for the heroic work demanded of officers, men and passengers."

"I believe that every one who read the accounts of the collision, the jeopardy in which the occupants of the two ships were placed, and the way in which the news reached the rescuers, felt that there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized, the Marconi operator on the Republic, who had the cool head and steady hand to send forth on the willing wings of the air the message of disaster that saved hundreds of lives and the message of deliverance that relieved thousands of anxious hearts. His name is John B. Binns. He is known to several members of this House. A New York morning paper gives a brief account of Binns and his work."

Mr. Boutell then read the New York account of Binns' services, and added: "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that comes unseen in many ways who are doing the most unthoughtful tasks of life. It is not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency, and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it."

WHEN DAVENPORT FIRST SAW MARCONI.



By HOMER DAVENPORT.

In April, 1901, I was sent to the Fifth Avenue hotel to see a young man by the name of Marconi to write of him and make a picture of him if he would let me. It was hard to remember his name, so I wrote it in several places on my sketching pad that I could find it quickly in case I flushed him unawares.

I was told that this young man from Italy had some strange ideas about telegraphy. I met the young man in a sunny room in the front part of the hotel.

At first he was uninteresting. He talked poor English and I talked worse Italian. The man with the name like the chief diet of his people was thin, over medium height and seemed to be all elbows and knees. He insisted on pulling one of his feet up into his lap. But his face grew on me and I was instantly impressed with what a sensitive machine it was. It looked like some fine solar compass capable of detecting the slightest change in conditions. He was pale without seeming to be in poor health. He was a nervous creature, though, and his long fingers were busy fumbling over his clothes, his shoes and nearby furniture like some "daddy long legs" spider.

I asked Mr. Marconi what his scheme was and he said nervously

that it was to telegraph without wires. I asked him how far, and he said:

"Any distance: from here to my home in Italy."

I had commenced to ache to get out into the sunlight. I did not want to laugh, but I felt very much amused. I asked him how this was done, and he said it was done by vibrations. I asked him if they hurt when you let go of such vibrations, and he said no. I was edging toward the door. I had got a sketch which I thought then would never be of any use.

I thought before going I would deal the death blow to his new system, so I asked if some of the vibrations caused by the waves of the ocean wouldn't buck against his vibrations and jar them. He didn't stagger, but said he wasn't sure whether his vibrations went through the air or through the earth.

This was enough for me, so I went downtown to a chicken show and later to the office, where I was promptly jumped on for not getting a story, no matter how foolish it sounded. So I went back and had another talk with this man, whose name we now remember and whose sensitive features are now so well known.

ENDS WIRELESS WATCH

REPUBLIC SINKS; SIX ARE DEAD

Baltic, With Survivors, Off
the Bar in the Fog
This Morning.

FLORIDA SAILORS KILLED

Four of Her Men and Two of
the Republic's Passengers
the Victims.

Injured Ship Was in Tow Westward When
She Sank in 30 Fathoms of Water
—Immediate Attempt to Be Made to
Raise Her—Ten Hour Task of Towing
the Passengers of the Two Injured
Vessels From the Florida to the
Baltic Successfully Accomplished
Report From That Ship Placed 50
Miles From Sea Gate—Passengers Not
Likely to Dock Before 11 o'clock.

The White Star liner Republic, rammed
by the Italian liner Florida early on
Saturday morning, sank last night as she
was being towed westward. Her pas-
sengers and those of the Florida are on
the Baltic, now undoubtedly anchored
in the fog outside Sandy Hook. In the
collision six persons, two first cabin pas-
sengers of the Republic and four sailors
of the Florida, were killed. Two of the
Republic's passengers were hurt.

The Republic sank about 8:30 o'clock
last night while the revenue cutter
Gresham and the dredge tender Seneca
were towing her toward the
mouths of Martha's Vineyard.

Capt. William I. Sealby and her crew
were rescued by the Gresham. They
had remained aboard the White Star
liner all day yesterday believing that
there was enough of her watertight
compartments uninjured to buoy her up.

The first details of the Republic's sink-
ing came over the wires to this city late
last night from the wireless operator at
Sandy Hook. The first message told how
the crew of the stricken ship was rescued.
The revenue cutter Gresham sent the
news to the wireless station shortly
after the crews had been taken on board.

According to the Gresham's wireless
the Republic was then in tow of the
Gresham when the Seneca, in line, when
at 8 o'clock it was seen that the Republic
was sinking and was being hoisted.
The Gresham and Seneca stopped at
once and cut loose. After that both were
inoperative and drifted away from the
Republic, whose crew was still on
board of her.

The wireless station says that when
the lines parted the sinking steamer
the captain and mate were in the water
and clinging to a rafting. It is supposed
from this that the steamer sank quickly
and before the officers could find time to
get their guns away. At all events both
men were rescued, as were the rest of the
crew.

WIRELESS STATION

The Republic sank eight miles off Nant-
ucket. The two steamers were down
soon after according to the dispatches.
The dispatches also said that at day-
break the Seneca would take the crew of
the Gresham and proceed at once to this
city, and that the Republic would be
raised.

A later despatch stated that both the
captain and mate were in an exhausted
condition, but were being cared for in
the wardroom of the Gresham and were
doing well.

The Gresham picked up Newport on the
wireless later this morning and sent
the following despatch:

"Making Gay Head. Will arrive in
the morning. Republic sank at 8 last
night. Gresham boat picked up cap-
tain and mate of Republic in water. No
lives lost. Seneca is going with us and
will take passengers to New York in
A. M."

The latter part of this message is taken
to mean that the Gresham will proceed
on to New Bedford and that the Seneca
with the Republic's crew will come on
to this city.

SUNK IN THIRTY FATHOMS.

The Republic went down in thirty
fathoms; the line is not certain just where.
One wireless message says near No Man's
Land, which is an islet south of the western
end of Martha's Vineyard, and another
says eight miles east of Nantucket. The
Gresham took off Sealby and his men
at the last moment, it was gathered from
the brief word that came out of the fog.
Then the Gresham sent aerograms in
every direction reaching for a wireless
receiver in tune with her.

The City of Memphis, a coastwise
packet on her way up to Boston from
Savannah, picked up the news and flashed
it to a station of the United Wireless
Company which gave it to New York and
points along the coast. The United com-
pany's office in this city heard of it at
10:05.

At exactly 10:31 o'clock the news was
received by Capt. Sealby himself. He got
this message through to the White Star
offices in Bowling Green:

"Republic sunk. All lives saved.
Making Gay Head on Gresham."

That was the first official information
the White Star officials had of the sinking
of their vessel. They had been getting
their air bulletins in Marconigrams. The
United States revenue vessels are equipped
with the De Forest and it was some time
after the facts got here that the White
Star people received definite confirmation.

Until the word came from Capt. Sealby
himself the steamship people believed
that the Republic could be brought here
in tow or beached. Bulletins which they
received yesterday afternoon and last
night said that the Republic's engine
rooms were flooded, that one hold was
full of water and another filling, but that
she could keep afloat. Sealby's messages
to his office indicated that he believed his
ship could stay on top of the water.

SEEK TO MAKE GAY HEAD.

About 11 o'clock last night the United
wireless heard from the revenue cutter
Seneca that the Seneca and the Gresham
had left the spot where the Republic went
down and had proceeded to Gay Head,
on Martha's Vineyard, with Capt. Sealby
and the rescued crew. The White Star
offices sent out word later, though, that
the cutters would land the crew at New
Bedford in all likelihood, as there was no
landing place for cutters at Gay Head,
which is a lighthouse station at the west
end of Martha's Vineyard.

At the same time the White Star offi-
ces gave out a later bit of news as to
the sinking of the Republic. They had heard
that she dropped in thirty fathoms, pretty
deep to attempt salvage, but an attempt
would be made immediately to raise her.
The fog which was the cause of the acci-
dent on Saturday morning was to blame
for the loss of their ship, the White Star
people were certain. Had it lifted so
that the lines hauled out to sea yesterday
could have got to the side of the Republic
she would have kept her above water.

THE DEATH OF THE REPUBLIC.

The two passengers killed on the Re-
public were W. J. Mooney, a partner of
Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. Eugene Lynch
of Boston. The injured were Mrs. Mur-
phy of Grand Forks, N. D., and Mrs. Lynch.

on the port side of the ship, 30, 32 and 34.
It was at this point presumably that the
bow of the Florida cut into the Republic's
side. They were asleep, as were all the
rest of the passengers when the Florida
came out of the blank fog. As to the
circumstances of the death of Mr. Mooney
and Mrs. Lynch and the seriousness of
the injuries of Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy
the wireless was dumb.

That Capt. Sealby's messages to his
office via the Baltic's wireless said nothing
of the dead and injured was attributed
to the necessity of sending what
seemed for the time more important
news. The White Star officials were
positive last night that the loss would not
be increased when all of the details are
known to-day. The bodies of Mr. Mooney
and Mrs. Lynch are on the Baltic.

THE BALTIC DUE EARLY THIS MORNING.

The Baltic, with all of the Florida's
passengers aboard of her, as well as those
rescued by the Florida from the Re-
public—about 1,000 in all—sent word
at 10:50 o'clock that she was then fifty
miles east of Sea Gate and coming along
nicely. The fog blanket which spread
over the sea in the damp weather of
yesterday brought additional worry to
the steamship people and they were
mightily well pleased to know that the
Baltic was knocking at the door.

She will be able to come up to Quarantine
early this morning if the weather
wings itself dry of fog, clear enough for
any rate for her to make way through
the channel.

Once relieved of the fog's grip and done
with the formalities of the health and
customs service the Baltic will dock at
Pier 11 in the North River. It was be-
lieved this morning that the Republic's
passengers would come up the river on
the Baltic.

THE TRANSFER A SEA RECORD.

The transfer of a shipload of passengers
twice within twenty-four hours is some-
thing that steamship men say was never
done before. In the first place between
400 and 500 were taken from the Republic
to the Florida and to do this the boats of
the Republic were used. At the time this
was done it was daylight but there was a
thick fog. The sea was smooth, but even
under the most favorable conditions such
a task is a ticklish one and there is always
grave danger of an accident.

The Republic has a long gangway which
is really three flights of stairs having
small platforms between, but these
stairs are none too steady in the best of
weather and with a vessel rolling in the
usual swell of the ocean it would be an
easy matter to slip into the sea. More-
over, 70 per cent. of the passengers were
women and they had to be helped down the
gangway by sailors, who were stationed at
intervals. On the Florida things were
not so comfortable and rope ladders were
used to board that vessel from the boats.

The Florida was disabled to any it
must have seemed to many of the pas-
sengers that they had not bettered their
condition. When the Baltic found the
Republic early in the evening the actions
of Capt. Ransom and the presence of a
big steamer uninjured greatly reassured
the passengers.

At first it was planned that the Florida
should proceed to New York conveyed
by the Baltic. Although the Florida was
badly hurt and had her forepeak and No.
1 hold full of water it was decided by the
captains of the three vessels, the Baltic,
the Republic and the Florida, that it was
better to leave the passengers on that
vessel for the night and proceed toward
this port and then at daylight, if Capt.
Ransom thought it advisable, transfer
the passengers to the Baltic.

ROUGH SEA CAUSED CHANGE.

Soon the fog lifted and it grew clear
but a wind began to blow from the east,
and an east wind always makes a sea.
The sea got rougher, and according to
Capt. Ransom there were indications of
a storm. Capt. Ransom grew worried.
If the wind increased it would be impos-
sible for the passengers to be transferred
from the Florida and if it blew a gale
the consequences to that vessel in her
crippled condition might be disastrous.
It was then that he sent a message to
the White Star line explaining the situation
and asking for further instructions. The
reply told him first to do all possible to
save life and to use his best judgment
about transferring the passengers.

The wind was still blowing and Capt.
Ransom decided to make the trans-
fer. He directed the Florida to stop
and then notified the Florida's captain
that he intended to take off all the pas-
sengers including those of the Florida.

The Baltic, being the larger vessel,
moved to the windward of the Florida
and as near to that vessel as she could
safely lie. Then came the order on the
Baltic to run the boats, and each of the
crew went promptly to his station. In
quick time the Baltic's ten boats were
lowered to the water, each manned by a
crew of seamen and with an officer in
charge. The falls were cast off and the
boats pulled to the Florida. The Baltic's
gangway was lowered, rigged with
lifelines and manned by sailors ready
to assist the passengers from the boats
as they were brought over. The Baltic's
big searchlight was turned on the scene.

There was a light drizzling rain falling
by this time and the fog had shut down
again, but not so thick as it had been
earlier in the day. It was cold and rain,
every one was cold, uncomfortable and
nervous.

WORK BEGAN AT 11:40 P. M.

It was 11:40 o'clock on Saturday night
when the work of transferring the pas-
sengers began. The stewards of the
Baltic prepared all the staterooms on that
vessel and everything was done to make
the newcomers as comfortable as possi-
ble under the conditions.

The first boat in charge of the first
officer pulled alongside the Florida and
while the sailors held her steadily in
position under the ladder the passengers,
women first, were helped down and
assisted into the boat. Twenty filled the
boat and then the boat was shoved off and
pulled to the Baltic and another boat, in
charge of the second officer, took its
place.

One after another these ten boats took
on each its twenty passengers and then
bore them to the Baltic. When they
reached that vessel hot food was ready
for every one and staterooms and berths
were prepared for those who wished to
retire.

IN ALL 83 BOAT LOADS.

The passengers on the Baltic lined the
rails of that vessel and watched the opera-
tions. They too assisted to make the
unfortunates comfortable. All through
the night the procession of boats passed
from one boat to another. Capt. Ran-
son, standing on the bridge of the Baltic,
superintended the work and kept his
eye on the weather. The sea still kept
smooth.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the steamship
New York drew near and her boats were
lowered ready to assist if they were needed.
All through the night the work was kept
up and at dawn the sailors were still
tolling bravely. It was just 10 o'clock
when the last boatload was taken to the
Baltic. It had taken 10 hours and 20
minutes and 83 boatloads to transfer
1,650 passengers.

Then the Baltic headed for New York
and Capt. Ransom sent wireless messages
to the line telling of the work. He said
that every one was comfortable and that
his ship was making good time.

WORD THAT SIX WERE KILLED.

The officials of the White Star Line
first learned yesterday afternoon that
two of the passengers of the Republic
and four sailors on the Florida had been
killed and two of the Republic's pas-
sengers injured in the collision of the
two steamships in the fog off Nantucket
lightship early on Saturday morning.

It is likely that the loss of life aboard
the Republic was not known until some
time after the Florida had torn a great
hole in the port side of the White Star
boat, where there were staterooms amid-
ships on the saloon deck.

W. J. Mooney, president of the Mooney
State Bank of Langdon, N. D., and Mrs.
Eugene Lynch of Boston were killed on
the Republic. Mrs. Lynch's husband,
Eugene Lynch, and Mrs. W. J. Murphy
of Grand Forks, Minn., were injured.
This was the only news in so many words
that was received by the line officials
up to a late hour last night. There was
nothing to tell definitely how Mr. Mooney
and Mrs. Lynch were killed or how Mr.
Lynch and Mrs. Murphy were hurt.

It was not difficult for the White Star
people to infer something concerning the
circumstances, even in the absence of
authentic details. The Dakota banker
remained astern, 22, almost exactly
midships on the port side. Mr. and
Mrs. Lynch had a stateroom adjoining
Mrs. Murphy very probably was in stateroom
30. It is practically certain that the
four were in the staterooms which
caught the worst of the blow dealt by
the Florida's steel bow, and that they
were among the first of the casualties
at that hour of the morning.

In the confusion that followed the
collision and before the officers of the
Republic succeeded in transferring their
passengers to the Florida the dead might
have been overlooked, and afterward
when J. R. Binns, the operator, was send-
ing out calls for help over the sea there
was no time to waste in recording casual-
ties.

FLORIDA'S DEAD ON DUTY FORWARD.

It was inferred also that the man
killed on the Florida was on duty for-
ward and was caught and crushed in the
wrecking when the ships struck. But all
this of course was supposition, a theory
constructed by the steamship officials
out of the most unsatisfactory material.
It is known that Mr. Mooney and Mrs.
Murphy were members of a party of
twelve Westerners who were booked at
Grand Forks, Minn., for the Mediter-
ranean trip by George H. Bendick, the line's
agent there. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch's
stateroom, 31, happened to be the one
exactly in the middle of the row of cabins
on the port side.

It was hoped until late last night that
the Baltic would send by wireless further
details of the casualties or that word
would come from one of the revenue
cutters that has been in the neighborhood
of the Republic, but nothing more was
added to the first news. The officials
were positive last night that the list of
dead and injured would not be increased
when all of the facts were made known.

All of the news that reached the land
yesterday and last night telling of the
condition of the rescued passengers, the
fate of the Republic, the play played by the
Baltic and the game of hide and seek that
the big ships had to play in the fog was
of the briefest sort.

BALTIC EXPECTED THIS MORNING.

It was known by evening that the
Baltic, with all of the Republic's and the
Florida's passengers on board, was mak-
ing her way to this port blanketed by the
fog, and it was thought that she would
get up to Quarantine this morning if the
fog lifted sufficiently to let her make
the channel. She was then said to be
due to arrive off the Ambrose Channel
at 11 o'clock last night in case thick
weather or other troubles didn't cause
her to still further reduce speed.

At long intervals the news came that
the Republic was low in the water, list-
ing to port, but standing up staunchly,
and might be brought here safely; that
at one time she was in tow of the Anchor
liner Furuseth, with a revenue cutter
as her rudder, and was on her way to
New York harbor; that the Florida, less
injured than was supposed, was coming
along to this port at a speed of eight
miles an hour under her own steam.
From these messages, others less de-
cisive and from the story told by Capt.
Eduardo Tournier of La Lorraine, which
arrived in port yesterday, a fairly definite
idea was established of the drama in
which the ships participated on Satur-
day and Sunday in the fog off Nantucket
lightship.

The Republic was headed a little south
of east when the Florida, steering to the
southwest, struck her. It was supposed
from what the Tournier information came out
of the air that both ships were running
at greatly reduced speed. At any rate,
after the crash the transfer of passen-
gers was made from the Republic to the
Florida, which then backed out of the
patch she had made in the Republic's
side.

PASSENGERS ALL TRANSFERRED BY 11.

The Baltic was the first steamer to
reach the two troubled vessels and the
only one save the Anchor liner, the
Bismarck, which established communi-
cation with them soon after the accident.
All of Saturday afternoon and until
into Saturday night Capt. Ransom of
the Baltic stood by, waiting for a chance
to transfer the passengers of the two
steamers from the Florida. At a vessel
his wireless operator told the White Star
office here that the sea was smooth, the
weather good and that the fog had lifted.
At 6 o'clock, so Capt. Ransom sent word,
he had completed the transfer of the
passengers and the Baltic was drifting
away toward the northeast.

Capt. William I. Sealby and the Baltic's
crew were aboard of her then, but the
Baltic, in the business of taking care of
the passengers, let her get a considerable
distance back. When she was near
astern Mrs. Cap. Ransom saw that Sealby
and part of his crew had taken to the
small boats and were watching the Re-
public's condition as she drifted. At
10 o'clock yesterday morning Capt. Sealby
and his men boarded her once more and
learned, according to the Baltic's mes-
sages, that the Republic would not

saying that he could make this port

Capt. Ranson reported that the Republic's engine rooms were flooded, that Hold No. 1 was full of water, that hold No. 3 was taking in the sea rapidly but that holds 1, 2, 5 and 6 were watertight. The ship appeared to be in good condition and he decided list to port. The weather had remained favorable until that time and it seemed certain that the Republic was in no immediate danger of sinking. Before Capt. Ranson headed his ship toward this port Capt. Sealy and his crew were ordered to take charge of his vessel, and Capt. Ranson, having communicated with his office here, informed Capt. Sealy that tugs were already on their way. The wrecking steamer had started to the assistance of the Republic from New York and the tug, the F. J. Schuyler, from Providence. The Republic's wireless operator, Binns, had his apparatus working for short distances, using storage batteries.

Before the Baltic turned about for this port the Anchor liner Furnessia had been ordered by the British Republic, her captain under orders from his company to furnish any relief that Captain Farnham asked for. The Furnessia was ordered to proceed after sending a wireless message here saying that the Republic had asked for a tow and that she had already headed for New York with the intention of being there before the other freighters was acting as a rudder for the Republic. The boats were headed west at the time the message was sent and were making about eight miles an hour. The Furnessia, not a mail steamer, could take time for the salvage job.

Commander of the White Star Line had hoped to tow the Republic into this port and take her direct to Erie Basin for temporary repairs. Afterward she was to be taken to Newport news to be patched up.

The fears of the Florida's owners were allayed by a message from Capt. Tobin, who had been near the Republic and the Florida for some time, yesterday morning that Capt. Volotin of the Florida had signalled him that the vessel was in no danger, required no assistance and would be able to proceed to this port at eight knots speed. The New York then went about her own business, heading for here at a fifteen knot clip.

But the train added an interesting bit to the incomplete story when she arrived yesterday. Searching for hours in the fog after she got the Republic's call for help when she was 125 miles away from the injured ship at 7 o'clock, Capt. Tontout said she was "lucky" because she couldn't see either the Republic or the Florida. She did manage to get into wireless communication with the Ralie, and Capt. Hanson noted Capt. Tontout to follow the Florida and stand by her. Capt. Tontout got the word from Capt. Hanson to go to New York, but he couldn't get her when he tried. The incident gave rise to the message Saturday night.

that the Lorraine was bringing in the
Florida.

The fog was very heavy off Fire Island at 8 o'clock and several ships were hooring warnings in the neighborhood of the Fire Island lightship.

W. J. Mooney One of the Most Prominent
Miners of North Dakota.

W. J. Mooney, one of the two passengers who were killed, was one of the most prominent farmers and business men in North Dakota. He was about 45 years old and resided in Langdon where he was president of the Mooney State Bank and interested in various other enterprises. He was also the owner of valuable farming and grazing lands.

G. H. Bourdese, vice-consul from Norway at Grand Harbor, Maine, who is storing at the Norwegian cellar, gave Mr. L. Snowman and was also well acquainted with Mrs. Murphy of Grand Harbor, who is one of the two principal persons involved. Mrs. Murphy is the wife of M. S. Murphy, an insurance agent and also a business associate of Mr. Manning.

"Mr. Monaghan and Mr. Mulvihill" are Mr. Monaghan has taught "Mr. Mulvihill" the most important lesson in the education of North Dakota and Minnesota and have worked together in many business enterprises and under the same covers. They continued mention a plan to International Falls, Minn., and Mr. Mulvihill is president of several banks in which Mr. Monaghan was once interested. Mr. Monaghan was of French blood, Irish, and of a family of the highest social standing in the State. General Life Insurance Company of New York.

"Mr. Mooney was known by every one in his State as a man of great wealth and high business reputation and one who had been foremost in developing the resources of the State and in financing plans for development. He will be greatly missed in business circles there."

The Moonseys and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Bendeke added, were in a party of ten people from Grand Forks and vicinity who were off for a two months trip to points around the Mediterranean. The Moonseys and Mrs. Murphy occupied adjoining staterooms, and Mrs. Mooney's escape uninjured, while her husband was killed and Mrs. Murphy injured, seemed at least one fortunate circumstance in their distressing journey. The Moonseys have no children. Mrs. Murphy has four, but none of them was taken

Mr. Bendeke had not heard of any of the rest of the Grand Forks party, but assumed that no other was injured.

Mrs. J. H. Brine and Mrs. P. J. Finnegan of Boston, sisters of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, who was killed, arrived here from Boston late yesterday afternoon. They had been notified early in the day of the death of their sister and came here at once to be on hand when the Baltic arrives with those who were aboard the Republic. They both went to the Hotel Breslin.

Mrs. Lynch lived in Roxbury. Her husband is a retired wholesale liquor dealer. Mrs. Lynch was Miss Mary Gettings of Troy. Jeremiah McCarthy, Surveyor of the Port of Boston, gave a farewell dinner to the Lynches at the Algonquin Club in that city on Tuesday evening. Twenty persons attended. Col. Walter D. Smith, of New York, was the guest and hostess and all the others present wished Mr. and Mrs. Lynch a safe passage and a pleasant journey. One of the features of the decorations was a large model of the Republic fully rigged, with the American and Italian colors flying, with miniature figures of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch standing by the rail and waving farewell.

Sleeping Off Sandy Hook in the
Fog and Will Reach Town
This Morning.

W. J. Mooney, Dakota Banker
Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston,
Dead Republic Passengers.

Four Passengers on the Florida
Names Unknown, Also
on the Death Roll.

Barely Time for Crew to Scramble Off—Captain Picked Up in the Water.

The Palatial White Star Liner L
in Deep Water Off No Man's
Land, Captain Last to Leave.

The White Star liner Baltic, laden with the 1,650 passengers of the colliding steamers Republic of the White Star Line and the Lloyd-Italiano liner Florida, in addition to her own company, were lying outside Sandy Hook at midnight, waiting for the dawn, to come into harbor. The Baltic was invisible in the fog, but the Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate could catch her messages exchanged with a sister ship near by.

The Florida, in convoy of the American liner New York, was a few miles behind the Baltic. Both have slowly made their way here over the 220 miles between the harbor mouth and the scene of Saturday morning's collision, twenty-six miles southeast of the Nantucket Lightship, guardian beacon of the Nantucket Shoals.

Miles away from the Baltic, off the coast of No Man's Land, a small islet south of Martha's Vin-yard, lies all that remains of the powerful Republic. She sank last night in forty-five fathoms of water, Capt. Sealby and the fifty men still left on her escaping just in time.

The big steamer, which left this city on Friday, bound for Mediterranean ports, with 211 first-class passengers off on a pleasure tour of Southern Europe, and 250 steerage passengers, as well as supplies for the United States battleship fleet in the Mediterranean, gave up the fight at 8:10 o'clock, about forty hours after the Florida's sharp prow dealt her a deathblow. To the late Capt. William I. Sealby and his crew had stuck to the stricken steamer, assisting the revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor Line Furnessia, which were trying to bring the wounded vessel back to this city.

Before the vessel sank Capt. Seally and his crew escaped to the conveyancing revenue cutter, but a wireless dispatch seized out of the air by the instrument at the Sagaponack Station, near Bridgehampton, L. I., early last evening, brought the news that the body of Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston, the only woman among six victims of the accident, was believed to be aboard the sunken Republic.

Those who lost their lives, as told in yesterday's Times, have proved to be W. J. Mooney, a banker, of Langdon, S. D., and Mrs. E. Lynch of Boston, passengers on the Republic, and four seamen of the Florida, whose names are unknown. In addition Eugene Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Grand Forks, N. D., were injured, how badly is not known now.

This was the situation at midnight last night, when a summary of the sponge shipments received by a steamer during the day and night from the Baltic and the American liner New York

from the derelict destroyer Seneca, and from the revenue cutter Graham, revealed that the collision off Nantucket In the fog had cost six lives, occasioned injuries to two persons, brought about the loss of one steamer with its valuable cargo and personal baggage of its passengers, and seriously crippled another steamer, the latter the Florida.

The Florida was reported by wireless last night to be slowly steaming toward this city under her own power, but in a bad way. Her bow and outwater, the dispatches said, were smashed, and her two forward holds were filled with water. Still the liner floated, and freed of her passengers, who had been taken aboard the Baltic, she was struggling to reach safety here.

In the fog which prevailed over the Atlantic, between Nantucket and this port, none of the steamers creeping on their way hither dared attempt high speed. The *Battle*, bringing the rescuee from her decks, made the best time that she would try to enter the harbor before daybreak was not believed, however, and the *White Star* officials made preparations to send out the steamer *General Putnam* at 4 o'clock this morning to meet her when she came up the bay.

The fog which held throughout yesterday had overhung the waters of Nantucket all through the previous night, yet it was at this time that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was made. The work began at 11:40 o'clock on Saturday night with ten boats, each capable of carrying ten passengers in addition to the crews that manned them, doing the work. The vessels lay about a mile apart, and over the intervening water played the rays of the searchlights of the Baltic.

There was a sea running at the time and the little boats tossed and pitched as they wended their way backward and forward between the two vessels now laden until their gunwales were almost under, now riding back after depositing their passengers, with the lightness of feathers. All night long the work was kept up until 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when the last of the Republic's passengers and those of the Florida as well, numbering in all 1,157 souls, had been safely carried aboard the great ship.

But in the excitement of the work the Republic had been lost to sight. With her engine fires out and her engine room swept by the tons of water which washed into it through the gaping hole in her side, the stricken steamer was at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting hither and thither in a fog which rendered objects invisible when only yards away.

Capt. Ransom of the Public set his wireless to work, recontacted to the office here the safe transfer of the surviving passengers and crew, and announce that he was going in search of the Republic. He had started on what appeared a hopeless task when he suddenly lifted a hit. It was only just enough to show the Republic lying some distance away, but still apparently safe and in no danger of which

The lifting of the fog revealed, too, that a fleet of sailboats were had arrived at the mouth, and that the New York had taken a position near the floating wharf the Marquette, which, had come by the night, was also being hoisted to off a position.

With this help on hand, they were observing the next morning the small boat from the White Star on the river, ordering him to stop for the night if he did not reach the River by, and the battle continued off on the home and foreign, leaving the Porters on the side of the British and the New York to conquer the Florida, when the captain declined further assistance.

saying that he could make this port
under his own steam.

Meanwhile another big ocean liner had been playing a strange game of hide and seek throughout the night. It was the French liner *Lorraine*. Picking up the Republic's first call for help the liner had started for the stricken vessel, although she was then 200 miles away. She reached the vicinity of the Republic at nightfall, when darkness added to the impenetrability of the fog.

She heard the sound of the Republic's submarine bell. On the other hand, she counted that of the Italian. Apparently the two steamers were close at hand, yet the *Lozerine* could not hear them. Here and there she uttered a long continually with her distress for news from the Republic, and among them Sealby to make what noise she could in order that the Austrians might follow it.

The game proved unending. However, Never did the hounds come together, at least the Lorraine detachment, in search, when a wireless from the White brought word that she would stand by the Republic, and begged the Lorraines to follow the Florida then already starting on the trip to this city. The Lorraines decided to follow her instructions.

"The Florida is blowing for whistles," was the word from the Baltimore.

The Lorraine could hear them, and she tried to follow, but presently the whistling ceased and after another fruitless search through the marsh the Lorraine set out on the journey for this port, which she reached yesterday afternoon.

Meantime, back in the waters south of Martha's Vineyard, the island lying a few miles south of the Massachusetts coast off Wood's Hole, the Republic and the Florida were struggling on their way hither. With the Florida screamed the New York, while the Republic was in the care of the Grapeshot and the Furnessia. The revenue cutter had made lines fast to the bow of the stricken vessel and the Furnessia had hawsers stretched from her own bow to the stern of the Republic.

Thus the Gresham hauled and the Furness steered the wreck ahead by bending her weight upon the hawsers. All day long the trio made slow progress in this way, making only a knot or two an hour, but moving neverthe less. Every effort was made to get the Republic near land and into shoal water. It was tacitly agreed by the officers of the Gresham and Furness, and Capt. Sedgely that the better's end could not keep afloat much longer. The question was, Could she reach shoal water in which she might find a safe resting place before her decks and upper plating sank beneath the waves. In such a place the vessel might be salvaged and something saved from the wreckage. In deep water the Republic would be lost, should she sink.

The coast guard destroyer Sennen has come up and joined in the work of towing. With her help better time has been made and there seemed some hope that the lifeboat might be saved after all. At 8.15 o'clock last night a wireless was received from the destroyer announcing that the wounded torpedo was nine miles north by east of the Nantuxet Lightship, approximately 30 miles north of the position she was in on Saturday night.

[illegible]

WITH THE AID OF THE WIRELESS

small boat, Capt. Sealby, standing by until the last of his men were safely in the stern sheets of the Gresham's cutter, was almost too late. He had to jump into the water, and was picked up clinging to some wreckage.

The Gresham's seamen pulled with full speed toward their own boat. Already the lines connecting her with the Republic had been cast off. Yards astern the Furnessia's men were working at a similar task. The ropes had scarcely dropped into the water and the Gresham's small boat was still near the stricken Republic when the big steamer's stern plunged down, her bow rose quivering in the air, and then shot downward. Then the waves closed over the spot where, but a moment since, the Republic had floated.

Capt. Sealby and his crew were hauled aboard the Gresham and this dispatch was sent to this city:

Republic sunk. All hands saved. Making Gay Head on the Gresham. SEALBY.

The Final Scene.

A description of the last moments of the liner reached THE TIMES by wireless from the Gresham last night by way of the Marconi station at Siasconsett. Here it is:

"At 8 P. M., while the revenue cutters Seneca and Gresham were slowly towing the Republic, about ten miles south of Nantucket, the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking. Boats were instantly lowered to rescue the crew. All were picked up. The Captain and mate were found clinging to a grating, the Captain almost exhausted.

"It was a brilliant piece of rescue work by the boat crew of the Gresham. The Republic sank rapidly, going down stern first.

"The Seneca and Gresham steamed slowly away. One plan is that the Seneca shall take off the surviving crew at daybreak from the Gresham and proceed to New York. The Captain and Mate are being cared for in the wardroom on board the Gresham and seem to be doing well."

Messages to the Rescued.

While the Republic had been making her fight for life, the Baltic, with her heavy cargo of passengers, had been steaming slowly up the Long Island coast, running through dense fog at reduced speed, yet hopeful of landing her passengers in this city this morning.

Her wireless apparatus was kept at work, and late yesterday afternoon the station at Sagaponack, near Bridgehampton, L. I., picked up a message. It was from one of the passengers to friends on shore, and simply told of the well-being of those aboard the Baltic. From then on a constant stream of messages flew through the air from the Baltic's masthead to the receiving tower ashore.

In the little beach station the operator had more than 300 messages containing congratulations and urgent invitations to come immediately to the homes of friends here on the arrival of the Baltic in port. But he had no chance to send them. Some he did get off, but the majority were relayed to the wireless station at Sea Gate.

There a throng of interested persons crowded the little room on the second floor of the Sea Gate Association's building, less than a quarter of a mile from the end of Norton's Point, where the wireless instrument is installed. The officers at Sagaponack were busy with them.

At 10:30 o'clock the delicate instrument had caught one of the messages which was from the Baltic to the far-off station on the Long Island coast.

The words "Baltic" and "instrument" were repeated to catch these messages. Not a word of communication passed, and it was not until 11 o'clock when the

next message came, the Baltic telling that she had passed Fire Island at 9:15 o'clock and was proceeding slowly through a dense fog. The weather was so heavy that even at this hour the observation station at Fire Island reported that they were unable to sight the steamer.

Rescued Here This Morning, Sure.

The distance from Fire Island to Sandy Hook is about thirty miles, a distance usually made by vessels of the Baltic class in two hours. But under the conditions existing last night it was not believed by the White Star officials that the vessel would try to enter the harbor. They said that they expected her to lie off the Hook till daybreak, and to reach her pier about 9 o'clock this morning. The Cunarder Lucania, a vessel probably three knots faster than the Baltic, passed Fire Island at 6 o'clock last night, and at midnight had not been reported at the Hook, indicating that she was anchored there in the fog to wait for daylight before making the passage through the lower bay. It is believed that the Baltic will adopt the same precautionary measures.

This decision on the part of the Baltic's officers was sad news to the hundreds of relatives and friends of the Republic's passengers who had besieged the White Star office all day with inquiries as to the safety or whereabouts of the Republic's survivors. Many of these inquiries were made over the telephone, but hundreds of people visited the office, which had been kept open all through the preceding night, seeking assurances of the safety of their friends, and clamoring for the hoped-for announcement that the Baltic would soon be in.

Baltic and New York Both Off the Hook.

At midnight the wireless instrument at Sea Gate picked up a series of messages which, it was learned, were passing between the American liner New York and the Baltic. The messages were some which the Baltic had failed

to receive from Sagaponack and which the New York, receiving later, was relaying to her. From the sound of the messages as they were received at Sea Gate, Harry Williams, the operator, estimated that the New York was not more than fifteen miles distant from the Baltic.

No mention was made in the messages of the crippled steamer Florida, but as the New York was conveying her into this port, there is no doubt that the Florida must be close up to the New York, and perhaps anchored near her.

An effort was made by the Sea Gate operator to break in on the conversation between the Baltic and the New York to ascertain the whereabouts of the Florida, but he was unable to establish communication. The Florida herself is not equipped with wireless.

FIRST NEWS OF REPUBLIC LOSS.

Marconi Operator Ginman Sent It to The Times—Some Other Messages.

This wireless message was received in THE TIMES office late last night, via Woods Hole, Mass.:

Marconi Wireless Station, Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 24, 8:30 P. M.—The White Star liner Republic has just gone down, but none of her crew were drowned. All are safe on board the revenue cutter Gresham. The Gresham, with the Republic's crew, is proceeding to Gay Head.

Marconi Wireless Operator.

Earlier in the evening came this message:

The Baltic is now nearing Long Island Sound for New York. The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gresham and is being steered by the Furnessia, which is out of the straits. The Florida has refused assistance and is proceeding under her own steam toward New York.

A. H. GINMAN.

In the afternoon this message was received:

The Baltic still is standing by Republic and the latter is apparently floating easier. The crew is again on board and the wireless operator is back at his post. They have arrived on the scene. There is a chance to save her. All passengers are aboard the Baltic. The Florida is being recovered in Sea Gate by the Furnessia and New York. The wireless line is very busy with important messages. It is hard to send other particulars, but as soon as possible will wire the details and other developments.

A. H. GINMAN, Operator.



THE FLORIDA.

FURNESSIA DESCRIBES REPUBLIC'S SINKING

BY MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Steamship Furnessia, via Siasconsett, Mass., Jan. 25.—After a search during a night of dense fog, the Furnessia arrived alongside the Florida at 7:50 o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven miles south of the Nantucket light vessel.

The Baltic was already there and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Florida needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 8:45 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 10:15 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic with the Baltic lying close to.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 10:30 o'clock. The Baltic then started for New York and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic had the Marconi wireless system on board still working faintly, which helped the operation greatly.

The Republic had been run into on her broadside, but looked in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, but officers from the cutter were then aboard her.

At 12:30 the Government revenue cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A move was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P. M. the Government cutter Seneca arrived.

At 6:22 P. M. towing was again begun, but the stern hawsers were carried away at 6:35 P. M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the Captain and Chief Officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's bridge being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic heard on board this ship when, at 8:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The Captain and Chief Officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked both up safely.

After cruising around to see that all possible had been done, the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

REPUBLIC'S DEAD IN OUTSIDE CABINS

The Two Passengers Killed and Two Injured Probably Asleep When Crash Came.

RELATIVES GET NEWS HERE

Wireless Dispatches to the White Star
Line Gave No Details—Some
Narrow Escapes.

It was only yesterday morning that confirmation was received by the White Star Line offices of the Times' wireless dispatch from the Baltic, printed in Sunday's Times, that there had been loss of life in the collision between the steamship Republic and the liner Florida off Nantucket early Saturday morning. Two passengers were killed in their staterooms on the Republic, and two others were injured, while there were four deaths among the crew of the Florida. This was the list given at the White Star Line offices yesterday, the information having been received by wireless.

Killed.

LYNN, Mrs. EUGENE, of Boston Mass.
MOONEY, T. J., of Langdon, N. D.
FOUR INJURED, members of the crew,
(names unobtainable) on the Italian
liner Florida.

Injured.

LYNN, EUGENE, husband of Mrs. Lynn, injured serious.
MURPHY, Mrs. M. J., wife of a banker of Grand Forks, N. D., injuries serious.
Mr. Murphy, who occupied the same stateroom, was uninjured.

The dead and injured on the Republic all occupied staterooms on the outside amidships, and were doubtless asleep when the Florida rammed her bow through the side of the big liner.

The victims of the collision on the Republic were grouped in three staterooms on the port side of the aftermost deck. Mr. and Mrs. Lynn were in Stateroom 24, and Mr. Mooney and his wife were in the adjoining stateroom, No. 25. Mr. Murphy and his wife occupied Stateroom 26.

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied, according to the company's books, Stateroom 26, between 24 and 25, escaped injury. This, the officials said yesterday, might be due to a possible exchange of staterooms between Mrs. Griggs and the Murphys, after the ship sailed, which might have put Mrs. Griggs into Room 23, out of the danger zone.

Staterooms 28 and 100, on the upper deck, directly below the rooms of those injured on the Republic, were also occupied by Mrs. Olive W. Washburn of Providence, R. I., and Countess Pauline of Montenegro, who were rescued respectively by Mrs. Olive W. Washburn of Providence, R. I., and Countess Pauline of Montenegro, who were rescued respectively by Mrs. Olive W. Washburn of Providence, R. I., and Countess Pauline of Montenegro.

Mrs. and Mr. Eugene Lynch were in the part of the ship where the collision seems to have occurred, they do not seem to have escaped any injury. Mrs. and Mr. Eugene Lynch were in the part of the ship where the collision seems to have occurred, they do not seem to have escaped any injury.

Mr. J. Murphy, whose wife was seriously injured in the sinking of the Republic, is a man of wealth and prominence in this State.

Revered Relatives Get the News.

After a series of anxious and anxiety, Mrs. J. H. and Miss P. J. Minnowan of Cambridge, Mass., were informed early last evening of their appointments in the funeral procession that their daughter, Mrs. Eugene Lynch, had been killed. Mrs. Lynch's death had been reported by wireless. The news was broken to Mrs. Minnowan by Mr. J. H. Minnowan, who is a close friend of the family.

Two women, who came to this city for the purpose of visiting their daughter, Mrs. Eugene Lynch, were also informed of her death. Mrs. Lynch's death had been reported by wireless. The news was broken to Mrs. Minnowan by Mr. J. H. Minnowan, who is a close friend of the family.

The news of the death of Mrs. Eugene Lynch was also received by her relatives in other parts of the country. Mrs. Lynch's death had been reported by wireless. The news was broken to Mrs. Minnowan by Mr. J. H. Minnowan, who is a close friend of the family.

The news of the death of Mrs. Eugene Lynch was also received by her relatives in other parts of the country. Mrs. Lynch's death had been reported by wireless. The news was broken to Mrs. Minnowan by Mr. J. H. Minnowan, who is a close friend of the family.

The ship and her crew were rescued to R. H. Farley, the manager of the third class passengers of the Republic. The news was broken to Mrs. Minnowan by Mr. J. H. Minnowan, who is a close friend of the family.

Col. Peter H. Carr of Taunton, Mass., the business associate of Mr. Lynch, said last night at the Knickerbocker Hotel that he had seen Mrs. Lynch grow up from childhood. He said that the Republic called a little dinner was given to the Republicans on board, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, and among the guests was one "Davy Jones's Locker."

Now, according to Col. Carr, this man's party, numbering in all about twenty, is coming from Boston to-night in order to meet the Baltic, which is bringing back Mr. Lynch.

Many inquiries by anxious ones. Throughout the day people called at the White Star office to inquire after relatives. William H. White, a lumberman of Fargo, N. D., was booked in the passenger list as sailing on the Republic. He is to have accompanied his brother, A. A. White, of St. Paul, Minn., who was on his way to join his wife and daughter at home. At the last moment, however, William H. White received a telegram from his brother, which compelled him to forego his plans and abandon the trip. He was at the White Star office yesterday morning, and inquired concerning his brother. At 8:45 o'clock he received a wireless message from his brother's safe transfer to the Baltic.

At the office of Chicago, reading of the disaster to the Republic, on which his wife and daughter had sailed, boarded the first train leaving Chicago Saturday night for New York. At the office of the steamship company he found that the Republic had been sunk. He was at the White Star office yesterday morning, and inquired concerning his brother. At 8:45 o'clock he received a wireless message from his brother's safe transfer to the Baltic.

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WHAT WIRELESS TOLD WHITESTAR OFFICES

43

Baltic's Commander Sent Almost Hourly Messages Yesterday Telling of Progress.

MANY ANXIOUS INQUIRIES

Confirmation of The Times' Dispatch
Regarding Fatalities Aboard the Republic Causes Gloom—The Details.

The offices of the White Star Line, 9 Broadway, were kept open all day yesterday. All day the clerks were busy giving information to anxious friends or relatives of the passengers, in person or over the telephone. Most of the inquiries came by telephone, and there was no crowd at the White Star offices at any time during the day. Many of the officials and heads of departments had not slept for twenty-four hours, and still remained energetically at their posts.

The brief bulletins that were flashed in almost hourly by wireless were hailed as encouraging, encouraging from early morning, when the first hope began to glimmer that the Republic had not yet sunk, until midday, when it became a strong probability that the vessel would be saved. Shortly after noon, when the officials were congratulating themselves upon the staying and floating powers of the Republic and the satisfactory manner in which the passengers of both the Republic and the Florida had been safely transferred to the Baltic, their hopeful mood was suddenly dampened by a brief wireless message from Capt. Ransom of the Baltic, telling of two deaths and the serious injury of two persons on the Republic and four deaths in the crew of the Florida.

Shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday morning a message was received from Capt. Ransom of the Baltic, which said: "Proceeding with transfer of all passengers from Florida to Baltic. Weather foggy."

At 7:30 A. M. this message, sent by Capt. Ransom at 6:40 o'clock, was given out. All passengers of Republic transferred to Baltic. Now completing transfer of passengers from Florida to Baltic. Weather foggy.

At 10 o'clock the Republic, having now finished its transfer of passengers from the Florida, was seen sailing away from the scene of the collision. The Republic, having now finished its transfer of passengers from the Florida, was seen sailing away from the scene of the collision.

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Times' News of Deaths Continued.

At 1:50 o'clock, while the Baltic, with the rescued passengers of both damaged vessels, was proceeding rapidly toward Sandy Hook, where she was expected to arrive before midnight, the first indications of the day fell with a heavy shock upon the offices of the company and cast a gloom there. It came in the form of a confirmation of The Times' wireless dispatch from the Marconi operator on the Baltic printed yesterday morning. Capt. Ransom wireless:

Regret that first-class passengers on the Republic Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were killed in the collision. Also, Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly hurt.

P. V. G. Mitchell, manager of the Mediterranean department, said that Capt. Ransom had also confirmed the death in the collision of four members of the crew of the Florida without giving further details. Friends and relatives of the dead and injured of the Republic were at once communicated with and the news broken to them. All had occupied staterooms in the after part of the main deck on the port side, where the vessel was struck.

In the absence of further announcements of casualties, the officials of the company are inclined to believe that the passengers in these staterooms were the only victims of the collision on the Republic. At 5:15 P. M. the following message was received from Capt. Ransom:

Expect to reach Ambros at 11 P. M. Gave revenue cutter the position of Republic and left Florence alongside her. Have on board 1,650 passengers from both vessels.

To meet the Baltic at Quarantine. To meet the Baltic before she reaches her pier the steamer General Putnam was ordered ready to proceed at 6 o'clock this morning, carrying such relatives or friends of the rescued passengers as wished to go and newspaper men. It was said last night that the Baltic would be met by the General Putnam at the Quarantine. The following message was received at 8 o'clock:

United States revenue cutter, General Putnam, and revenue cutter, General Putnam, are towing Republic. Sea progress.

Capt. Reynolds referred to is probably the commander of the Seneca. The Capt. Reynolds referred to is probably the commander of the Seneca. The Capt. Reynolds referred to is probably the commander of the Seneca.

The Transfer by Searchlight. At the same time the line officials told them they gathered from the various messages received about the manner in which the transfer of passengers to the Baltic was carried on. It began at 11:50 o'clock on Saturday night, and continued until almost 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Ten small boats from the Republic were used, each with a seating capacity of ten. In all 1,650 passengers were taken aboard the Baltic. Some slight sea was running, and from both vessels searchlights were kept cutting over the shifting waters between the ships. In the morning when the boat lifted the rear part of the Republic was seen near by and ready to offer its boats. These were not needed, however, as the Republic, having now finished its transfer of passengers from the Florida, was seen sailing away from the scene of the collision.

Wireless Tells of Republic's Loss. Shortly before 11 o'clock last night the officials of the White Star Line received the following wireless telegram from Capt. Ransom of the Republic: "The Republic, having now finished its transfer of passengers from the Florida, was seen sailing away from the scene of the collision."

This was the first official notification the company had received of the sinking of the Republic and the first which it accepted as authentic. Ever since the encouraging reports received in the morning and afternoon, the officials had trusted that the vessel, which on the previous day they had once given up as lost, would manage to reach port.

Following the official report of Capt. Ransom that the Republic had sunk, the officials of the White Star Line at once notified the wireless station at Southampton to instruct whatever tug was on duty to the Republic to turn back to the Nantucket Lightship. This, it was said, would turn back over the line and not set from Boston, Newport, and New York. The tug was to be instructed to turn back to the Nantucket Lightship. This, it was said, would turn back over the line and not set from Boston, Newport, and New York.

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This would make the Baltic due at Sandy Hook at 1 A. M. When the Baltic had finished her work, the Republic, having now finished its transfer of passengers from the Florida, was seen sailing away from the scene of the collision.

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When the steamer General Putnam arrived at the scene of the collision, an attempt will be made to raise the Republic's passengers from the ship, and to take from aboard the ship the bodies of a custom inspector.

"A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE."

Many Messages Received from the Baltic at the Sagaponack Station.

Special to The New York Times. MARCONI WIRELESS STATION, Sagaponack, N. J., Jan. 24. The White Star liner Baltic, carrying the 1,650 passengers of the Republic, arrived at the station at 11:50 o'clock yesterday morning. The ship was met by a large number of relatives and friends, and the passengers were received and transferred to New York.

Few of the messages contained any reference to the details of the collision and the subsequent rescue. The ship and the passengers were the only victims of the collision on the Republic. At 5:15 P. M. the following message was received from Capt. Ransom:

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LORRAINE'S SEARCH FOR DISABLED LINERS

Frenchman Brings in a Story of a Long, Vain Hunt in the Fog Off Nantucket.

BALTIC WAS THERE FIRST

Within Hearing of Submarine Bells the Nearest the Lorraine Got to Vessels—Had to Find Herself First.

The French liner Lorraine, whose wireless operator was the first person to receive the distress signal "C. Q. D." from the Republic after she had been rammed by the Florida, arrived at her North River pier early yesterday afternoon with an exciting story to tell.

For hours on Saturday the fleet French liner raced through a thick blanket of fog in a vain effort to reach the stricken Republic. She was just about to join her when a message from the White Star liner Baltic, which had found the Republic first, asked Capt. Tourneur to look for the disabled Florida and convey her into port. All Saturday night and Sunday morning the Lorraine signaled and sought in a vain effort to find the Italian, but the search was fruitless, for the Florida, as it turned out, had returned to the scene of the wreck, where yesterday she was taken in charge by the Anchor Line Purcell.

It was the Lorraine that "relayed" the Republic's appeal for assistance to vessels far out to sea, among them the fleet Canadian Lucania, and the French Republic, which was the first of the transatlantic fleet to flash back to the sinking vessel the International Code Signal "G," the most welcome letter in the code, for when translated it means "I am coming."

When "C. Q. D." Was Heard.

The story of the Lorraine's answer to the appeal of her sister in distress was told by the Marconi operators and by Capt. Tourneur. The skipper of the liner, whose long career on the Atlantic has won for him the star of the Legion of Honor, was nearly exhausted when the Lorraine passed in at the Hook. The Marconi operators were almost as fatigued as he. Capt. Tourneur had been on the bridge continuously for three days directing the course of his vessel through the fog, which extended from the Grand Banks clear into port.

A few minutes before 7 o'clock Saturday morning, the Captain said, Ernest Monrozier, one of the wireless operators, rushed up to the bridge and handed to him a "C. Q. D." message from the Republic. The message had been relayed to the Lorraine from the land station at Stannett, Mass. It said simply: "C. Q. D. Republic." This was followed a few minutes later by a more explicit message reading:

Republic wrecked and wants assistance. In latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70.10 west. M. K.

"M. K." are the letters of the Republic in the International Code.

Capt. Tourneur read the message and, wondering around, said to the waiting operator: "Flash back a 'G' and lose no time about it. Then be ready to take a more explicit message."

The operator rushed back to the little metal hunched cabin on the bridge deck and a moment later the crackling of the search that meant a message "G" was heard on the bridge. A minute later the instruments at Stannett were relaying the same message to the distressed White Star liner.

Finding Herself in the Fog.

A moment before Monrozier, who had been waiting for the first signal, his fellow operators and the captain, on the number of good cheer, the fog in the distance seemed to be thickening and the liner was turning right to look out into the open where the Republic was in distress.

Just then it was that Capt. Tourneur said simply to get out of the position and to make the liner ready for the search, which he said should be the first step in the search for the Republic.

And that was the way the Nantucket search began. The liner, which had been waiting for the first signal, was now the first to search for the Republic. The search was a long and fruitless one, for the fog was too thick to allow of the liner's seeing the Republic. The search was a long and fruitless one, for the fog was too thick to allow of the liner's seeing the Republic.

At 7:14 this message to the Lucania, which was too far out to be in communication with the Republic at that time, was sent out by the Lorraine operator:

To Lucania.
The Republic wants assistance. Latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70.10 west.

When he was not willing measures to Stannett to encourage those on the Republic. Capt. Tourneur was busy on his charts calculating the distance and separated him from the Republic. He figured that it was about 120 miles to the place where the collision had occurred, and this fact established, he flashed via Stannett this message to Capt. Sealby:

Lorraine to Stannett:
Please tell the Republic we are 120 miles off, and will try to reach her about 2 P. M. to-day. LORRAINE.

Effortless Search for Republic.

Thick as was the fog when the first "C. Q. D." message was received, it was much thicker at 9:45 A. M. that it was impossible to see the after funnel of the Lorraine from the bridge where the skipper, no longer tired, was directing the course of his ship to the distressed Republic. Capt. Tourneur presently sent this message:

Lorraine to Republic:
Please tell us if you are in a fog. Also, if possible, your exact position.

By this time (9:50 A. M.) the Lorraine was in direct communication with the Republic, and in less than ten minutes this answer came back:

Republic to Lorraine:
Position, latitude 40.17 west, longitude 70.10 north. We are in a fog. REPUBLIC.

About 10 o'clock, while the Marconi operators were busy relaying the signal of another liner, the White Star Republic, which had been found by the vessels of that fleet.

Immediately the same message that had been sent to the Lucania was flashed to the Baltic and three of the biggest liners of the Republic, but one of the directions toward the Republic.

The next messages between the Republic and the Lorraine led to do with the depth of the water where the collision had occurred. At 10:30 the Republic, within thirty miles of the Republic, according to the reckoning of Capt. Tourneur, forty-five minutes later the distance was, so far as could be ascertained, about twenty miles. Messages to this effect were sent to the Republic.

Deils Heard, Baltic There.

At 11 o'clock the submarine bell on the Republic, another wonderful invention of recent years, was heard on the Lorraine. Immediately it was detected this message was flashed to the Republic:

Lorraine to Republic:
Tell your Captain we can hear his bells and are steering straight to you. Also say he might make as much noise as possible in directing our steering, because it is so foggy.

Despite the apparent proximity of the Republic, however, the French liner was unable to distinguish the Republic from the British vessel, and for the next five hours the Lorraine cruised around the Republic, but was unable to find her. The fog was so thick that the Lorraine had to proceed slowly, owing to the risk of collision. And while the Lorraine was looking the Republic came up, for about 6 o'clock this message came to the French liner from the vessel:

Baltic to Lorraine:
Republic says steer for the Florida. She is in sight. New York with her. Also, she must have some one to stand by her. She is blowing full steam. BALTIC.

Florida Vanished, Too.

The Florida, his sister, and her orders were to lead her sister going all the time to tell her location. The message also told that the Republic's passengers were on the Florida, and this was the interpretation put on the message by Capt. Tourneur, for he wirelessed them to shore.

Republic's passengers have left by Florida, Baltic says. We have been asked to convey Florida. Will arrive early Sunday morning. LORRAINE.

Until 7:30 o'clock in the evening the Lorraine sought the Florida. During that time she sent more than a full blast "only twice, and on both occasions the sound was so faint that it was certain that the distance separating the two ships was several miles, at least. Finally, at 7:32 P. M., a message came from the Baltic which showed that the Florida had returned to the scene of the wreck. This message said:

Baltic to Republic:
Baltic alongside both vessels. Clear here. Can see the light.

RANSOM, Captain Baltic.

A few more messages were exchanged. The Lorraine was assured that everything was all right, and the liner then proceeded to New York. When she passed the quarantine light, Tourneur was still on the bridge, and he remained there until the liner docked. Then he talked for about three minutes with the Republic.

Capt. Tourneur's Long Vigil.

"When the message from the Republic came," said Capt. Tourneur, "I had been on the bridge since 1 A. M. the day before. Of course I knew what I had to do. I instantly renewed the message, and as I had taken my last observation on the fog on Friday I decided to head for the Nantucket Lightship, and from there point direct my search for the Republic."

"I reached the vicinity named by the Republic in her message to me about 12:35 P. M., and then for several hours I searched east and south, and west in the effort to locate her. Sometimes I was very close, for I could hear her submarine bells, but no sooner did I think I had her than she was lost again. And now, gentlemen, I am going to bed."

The passengers on the Lorraine, in all three classes, took as much interest in the search for the Republic and later on the Florida as did the officers and crew. The messages from the sinking liner and from the Lucania and Baltic were posted on the saloon bulletin board, and the interest in the liner's race on her mission of mercy was intense throughout the ship.

FLORIDA WAS ASTRAY IN FOG.

Theory of Steamship Men as to the Cause of the Collision.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—The belief that the Republic was struck on the starboard side by the Florida while the latter was heading north of west, and apparently hunting for the thirty-fathom curve line, making soundings to find her exact position, was expressed by mariners here to-day when all the wireless messages bearing on the accident had been reviewed, and especially when it was found that Mrs. Eugene Kennedy, this city, who met her death in the collision, occupied stateroom No. 23, about midships on the starboard side of the Republic.

Navigators in this city, after the position of the accident—twenty-six miles south-southwest of Nantucket Lightship—and the nature of the Republic's injuries had been told to them, got out charts of Nantucket Shoals and pointed out the so-called steamship lanes used by transatlantic liners by agreement between the companies.

The east-bound steamer lane off Nantucket Lightship is about thirty miles south of the west-bound, and in-bound steamers to New York on the westward lane turn the lightship close aboard. It is customary for in-bound steamers from European ports approaching the coast and Nantucket Shoals in thick weather to hunt for the thirty-fathom curve, which sweeps down forty miles from Nantucket Island and just outside of which is anchored the Nantucket South Shoal Lightship. Vessels failing to pick up the lightship in the fog keep on sounding until they strike this thirty-fathom curve.

If the mariners are right, as it is said at thirty fathoms, it was explained, it shows that the vessel is to the eastward of the lightship, and the Republic's are immediately headed to the west along this thirty-fathom curve. To the westward of the lightship there is a mud bottom, and this also gives a pretty definite reason for vessels trying to get their bearings.

Mariners here were of the opinion that the Florida, in her voyage across the Atlantic had headed off further to the south than her Captain intended; that, failing to locate the Nantucket Lightship, she began to run in for soundings on this thirty-fathom curve, and the Republic ship struck the Republic, which was on her regular course, on the latter's starboard side about amidships.

WIRELESS AID IN OTHER ACCIDENTS.

How Captains Have Used the Invention to Avert Alarm and Save Time.

The extensive value of wireless telegraphy was demonstrated when the Kaiser's liner, the Kronprinz, was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland. The ship was on her way from New York to London, and was carrying a large number of passengers. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and the wireless telegraph was used to alert the coast guard and to save time.

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HOW BULKHEADS SAFEGUARD LINERS

Edwin A. Stevens Compares the Safety of Modern Ships with Dangers of the Past.

OLD-TIMERS SANK QUICKLY

Proper Bulkhead Construction and Crew Discipline the Main Factors Now, with Wireless a Great Aid.

The important part played by water-tight bulkheads and wireless telegraphy in the events following the ramming of the Republic by the Florida and the probable part they will continue to play in similar accidents at sea, was discussed yesterday for THE TIMES by Edwin A. Stevens, the authority on naval architecture, on which he lectures at Stevens Institute, Hoboken.

Mr. Stevens first drew attention to the long strides taken in recent years toward better protection of life at sea, and explained how vital to the lives of those who cross the ocean is the bulkhead system of a modern steamship.

"It is a very interesting question to those who go down to the sea in ships whether the magnificent vessels that carry on the services of our transatlantic ferries are really safe," he said. "The sailor knows the risk he is running in his calling, but to the landman or lander woman the sea has perils enough, in imagination at least, to cause many to hesitate before stepping aboard. One need only to look over the statistics of ocean travel and disaster to see plainly enough that a passenger at sea on a modern liner is about as good a risk for an accident insurance company as can be found. But reasoning and unreasoning, this dread of accident at sea exists and will always exist, for no power will ever eliminate all the risks of the sea."

Dangers Old-Style Boats Faced.

"Such an accident as that to the Republic again draws attention to these dangers. A comparatively few years ago a ship of the class in her day corresponding to the Republic would not have floated five minutes, and if fifty of her company had been saved, the crew would have done well. The Ville de Paris, about thirty-five years ago, was hit by a sailing vessel under much the same conditions, in a calm sea at night, and probably a much lighter blow than the Republic received. She had no fog to contend with, but, if I recall it rightly, at night was moonlight, on the Ville de Paris there was a frightful loss of life on the Republic next to none. One naturally asks why?"

There has been great discussion about water-tight bulkheads. Several years ago the British Government appointed a commission to investigate the subject, and a large amount of very useful information was made public. There is no difficulty in so designing the subdivision of any vessel as to make her practically safe against foundering as the result of a collision, provided, of course, no storm is raging. The difficulty lies in obtaining this immunity without sacrifice of other necessary or at least very desirable qualities. In merchant ships, at least, the question of cost must also be kept in mind. The often suggested division of bulkhead doors would add to safety, but would make the service of the ship very difficult and costly. In the operation of the large inland power plant and a modern liner it is necessary for the working force to pass from one portion of the vessel to another. Coal has to be conveyed from bunkers to boilers. On a ship like the Republic, several hundred tons of coal are used in 24 hours. The coal has to be hauled from bunker to grate to keep up the steaming power. One engine carries its own weight of coal over bulkheads at this rate of delivery.

Until now, detailed reports are at hand as to the extent of the damage to the Republic. It is of course impossible to tell how much of the damage was due to the collision, and how much to the fact that the ship was on her way from New York to London, and was carrying a large number of passengers. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and the wireless telegraph was used to alert the coast guard and to save time.

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Mystery of the Marconi.

"The only case of an ocean liner which has disappeared in recent years with all on board was that of the Republic of the White Star Line. The most plausible theory was that her deck had sunk, which would have caused her to sink. The ship was on her way from New York to London, and was carrying a large number of passengers. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and the wireless telegraph was used to alert the coast guard and to save time.

Only serious collision cases, such as the sinking of the Republic, can be traced to the cause of the accident. The Republic was on her way from New York to London, and was carrying a large number of passengers. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and the wireless telegraph was used to alert the coast guard and to save time.

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BLISS' HEROISM IS CITED UPON CONGRESS FLOOR

Washington, Jan. 23.—A statement landing as a hero John R. Bliss, the wireless operator on the wrecked liner Republic was read in the House today by Representative Bostell, of Illinois.

The Chicago Congressman arose at the opening of the session and asked unanimous consent to address the House on a matter of public interest. Consent was given.

The last two days, he said, had demonstrated again the peril of those who go to sea in ships. The collision of the Republic and Florida had brought to the notice of the people the dangers of ocean travel.

There was one silver star, continued Mr. Bostell, "whose name ought to be mentioned. It was the Marconi operator on the Republic. His name is John R. Bliss. He is twenty-five years of age. He is a native of Illinois, and is a member of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Bliss explained that the Republic was on her way from New York to London, and was carrying a large number of passengers. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and the wireless telegraph was used to alert the coast guard and to save time.

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LINER CREWS TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS FROM THE FLORIDA TO THE STEAMSHIP BALTIC PREPARATORY TO STARTING TO NEW YORK.

DRAWN FROM DESCRIPTION BY LOUIS BIEDERMAN OF THE SUNDAY WORLD STAFF.



LINER BALTIC IS HERE WITH 1,650 SURVIVORS OF COLLISION AT SEA.

White Star Steamship Bearing the Rescued Passengers from the Republic and the Florida Dropped Her Anchor at Sandy Hook at 1.30 o'Clock This Morning and Will Land All on Board This Forenoon.

RAMMED VESSEL GOES DOWN AFTER HER CREW IS TAKEN OFF.

Two Passengers Killed and Two Injured on Republic and Four Persons Dead on the Florida as Result of Crash—Italian Boat With Bows Smashed Is Slowly Making Her Way to This Port—Only Details of the Disaster Are Those Brought by Wireless Telegraphy.

The steamer Baltic, with the passengers of the steamers Florida and Republic, was reported at 1.30 this morning as nearing her anchorage off Sandy Hook by Marconi wireless station at Sea Gate.

The Baltic will anchor for the night and will not come up to the city until well in the morning. An earlier message said:

"Baltic fifty miles east of Coney Island. Will probably arrive at Sandy Hook 1 o'clock Monday morning."

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic sent this wireless message to his agents at the White Star Line Offices here last night. They received it at 10.50 P. M.

So the 1,650 passengers are safe whom Capt. Ranson and his sailormen so gallantly rescued from the Republic and the Florida after their collision in the fog off Nantucket, Mass., early Saturday morning.

After surviving for forty hours her imminent danger, and despite splendid efforts to save her, the Republic sank at 8.30 last night.

A woman and five men were killed in the collision on Nantucket; two men were injured. They were:

KILLED.

LYNCH, Mrs. E., of Boston, Mass.

MOONEY, W. J., of Bangdon, N. Dak.

The names of the four persons killed on the Florida were not mentioned in the despatch from Capt. Ranson.

CAPTAIN AND ALL HANDS TAKEN OFF BY CUTTER AS THE REPUBLIC SINKS.

LA LORRAINE'S CAPTAIN TELLS OF WIRELESS SEARCH.

First Roused to Activity on Fog-
Wrapped French Liner by
Call of the Republic
for Help.

VESSEL HEADED FOR
NEAREST LIGHTSHIP.

Messages Flashed Back and
Forth All Day as Liner Groped
Her Way to Rescue.

A sentinel on post, transmitting calls to and fro and around to headquarters the shortest way, a relay station along the ocean's dark highway flashing words of cheer and life, indispensable to the ultimate salvation of more than 700 souls.

Such was the part played by the swift French liner La Lorraine in the maritime tragedy of the Republic and the Florida, ending happily for most of those who in these ships had gone down to the sea.

The Lorraine, which was at the bar of the A. M. yesterday, was the first of the Transatlantic mail fleet to start on its way to New York, carrying up the bay through rifts and over the fog yesterday, and made fast to her post at 1 P. M. Flaming new travelers, and most of them arrived in the port of a thousand lives of only mildly concerned in the important role the Frenchman had need in the wireless saving of human life.

On the Lorraine the last deck holds the bridge, the nerve center of the ship, for here are the captain's quarters, the lower bridge and the Marconi office. The latter of a telephone office, equipped with the latest apparatus, except the main wire, which, when the danger comes, is cut, through the long range of wire, was the very life of the ship.

Nerve Centre of the Ship.

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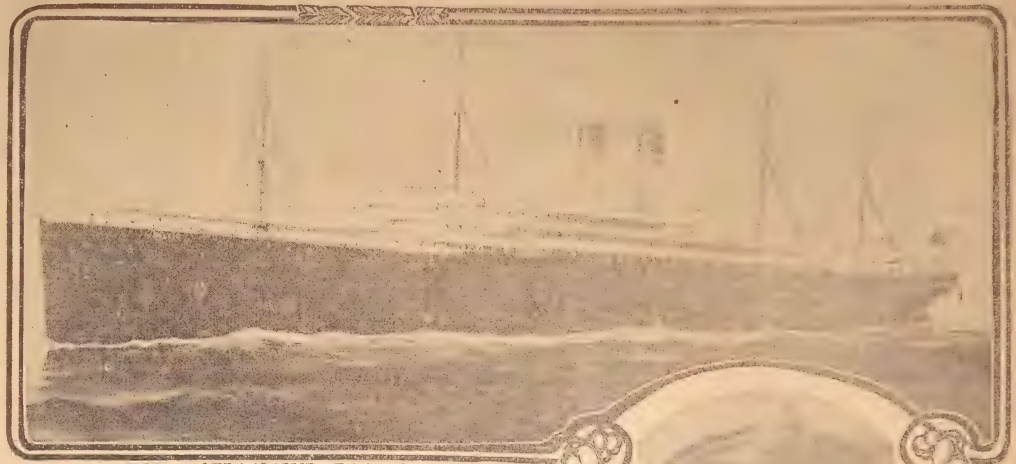
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WHITE STAR LINER BEARING PASSENGERS RESCUED FROM CRIPPLED STEAMSHIPS, AND HER COMMANDER.



THE STEAMSHIP LORRAINE.

Cry of "C. Q. D." from the Sea.

"From Stasconet came the distress call, 'C. Q. D.' I spring, I jump and drop everything but this. Outside it was all dark, absolutely all for."

"I answer 'C' which means I am coming; I have received it. I sign 'M. L.' which is the code sign of La Lorraine."

"Then come also from Stasconet this message: 'Latitude 40.17 north, longitude 70 west. Republic wrecked; wants assistance.'"

"At 7.10 I sent to Stasconet: 'Your C. Q. D. received O. K. I am coming.'"

"At 7.55 I had sent to Lucania, which was far away to hear Stasconet: 'C. Q. D. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70 west. Republic wrecked; wants assistance.'"

"I had been in communication with Lucania during the week. Lucania was about twenty-four miles away."

"At 1.20 A. M. La Lorraine to Stasconet: 'Please tell Republic: we are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

Reading with painful deliberation and almost unbroken silence, the captain's eyes were fixed on the wireless messages. He read literally, copying in his translation and transferring to his own mind the words of the messages. He read them with a sense of the importance of the messages, and the knowledge that the lives of many people were at stake.

Asks for Republic's Position.

"At 1.45 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

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"At 2.00 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.05 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.10 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.15 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.20 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.25 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.30 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.35 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

"At 2.40 La Lorraine to Republic: 'We are sixty miles off her and shall reach her 2 P. M.'"

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It all sounded so short and formal, dry and precise. But those words and figures, so curtly and accurately snapped and sparked off on the hard worked instruments of the sinking Republic's operator sounded sweet to him. Like Sheridan on his ride, the Lorraine kept announcing her decreasing distance from the Republic. Thus it went on.

12.45 P. M.—La Lorraine to the Republic: 'Tell your captain we can hear his call and are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to direct our attention, because the fog is thick. M. L. L.'"

"Just a Touch of Humor."

There was a touch of unconscious humor, yet couched in the most understandable English, calling upon the captain of the doomed liner to make as much racket as he possibly could for the guidance of his rescuer.

"It was 2.45 P. M. on Saturday. I believe," concluded M. Monrouseau, "that we caught this message from the Republic."

"Little to La Lorraine, Republic says to seek for Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and she must have some one to stand by. She is moving full speed."

The White Star liner, from Liverpool, now first appearing in the wireless communication between the Republic and the Lorraine, which was asked to stand by the Florida, also now making her first entrance into the story of the liberal voyage. Here was the message at 2.55 P. M. Saturday. La Lorraine to Stasconet:

French Line, Pier 42, North River, New York. Republic's passengers have all left. Republic, Baiter remains. We have been asked to be the Republic to find the Florida. We arrive at Sandy Hook tonight. M. L. L."

The last message fixes the time at which the French line was notified by the Republic of the safety of the Republic's passengers.

The M. L. L. to Lorraine, Baiter remains. Clear weather. Can be seen."

The wireless tale ends logically with the ship standing by at the hour mentioned and the French ship left with a mission to do but convey the Italian steamer Florida.

Meanwhile the principal of the foregoing messages, so patient with hope, had been posted in both French and English on the bulletin boards in the first and second cabins, where they had been posted with varying degrees of interest, largely dependent upon the temperament and temperament of the traveler.

The Lorraine's companion ways were thronged with passengers scanning the French, since immediately after the Republic's message had been received, and the French ship left with a mission to do but convey the Italian steamer Florida.

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MOONEY WAS RICH DAKOTA BANKER.

GRAND FORK, N. Dak., Jan. 25.—W. J. Mooney, of London, the banker who was killed in the collision of the Republic and the Florida, was about forty-five years old. He had been engaged in the banking business for about twenty years and was worth about \$100,000. He leaves a wife and one son, John B. Mooney, who is cashier of the bank, owned by Mr. Mooney, and located at International Falls.

Mr. Mooney came to London in 1890 and organized Canadian County, with the assistance of Patrick Mooney. He succeeded the first bank in London and was associated with the First National. In 1898 he organized the Canadian County State Bank. Since then he had owned banks at Sault Ste. Marie, N. Dak., and International Falls, Minn.

The International Falls Bank was the most recently organized. It was started last month, and M. F. Murphy, whose wife was injured, is interested with Mr. Mooney. Mr. Mooney was born in Watertown, Wis., and was married there twenty years ago into Mrs. Mooney and they had three children. His son, John B. Mooney, married Miss Graham of Minneapolis.

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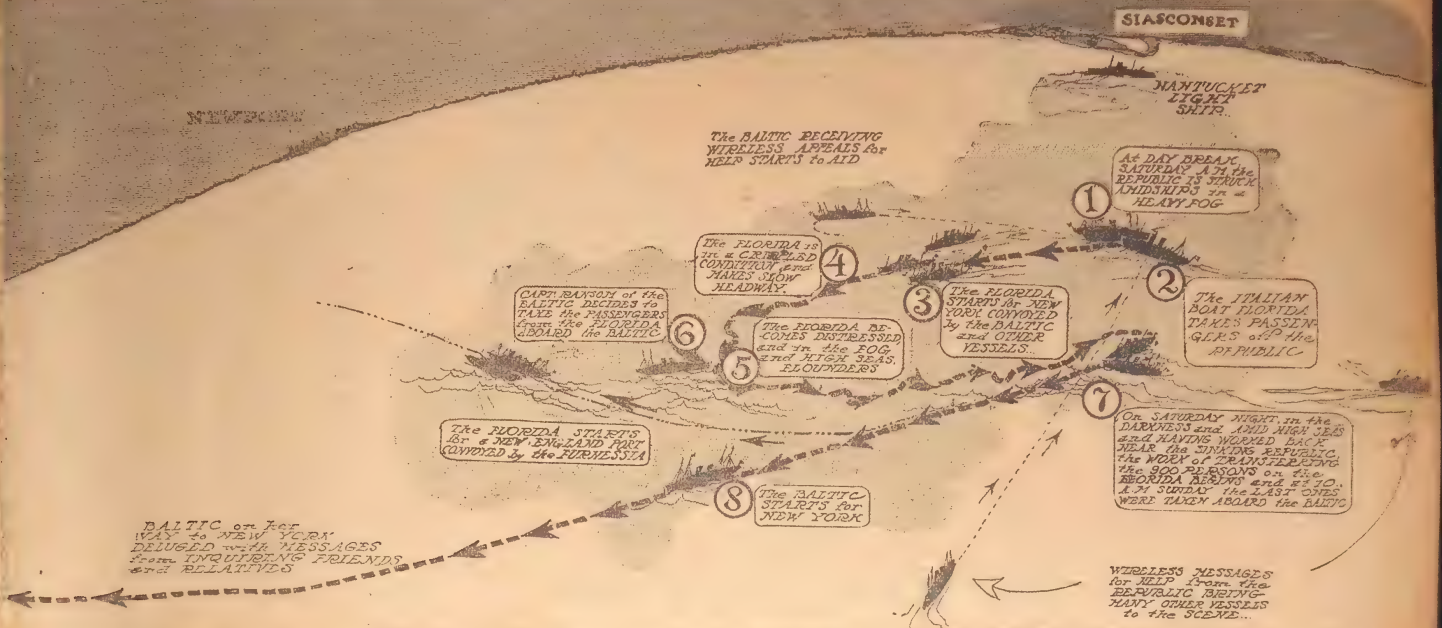
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DIAGRAM OF THE INCIDENTS OF THE COLLISION SHOWING HOW THE WIRELESS BROUGHT AID TO THE REPUBLIC, HOW HER PASSENGERS WERE TWICE TRANSFERRED AT SEA AND SO SAVED.



WIRELESS TELLS CROWDS NEWS OF CRIPPLED SHIPS

All day yesterday the news of the steamship collision, which placed 1,000 lives in jeopardy, leaked into New York city out of the fog. It came almost a word at a time and at brief intervals, frequently contradictory enough to add to the confusion.

About 10 o'clock the first news of the fate of the Republic came by wireless to the White Star office. The message was signed by Captain Ransom of the Baltic, and read:

Baltic standing by Republic. Republic in good towing condition. Republic has left and Baltic is now on her way to New York. (The Baltic, it was learned, was in the vicinity of the wreck, and was towing the Republic.)

At once upon receipt of this message, the White Star office, which had been informed by the wireless instrument that the Republic was in trouble, sent out a series of messages to the Republic, asking for details of the collision and the condition of the ship and passengers.

Crowds Await News in Hotels

As the day wore on, the news of the collision continued to leak out in bits and pieces, and crowds of people gathered in the hotels and public places, waiting for the latest news.

stroyer Seneca was towing the Republic into Long Island Sound.

The first news of a tragedy growing out of the collision reached the city at 2 p. m. It caused much consternation at the Waldorf-Astoria, where a crowd of unusual proportions had gathered. Fear of the dead and wounded was in the air.

Killed—Mrs. E. H. Lynch, Boston, Mass.; W. J. Moore, Langdon, N. D.; four negroes (names unobtainable).

Injured—E. F. Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch; M. J. Murphy, Grand Forks, N. D.

A few minutes later the wireless operator at Nantucket, Mass., picked up the message from the Republic.

The Republic and Florida were drifting around off Nantucket lightship. They were at that hour ten miles southeast of the light, with the Gretham and the Seneca standing by.

About the same time Nantucket flashed word to the White Star office that the Republic was in trouble.

Continued on Page 4.

Republic for the Italian earthquake sufferers, which can be one of the reasons for the Republic's being in the line.

Republic and Florida now twelve miles south of Nantucket Shoals lightship.

From Siasconset, Mass., came the news, at 5:45 p. m., that the Baltic was towing Long Island Sound for New York.

"The Republic is being towed by the revenue cutter Gretham, steered by the Furnessa," continued the dispatch.

"Florida, refusing assistance, under own steam."

FLORIDA SAFE AT SANDY HOOK

Italian Steamship Reaches Port with Bows Badly Dented from Collision.

The Italian Lloyd's steamship Florida, which ran into and sank the Republic on Saturday off Nantucket, reached port today.

The crippled liner under her own steam

\$2,000,000 ESTIMATED LOSS OF OWNERS AND PASSENGERS

Just how much in money the loss of the liner Republic will cost the White Star Company will not be known until the passengers' foot up the list of jewels, clothes and cash they left behind upon her sinking hull when rescued by the Baltic.

Two million dollars, however, is a rough but the most approximate figure that can be obtained.

At the White Star office last night it was declared that the Republic's hull, furnishings and machinery were worth \$1,500,000; that her cargo showed on the books at \$85,000; that it included also \$35,000 worth of foodstuffs designed for the consumption of the American battleship fleet now finding its cruise around the world, and that the passengers' belongings could not be estimated.

But a question of salvage also arises, to be determined by the Admiralty Court when the steamship has been refloated and made seaworthy again.

The Republic sank while being towed to harbor, maritime authorities last night said that the United States revenue cutter Gretham and the Anchor Line steamer Furnessa might have a claim still for bringing her as far toward safety as they did.

If it develops that she had been abandoned by her captain and crew when they were rescued, the officers and crew would be liable for the loss of the ship.

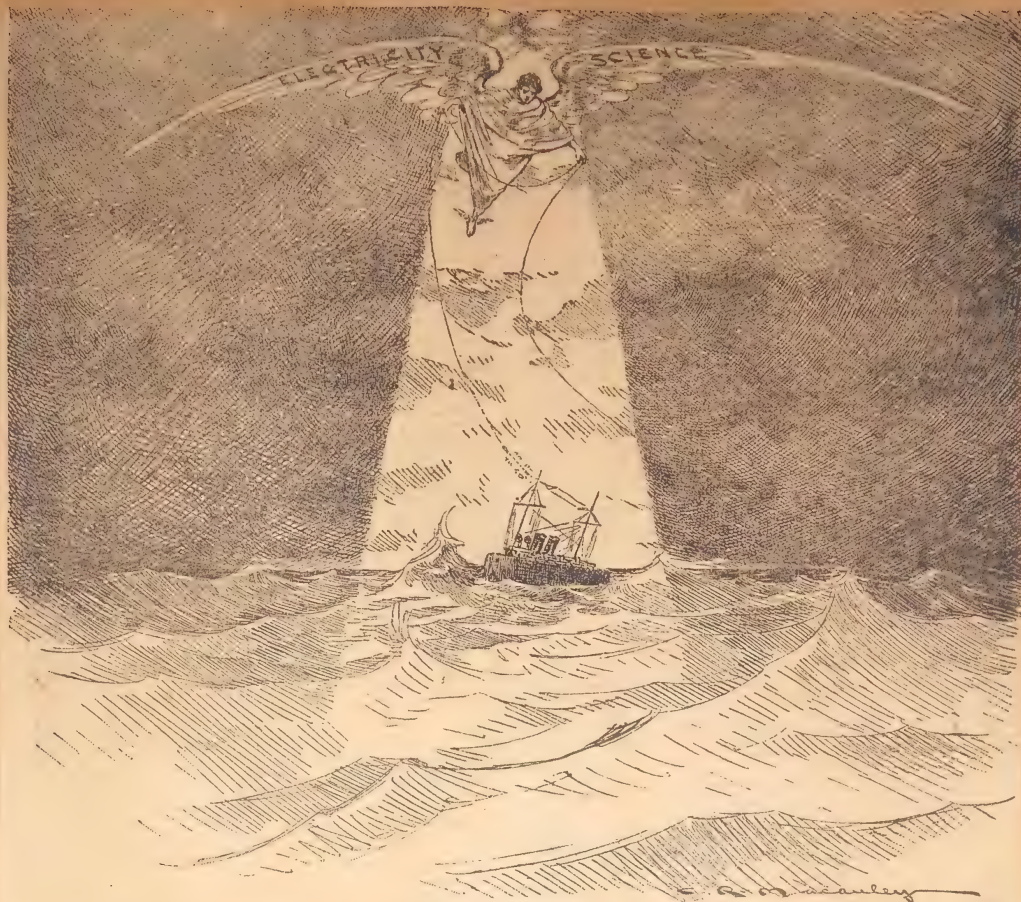
Had she been completely abandoned and had these vessels succeeded in towing her safely to port, it is estimated that the Republic's loss would have been in the neighborhood of \$100,000, to be divided among the Furnessa's men, for it is probable that the crew of the United States naval boat would have been allowed to make claim for their share of the salvage.

Asked about the insurance to relieve them from loss through the sinking of the Republic, the White Star company officials said that the insurance would be paid.

THE RESCUE IN OPEN BOATS.

The story of the wreck of the Republic is full of thrilling details. Even with the comparatively small loss of life caused directly by the collision, which lends the incident its tragic aspect, it would be one of the most moving and memorable of all true tales of misadventure at sea. But no feature of it all was more remarkable than the safe transfer in open boats through a rolling sea and in a fog of 1,850 human beings from the disabled Florida to the steamship Baltic. Each of the ten boats could carry only ten passengers, and the work of transfer occupied more than ten hours, yet not a life was lost, not a person injured. The task was prodigious, and we believe the result was unprecedented. The rescue of 1,850 persons in open boats at sea by searchlight is an incident never imagined by COOPER, MELVILLE, or MARRYAT. It helps to lend a unique aspect to this disaster which would have caused a terrible loss of life before the era of the wireless telegraph.

Scarcely less noteworthy is the perfect discipline preserved on board the Republic, under Capt. SEALBY, from the moment of the collision until the passengers were transferred to the Florida. As an ill-wind always blows some good to somebody, the testimony of the rescued passengers as to the coolness and bravery of officers and crew will lend new lustre to the bright reputation of the White Star Line. It is sad to think that after all this skillful and successful battling with great danger, the good ship Republic should now lie in 270 feet of water, beyond the reach of divers, to rise slowly away.



LA LORRAINE TRIED TO HELP

**Felt Her Way Through the Fog for Hours
and at Last Learned That All the
Passengers Were Safe.—Then Tried to
Find the Florida to Escort Her.**

He heard through the telephone connecting with his submarine receiver the submarine bell on the Nantuxet lightship in the afternoon. He was 120 miles from the scene of the collision when he got the first signal from the lightship. It took him some time because of pauses he was forced to make, to be certain of the correctness of his course, to get within the sound of the Nantuxet lightship bell. He could not say how far he was from the lightship, but it would have been within sight, if the weather had been clear. He peered through the fog with some hope of getting a glimpse of the Republic, meanwhile receiving and sending messages, the purpose of which was that he was on his way and wanted to know where the lightship was. He was unaware that the Florida had rammed the Republic, and conjecturing that she might be aground, he also wanted to know in how many fathoms she was, so that he would not have to endanger his own ship by approaching her.

It was a surprise to him to find that the Florida was not far within the fifty fathom line.

Siasconset to La Lorraine, 7 A. M.:
C Q D. (Distress call.)
La Lorraine to Siasconset: G. (I am
coming.)

Baltic to La Lorraine: Baltic along-
side both ships. Clear here. Can see
lights.

MRS. EARLE'S CLOSE CALL

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, of Brooklyn, was one who had a narrow escape from death, even after she was off the Republic, and when it seemed that there was no serious danger. It was while passengers were being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

NEWS THE WHITE STAR GOT

FIRST WORD OF FATALITIES
CAME IN THE AFTERNOON.

All Day Communication With the Baltic,
Which After Receiving the Republic's
Passengers Returned to the Wreck
—Furness Also Went to the Aid.

It was not until 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon that the White Star Line office in this city learned of loss of life in the wreck. At that time this despatch was received from Capt. Ranson of the Baltic. It was dated 1:30. "Regret first class passengers of the Republic Mrs. E. Lynch and Mr. W. J. Mooney killed in collision, also Mr. Lynch and Mrs. Murphy badly hurt."

Eugene Lynch and Mrs. Lynch were booked from Boston, W. J. Mooney from Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. M. J. Murphy from Grand Falls, N. D.

The Westerners mentioned in the despatch were members of a party of twelve booked by George H. Bendoke, White Star agent at Grand Falls. Mr. Bendoke is stopping at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Capt. Ranson's advice also says that four of the crew of the Florida were killed.

The casualties reported on the Republic occurred in two staterooms almost exactly amidships on the port side and indicates the location of the blow struck by the Florida's iron nose. The staterooms on either side of the two that were wrecked, according to the officers of the line, practically were untouched.

Fairly steady communication was kept up by the wireless between Capt. Ranson of the Baltic and the officers of his line all yesterday night and yesterday. At 3 o'clock yesterday morning Capt. Ranson flashed that he was proceeding with the transfer of all the passengers from the Florida, which at that time was holed with the Republic's passengers and that of her crew as well as her own passengers and complement. The weather conditions Capt. Ranson reported as good at that hour.

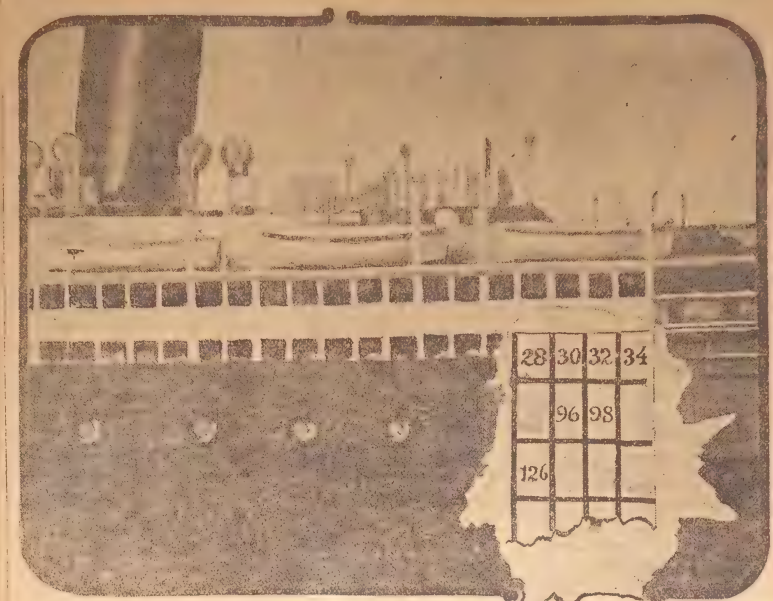
The transfer had been completed at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the Baltic's captain announced that he was about to return to the scene of the wreck, to ascertain, if possible, the position of the Republic, which had drifted away in the fog of the night. Capt. Ranson and his deck crew, along with Binns, the wireless operator whose name had been so marked a feature of the accounts immediately following the accident, in small boats had called about noon the wrecked steamer from the time of sighting her until well on into the daylight hours.

The Baltic located the Republic at 10 o'clock. She approached within sailing distance of the unlucky ship and found that the captain, the deck crew and Binns had returned to their posts. Capt. Ranson reported that his ship was holding up well. The weather was holding up well, and that the despatch destroyer service had been ordered as proposed at once from Newport. Binns said his wireless apparatus on the Republic was working again and was able to communicate with the Baltic.

The officers of the Anchor Line were waiting for the Republic to await the arrival of the tug and other craft which had been dispatched to her assistance.

The Anchor company's wireless sent a message shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon saying that the Republic had requested help from her and asking for instructions. The Anchor Line instructed the captain to grant any request of the Republic and shortly afterward another message was sent from the Republic saying that she had fastened a line to the Republic and was towing her, with her engine under steam, sitting on a level. The line was hoisted, and the Republic was towed to the shore. They were making progress, but at the time the message was sent. Two hours later a wireless message was received by the White Star from the Republic saying that she was being towed by the despatch destroyer Seneca, and her engine was under steam. The wireless was signed by Capt. Ranson, of the Republic, but did not give the position of the vessel.

SECTIONAL VIEW OF REPUBLIC SHOWING STATEROOMS WHERE THE FLORIDA STRUCK.



In ROOM 28 Mrs. H. J. MURPHY WAS INJURED. M. J. MOONEY INJURED. ROOM 30 Mrs. E. L. GRIGGS INJURED. ROOM 32 W. J. MOONEY KILLED. Mrs. MOONEY INJURED. ROOM 34 Mrs. EUGENE LYNCH KILLED. HUSBAND BADLY INJURED. ROOM 96 Mrs. A. WASHBURN. ROOM 98 Countess PASOLINI. ROOM 126 Mrs. J. S. BRILLIGAN. Mrs. L. J. HEWITT.

At 10 o'clock, the American liner New York, which had turned back in answer to the "C" Q D" signal which had warned the world of the danger confronting the Republic, had resumed her course to this city. Report had it that she had the Italian Florida in tow, but early in the afternoon P. V. G. Mitchell, manager of the White Star Mediterranean service, said this report was untrue and that the Florida, her nose smashed in her own steam. Her speed under the circumstances must be slow and the White Star people would not hazard a guess as to her probable time of reaching Sandy Hook.

Through the hours of Saturday night and yesterday there was a continual conference in a room on the second floor of the Bowling Green Building, 9 Broadway, where the offices of the International Mercantile Marine are situated. The officers of the company who took part in this informal meeting of what might be termed the ways and means committee included Vice-Presidents John Lee and P. A. S. Franklin, General Passenger Manager W. W. Jeffries, Mr. Mitchell and R. H. Varley, third class manager.

In addition to the officials named many secretaries, clerks and managers of various degrees remained in the offices of the line most of the night, few getting more than a few hours sleep and the greater majority not sleeping at all. The big room on the third floor of the building in which the bulletins were given out was well filled most of the time with relatives and friends of the Republic's passengers and with newspaper men.

A messenger boy would come in, turning for once, and a clerk would tear open the envelope and glance over the message. Then it would go upstairs to the men who sat in conference. Soon thereafter the wireless message would be given out to those waiting, and a few minutes later a clerk would emerge from the conference room with an order to Capt. Ranson of some other bit of instruction to the company's own men or to a tug company.

Two men who called in at the company's office were merely worried—their only reports that the Republic was hurt had been the loss of several casualties. Each was busy with the wireless of the office, although many women made inquiries over the telephone. Yesterday's news of survivors, both those using the telephone and telegraph and those going to the shore of the line in person, cut through the fog of the first day and were welcome news to all who had been worried by the first reports of the disaster.

The killed and injured on the Republic were in three staterooms on the port side of the saloon deck a little aft of amidships—the three staterooms at the after end of the line of fourteen on that side of the deck. The room is No. 34, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lynch; Mr. and Mrs. Mooney had No. 32 and Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were assigned to stateroom No. 28. Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York, had No. 30.

A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Mooney who called at the offices of the line yesterday said that just before sailing Mrs. Mooney had told him that they had succeeded in arranging matters so that they would be in a room adjoining that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, their friends. It is believed therefore that Mrs. Griggs had exchanged rooms with the Murphys. Mrs. Griggs, so far as known, was unhurt, while Mrs. Murphy was one of the two whom Capt. Ranson's messages named as being badly injured.

Staterooms 96, 98 and 100 were on the upper deck, immediately below the rooms where the casualties occurred. Mrs. Washburn, living at the Hotel Belmont, had room 98; the Countess Pasolini, formerly Miss Mildred Montague of Nashville, Tenn., was in 98, and 100 was unoccupied. The same place on the main deck below that was taken up by two staterooms, 126, occupied by Miss Mulligan and Miss Hewitt of Astoria, L. I., and 128, taken by two New York men who were booked through an agent and whose names were not in the line's office books.

William H. White, a lumberman of Fargo, S. D., was on the sailing list along with his brother, A. A. White of St. Paul, Minn. W. H. White was recalled from New York just before the sailing of the ship by important telegrams from the West and was forced to give up the outing. A wireless message was received by him yesterday morning from his brother which read: "Safe and well on the Baltic."

At 1:30 yesterday afternoon the line received word that the despatch destroyer Seneca had located the Republic. "United States despatch destroyer Seneca reported twenty miles from the Republic," the message read, "and hastening toward her. With the aid of the vessel and the tug Republic will be towed to New York."

Officers of the company, in want of definite details concerning the condition of the Republic, declined to give any estimate as to the length of time which probably would be consumed in the journey.

Capt. Ranson at 5 o'clock sent this message to the owners, which was received by them half an hour later by way of Sagopack, L. I.: "Gave revenue cutter by wireless position of Republic. Left Furness alongside Republic. Lightship known position of Republic. Have not been in touch with Minneapolis. We will probably arrive Ambrose 11 P. M. Have on board from both vessels about 1,650 persons."

Late in the afternoon Mr. Mitchell announced that the Gen. Putnam, which had been chartered on Saturday afternoon to meet at Sandy Hook whatever ship should bring in the Republic's passengers, would leave Pier 49, North River, at 5 o'clock this morning to take relatives of the Republic's passengers and newspaper men out to the Baltic. It had been expected on Saturday, when it was supposed that the Florida would be the vessel to carry the Republic's people to land, that the Putnam would take out a supply of provisions and also that she might receive a part of the passengers and bring them to the city. This part of the plan was abandoned when it was learned that the Baltic had the passengers, since, although she had a pretty full house, she carried an ample supply of eatables and staying aboard her would be much better adapted to the presumably nervous condition of shipwrecked passengers, twice transferred at sea, than would be another transfer and this time to an immigrant boat, with all the inconveniences and minor evils that the name implies. The Baltic was expected to anchor, presumably just inside the Hook, and then come up the bay later in the morning.

Reassurance as to the health and safety of the Republic's passengers outside the four fatalities in the three staterooms was not confined to Capt. Ranson's reports to the owners of the wrecked vessel. A considerable number of private wireless messages were got through during the day from passengers who informed anxious friends that they were well and "all right" on the Baltic.

Reports that the Republic carried a large sum of money collected for the sufferers from the earthquake at Messina were denied yesterday at the offices of the White Star Line. At least Manager Mitchell of the Mediterranean service said that no such money had been turned over to the steamship company for transportation. It was of course possible, Mr. Mitchell said, that some individual passenger had such a treasure in his personal belongings.

THE FLORIDA ALL RIGHT, HE SAYS

The New York Arrives, and Capt.
Roberts Tells of Summons
to the Rescue.

Capt. W. I. Roberts of the American liner New York, which docked shortly after noon to-day, said that the disabled Florida should make this port in safety.

"We left her," he said, "at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon about twenty miles off Nantuxet. She was then making about seven knots, and should be off the Hook by 3 o'clock."

"Her nose was all crushed, for forty feet, it seemed. We stood by her till she told us she didn't need our help. As she had no wireless, we had to use the signal flags. She signalled back in answer to our offer of help that she was in no immediate danger, and that we had better go on."

"When we reached the Republic, about ten o'clock yesterday morning, everybody had been taken off, except the Captain and a boat's crew. Their wireless was out of working then and we went near enough to her to talk to the captain through the speaking trumpet. He said he was waiting for tug men."

From others of the ship's officers it was learned that the New York got the first intimation of the disaster by a wireless message from Sinesmet sent by Manager Franklin from the New York office. The message read that the Florida was sinking and directed the New York to go to her assistance. One hour later they heard from the Baltic and blundered around in the fog till yesterday morning before they arrived on the scene and got into communication with the Baltic and the two damaged vessels.

WIRELESS HAS PROVEN VALUE IN OTHER COLLISIONS.

Although never before the Florida had rammed the Republic and wireless played so spectacular and so timely a part in the moving drama of the sea, it had already proved its worth under somewhat similar circumstances several times since its adoption by the big transatlantic lines.

When the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd line, lost her rudder-post off the Newfoundland banks, on Oct. 27, 1892, wireless telegraphy was of the greatest aid. Capt. Charles Pollock, in command, at once telegraphed to the agents of the line here, that his vessel was in danger and would proceed to Bremen, steering with the propellers.

Daily wireless messages were sent from the crippled Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and the passengers on board were thus able to allay the anxiety of their friends on shore.

Capt. Pollock took the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse into port last night, about four hours later, and the vessel was escorted with the Order of the Crown, of the third class, by the despatch destroyer Seneca. When the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was in danger, a number of Roberts' Reef was a fact, the wireless telegraph was once again all safety.

Capt. Neeble wireless at once that his vessel had been rammed, but that no damage was done. Being located entirely in the stern overboard, far above the water line.

The fog was so dense that it was impossible to move before the Republic could be reached. The Crown of the Republic was in the water, but at the time was not in danger, because of the wireless (Capt. Neeble sent).

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REPUBLIC'S SURVIVORS TELL HOW HEROISM SAVED THEM

CAPTAIN AND MATE SUNK WITH LINER BUT WERE SAVED

**As Republic Was Taking Plunge Com-
mander Sealby Climbed Mast—He
and Second Officer Williams Pick-
ed Up in Water—Coming Here with
Volunteer Crew.**

Wheat, Hope, Miss., Jan. 25. When the Roseville went down off Nantuxeko, Capt. Smith and Second Mate Williams, who had descended to stow in one to the last, went down with her. Jack however, went sailing for the Greenham.

arranged and we arrived there this morning
and passed over New York on the Hudson
River Railroad.

There is a copy of the report of the
Board, sold by Lieut. S. A. executive
address of the Commission:

The Greenham and the Republic at 5 p. m. Sunday. The passengers and crew, two officers and the cook, were taken aboard by the boat.

1927. See also the record of the
Negotiations, and therefore will be
concerned to state for each point, the
views of James Thompson and Hays
before the fact of the conference, and
any doubt concerning his views. The
Hays is no talker, but his views are
the complement of Thompson's belief.

Went Back to Republic.

A Danish message, received this morning, has been from the authorities in Copenhagen, informing that the Danish Navy and its auxiliary vessels, stationed in the coast of the Atlantic, returned back to land and the Channel.

Here for eight hours the Baltic sought the wrecked Republic, all guided by the wireless and signals from steam whistles, she came alongside the ill-fated steamer, was told this afternoon by Capt. J. R. Ransom, of the Baltic:

"I got the first message from the aviation club at 6 a. m.," he said.

Republic in collision. Assistance

"We landed about at once and started back. The passage said the Republic

was in longitude 40, latitude 70. We went
there, but could not find the Republic.
We groped about in the fog and went
on for as 40.27 longitude and latitude
41.50, but still she was not there.

Then we began to receive messages from the Republic telling us our position with regard to her own. They ran like this: "Are you on our port bow. Can you see us?"

"When we received this we listened for the Republican bell and then we heard 'You are here alone.' Can you see on the wall

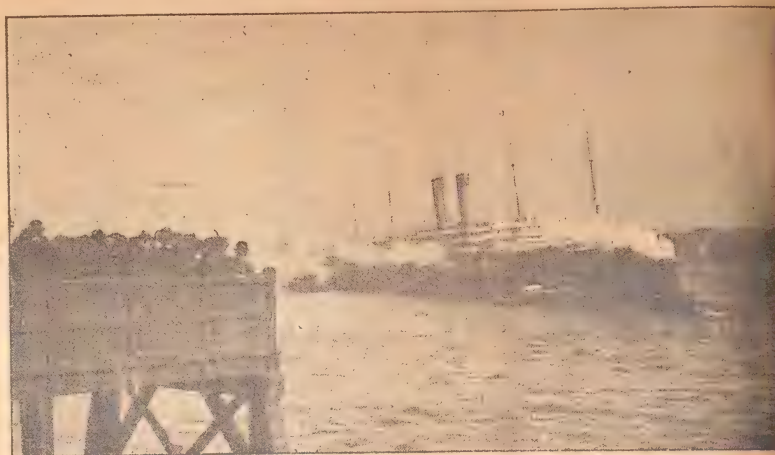
Then there came another: 'You are too close for safety.'

'She was unable to see her. Then there came another message after an interval from the prophet.'

Cont. a Bad State

Along about 6 o'clock Saturday evening about 1880 a messenger called, and was the government agent and made me understand that the one Reynolds, and her partner

BALTIC DOCKING WITH WRECK SURVIVORS



Baltic's Captain On Wireless Work

"The wireless log was shown by the captain, in which had been written by the Marconi operator: 'Slaseconsen says: hear from Republic; says to Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.'

"We had been groping about for hours," Capt. Hansen continued, "and could not find our quest, and felt the situation was getting worse and worse. We had been backing and slowing and searching and straining to find the wrecked ship, and the feeling on board the Baltic was most tense.

"We had been at the place since 10 a. m. and steaming around until 8 p. m. before we finally found the ship.

"Shortly after we discovered the Republic we took off the rewards for many of the crew and officers. I wanted Capt. Seably to leave, believing that the Republic would sink shortly, but he refused. Capt. Seably and his first officer, the boatswain and boatswain's crew remained on board.

Search for Florida

"Then we started to search for it. Finally, after some time we reached the spot and after a consultation it was decided to take all the passengers into the boat."

"I took us from 8 p.m. Sunday and
8 a.m. Sunday to effect the transfer
used the crews of all three vessels
the work had had and that one of
Reynolds boats to use. In fact
brought into this port seven or eight
Reynolds boats.

Badly Overcrowded.

"We transferred of the Florida's first 13 first-class and 829 third-class passengers and two of the crew. We transferred of the Republic's first 228 first-class and 211 third-class, and of her crew 244. We had on our own list 88 first-class, 172 second-class, 329 third-class and a crew of 345, so that we were very much overworked."

"My behavior acted splendidly. The only incident was when one Italian woman fell overboard head first. Her clothing kept her two uppermost for a time, but a shower of ice buds fell all over her, and when her head came up she grabbed the nearest buoy, and we got her about 20 minutes."

In making the transfer the first persons to be put in the boats were the women and children. According to the statement of Steward, Washburn and others, the men were tried to get in first.

"According to the stories of the guards this man, who is well known, was to get in before all the women were taken off, and he was rather handsomely handled by the stewards and crew, but at the time of the first transfer to the Florida and the second transfer to the Bahia.

The man was found in his dormitory of the Republic Hotel in the act of attempting to use a blow torch against a wall in the rooming house after which it was necessary to have him removed by the authorities to the police station. He was taken to the police station and held in custody for some time before being released to the police station.

There is no police on the Russian coast,
it is possible, due to the Russian people. As
last December, the last, the Russian
people, people, and people, and people,
and people, and people, and people.

our operator they were rushed up on the bridge to me, and I was thus enabled to give steering orders that resulted at last in finding the Republic. The messages came probably half an hour apart.

"While the wireless was a great help at times it hampered us in our work

The weather was very bothersome. The fog was thick all of Saturday. At night it lightened, but it was thick again on Sunday, making it difficult to travel for the passengers.

"I repeatedly asked Capt. Seabury to come aboard the Baltic, but he persisted in sticking by the Republic."

THE MARVELLOUS
An imperilled great vessel's sharp cry for help
breaking in two hours before sunrise, on a stream
of commercial "wireless." To any part of the
world outside the stricken steamship Republic
that was the beginning. In the hours that fol-
lowed, such a story of sea fact was unfolded
through the wonderful service of the Marconi sys-
tem as sea fiction has yet to equal.

There are technical questions of interest involved in this tale of ocean collision and of miraculously averted wholesale tragedy. Did the submarine signal apparatus in the pilot-room of the Republic fail to give warning of the Florida's approach? And since the piercing of the Republic's engine-room by the Florida's steel prow seems to have been comparable to the driving of a knife into a man's heart, what is to be done to relieve henceforth any modern ship from vulnerability like that here revealed? But matters of construction will be discussed in order in steamship offices and builders' yards. At this moment and everywhere the story is the thing.

That which is absolutely new in the narrative is the working of the wireless. The shock of collision—passengers have been awakened by it many times before. The first rush of the panic-stricken—it was inevitable and is always theatrical. The quick command of the situation by a competent captain and disciplined crew—fortunately for the annals of sea-going this is but an item in which expectation was fulfilled. But the voices out of the air and the fog—

From the thick mists, suddenly, the Florida emerged to deal its destructive blow. The thrush delivered, the sharp prod disappeared behind a gray veil as mysteriously as it had appeared. Then, while the Republic still reeled from the blow, began the succession of those wireless messages in which hardly less of mystery remains because we know that men send and control them at will. These were the voices: First, of appeal from the wounded ship; then, of response from comrades of the deep; after a brief time, to the world at large, blessed assurance of everybody's safety on board; at length, in continuous installments, the description of passengers transferred and the toll of men and boats "standing by."

A "romance of the sea" was this? The phrase is tame. It was a unique marvel of an age amazingly new. Tongues have been given to the tall ships and those silences over ocean have been broken which were allies to the age-old demons of wreck.

**DESERTS POST
AT THE CRASH**

Quartermaster of the Florida Leaps
From the Wheel as the Re-
public Looms Up.

KNOCKED DOWN BY CAPTAIN

Action of Helmsman Had Much to Do With
the Disaster, Say Seamen of
Lost Ship.

**CAPT. SEALBY ABOARD
WHEN REPUBLIC SANK**

Memoranda Right, Martha's Vineyard,
Mass., Jan. 25. Capt. Sealby and the
fifty members of the volunteer crew of
the Republic were transferred to the
last-mentioned steamer off Vineyard

WILLIAM ESPERD D. PORTER

Geo. THADDEUS A. SAIVELY

SAFUEL COPPLES

LEON BOUCHESSON

Mrs. JOHN F. DAVIS

DAVID S. COWLES

BRAYTON DAVIS

DAVID S. COWLES

J.B. CONNOLLY

Mrs. DAVID S. COWLES

Quartermaster of the Florida Leaps From the Wheel as the Re- public Looms Up.

Action of Helmsman Had Much to Do With the Disaster, Say Seamen of Lost Ship.

According to the stewards and seamen of the Republic, the man who may, in a great measure, have been responsible for the collision was Romolo Schioffino, quartermaster of the Florida, who was in charge of the wheel just before the collision. As the Republic loomed up in front of the Florida, Schioffino deserted his post at the wheel. The captain of the Florida shouted an order to him, and seeing that he had deserted the wheel, picked up a marlinpike and smashed it over Schioffino's head.

Schloffino was on board the *Battle* with his head so bandaged that it was possible to see only his left eye. He told some of the seamen what had happened, and their feeling for him was not the best.

According to Steward Whittle at the time of the collision the Republic was running at quarter speed, about seven knots, and the Florida when he first saw her lights was coming along at a pretty fast clip. Apparently it was just about the time Whittle saw the Florida that the quartermaster of the Florida left the wheel. Whittle said the Florida first was coming from the angles toward the Florida, the latter pointing east and the Florida south. There was a blast from the whistle and the Florida swerved slightly from her course, but not enough

Those who heard Schilling's story believe that the collision might have been avoided, if the traveling blow, had the quarter-master struck at his post, shoved his wheel inward again, and held the wheel there at the point of contact. The accident from his story, as told by the seamen and stewards, that he did not get his wheel over, throwing his vessel to starboard and that the wheel was of such a size, and that his vessel was turning when he let go the wheel was carried away. The wheel rolled back, of course, and the ladder, straining to get up, was torn and fell into the ship's hold.

The Recreable

The statement was also made that the reason for the quarter-master's presence on the ship was that he had feared to return to his home in Florida.

Menemsha Bight, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Jan. 25. Capt. Seally and the fifty members of the volunteer crew of the Republic were transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca off Vineyard sound lightship at 8 a. m. today and an hour later the Seneca started for New York.

The Republic sank last night nine miles south by east of Nantucket light ship in about forty fathoms of water.

Capt. Sealby was picked up from a grating, but was not hurt, and none of the crew was injured. The Gresham, after transferring the Republic's survivors to the Seneca, started for Wood Lake, arriving there at 10.30 a. m.

The information regarding the sinking of the Republic was gained from the captain of the revenue cutter Mohawk which today was found to be the vessel that anchored in the fog off Gay Head last night and was reported to be the Gresham.

Capt. Landry, of the Mohawk, stated that after leaving New Bedford yesterday morning, where the Mohawk had come off the flats without injury, he steamed for Nantucket lightship and was within fifteen miles of that vessel last night when he received a wireless dispatch from the derelict destroyer Seneca that the Republic, which the Seneca had been towing, had sunk nine miles south.

The Mohawk was ordered to return Menemsha Blight and to be in readiness to assist in taking off the Gresham portion of the crew of the Republic, as there was not room enough on board the Seneca for their accommodation.

During the night Capt. Sealby was heard to send a message to the agent of the line in New York stating that he was not injured and that he had been picked up from a grating after the ship sank.

in the vicinity of the Vineyard sound lightship, ten miles to the northwest of Gay Head, and there Capt. Seably and his crew of fifty men were transferred to the Seneca.

The transfer was made about 8 a. m. to-day in a thick fog and an hour later the two entities parted company, the Seneca steaming toward New York while the Gresham began threading her way through the fog up Vineyard sound to Woods Hole.

It is believed that the Sencen will arrive in New York late to-night with Capt. Sealby and his men, and that she will go by the way of Long Island sound.

Mrs Eugene Lynch, who was killed on the steamship Republic, and her husband, who was injured, were very prominent in social circles in Boston. Mr. Lynch, who is in the wholesale liquor business, is seventy years old and his wife fifty-five. This was to have been their first trip abroad.

Two sisters of Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. J. H. Phillips of Homerville, Mass., and Mrs. P. J. Kinnegan, of Cambridge, Mass., together with her two cousins, Joseph A. McCarthy, a lawyer, of Troy, N. Y., and his sister, Helen McCarthy, are stopping at the Hotel Metropole. When told tonight of the death of Mrs. Lynch, Mr. McCarthy said:

"When we heard that the Republic had met with an accident we were fearful for the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, because of their advanced age. Then when the later reports came in, we thought that all was saved. We felt that

The Florida Asking the Baltic via Wireless to Stand By and Prepare to Take Off Passengers



Forbell

Passengers Wire Hotel, Asking Accommodations

Many of the passengers on the steamship Republic went aboard the boat when the Waldorf Astoria. At least half of those have sent wireless messages to the hotel asking for moral support, and for information of the Baltic people. As the boat is held fast this morning, all the passengers had left home a great many days ago. The boat was on its way to New York, and was expected to arrive there in a few days. The passengers were in a state of great anxiety, and were asking for information of the Baltic people. The hotel is now in a state of great anxiety, and is asking for information of the Baltic people. The hotel is now in a state of great anxiety, and is asking for information of the Baltic people.

St. Louis, and Mrs. J. L. Stack and G. B. Van Wert, of Chicago. "Safe and well," was the wireless message received by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson P. Pond, the parents of Charles F. Pond, of No. 2 West End avenue, yesterday morning. Mr. Pond, who is twenty-seven years old, and a law student in New York, was on his way to Europe for a tour of that country. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dougherty, of No. 29 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, who were on the Republic, were going to Europe, and were traveling through the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They were expected to reach Europe in a few days. The passengers were in a state of great anxiety, and were asking for information of the Baltic people. The hotel is now in a state of great anxiety, and is asking for information of the Baltic people.

BINNS KEEPS WIRELESS BUSY AS REPUBLIC SINKS

"C. Q. D." (Ship in great danger). This was the first message sent by Wireless Operator J. R. Binns from the Republic Saturday. "G." (Send at once, am ready) was flashed back by J. B. Bour, wireless operator on La Lorraine, when he picked up the distress signal. The answer came back: M. L. L. (La Lorraine), Lat. 40.17, Long. 70 W.-M. K. C. (Republic) wrecked. Wants assistance. La Lorraine replied at 7:10. Your C. Q. D. message received O. K. Nuffin captain. M. L. L. Meanwhile Bour had flashed the news of the wreck to the Lucania, and at 7:50 sent this message to Siasconset: Please tell Republic we are the one hundred and twenty under off. Small reach her at 2 p. m. -M. L. L. Through the Republic: Please tell us if you are in for and your exact position. The reply came: M. L. L. -Position, latitude 40.17, longitude 70 West. We are in for M. L. L.

Then there were these unofficial messages: I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to and. Keep cool, old man. Keep courage. We'll get you out of that fix in a moment. O. K. Come along. We're waiting for you. Old man, we are nearly blowing our boilers off. Are doing twenty-two knots. As La Lorraine heard the Republic Bour sent this message: Say, old man, how we are on the job, but we can't stop you. Tell your captain we can hear his siren, but we are steering straight toward you. Also he might make as much noise as possible to draw our steering, because the fog is thick. Finally at 6:40 p. m. Binns sent this: Republic save to start for the Florida. She is proceeding to New York with passengers and may have some one to stand by. She is blowing four times. Binns's last word to Bour was: I'm still on the job, but I'm getting all tired. Keep Republic on the job. The Republic is now gone for good. Siasconset. BINNS.

SURVIVORS TELL THRILLING STORIES OF WRECK

White Star Liner Is Sunk Off Nantucket—Florida
Headed Here Under Her Own Steam—Six
Passengers Killed in the Collision
and Several Injured.

ALL NIGHT TRANSFER UNDER SEARCHLIGHTS IN BOATS

"The Republic's Crew Were a Splendid Lot of Men," Says H. J. Hover, of Spokane. "We Were Dazed First, but When the Captain Made a Speech We Got Our Nerve."

The White Star steamship *Baltic*, bringing 1,650 survivors of the collision between her sister ship, the *Republic*, and the Italian liner *Florida*, started up the bay at daylight, bound for her pier in North River.

The badly crippled Florida, travelling by her own steam, is somewhere outside, heading for Sandy Hook under convoy of the American liner New York.

The stove-in Republic sank at 8 o'clock last night off Nanucket Island while a fleet of tugs were trying to get her into the nearest port. Her gallant captain, Sealby, one of the heroes of the wreck, and his salvage crew stuck by the sinking ship until the water, rising over the decks, swept them off their feet. They were all saved.

It did not develop until yesterday afternoon that there had been loss of life in the collision. On the Republic Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, a banker of Langdon, N. Dak., were instantly killed in their staterooms. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, Grand Forks, N. D., were badly hurt. Four unnamed persons on the Florida, presumably steerage passengers, were also killed. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Banker Mooney probably went down with the wreck of the Republic last night.

An Evening World tug was the first craft to reach the Baltic after she entered the Hook. As she lay at anchor off Ambrose Light the captain of the rescuing ship and two of the passengers from the lost Republic shouted down the first authentic details of the disaster to the reporters listening below.

A big black hulk slid in through the fog soon after midnight, passing the Hook without signalling, and dropped her anchor with a muffled splash off Ambrose Lightship at 1.15 o'clock this morning. In such an unpicturesque, unspectacular manner did the White Star liner *Baltic* come to port, bringing with her 1,650 survivors of one of the biggest wrecks and biggest life-saving achievements in the history of Atlantic navigation.

For she had on board the passengers of the lost steamship Republic, barring only two, who were dead, and one who was injured, and all the passengers of the disabled steamship Florida except four in the steerage, who died in the collision between the two boats in the fog of Saturday morning.

As the Baltic halted, the tug Elzezzine, under charter by The Evening World, which had been waiting for her off the Hook all night, raced up alongside. From the deck of the dancing tug a reporter for this paper called up through a megaphone.

A moment later a dim figure appeared at the rail.

"What do you want?" called out the figure, in a hoarse, weary voice. "I am Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic. Please be brief, gentlemen, for I am worn out, and I have yet the task of docking my ship and getting all these people ashore and cared for."

Then, replying to questions from the tug, Capt. Ranson shouted out this: "All those on board from the two steamers are doing as well as could be expected. Some are suffering from the nervous shock, but the great majority are normal, even the earthquake refugees from Italy, who were in the steerage of the Florida.

"The Florida is following us in under convoy of the American liner New York. She is travelling under her own steam.

"The condition of the Republic is favorable for salvage. She had no perceptible list when we parted from her, although she was well down by the stern." (At this time neither the Captain nor the reporter had any way of knowing that the Republic had gone down off Nantucket Island last night after a gallant effort by her crew to save her.)

With his voice roaring strangely through a speaking trumpet Captain Ranson went on to supply the chapters, missing until then, in the narrative of the disaster.

*EULOGY IN CONGRESS
FOR JACK BINNS, HERO*

*House Halts in Day's Business, While Mr. Boutell of Illinois
Sounds Praises of the Republic's Wire-
less Operator.*

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Pausing for a moment in its legislative activities, the House of Representatives to-day listened to a eulogy of John R. Büns, the Marconi operator on the liner Republic, who remained at his post until the ship went down, following her collision Saturday with the Florida.

Mr. Boutell of Illinois was given unanimous consent to address the House "on a matter of public interest." After referring to the collision Mr. Boutell, amid loud applause, said that throughout the whole critical period, "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized." He mentioned names by name, and in conclusion said:

"Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency, and that in human life no danger is so great that some 'Jack Binns' is not ready to face it?"

When the roll of honor of the men who took part in the saving of the hundreds of passengers on the rammed White Star liner Republic is made up the names of H. G. Tatternell, wireless operator on the rescuing sister steamship Baltic, who was at his post fifty-two hours without sleep; John T. Blinn, who stuck to his wireless key on the crippled Republic when the room had been wrecked by the prow of the Florida; and Ernest Monrouzeau and J. B. Hour of the French liner Lorraine will be found in conspicuous places.

To the work of these four men, more

than to anything else, is due the fact that help came so promptly to the Republic, and their performances emphasize the fact that a new and powerful agency has been developed that will minimize the dangers of deep sea travel.

It was Binns who sat at his instrument, with the wireless 'phone strapped to his head, for a stretch of thirty hours, sending out through the fog-laden air the maintenance call of the sea, "C. D. Q."—which, translated, means "Hurry" and "Danger." Up and down the coast the call for aid was flashed till finally it was caught by Tattersall on the Baltic.

Although the cabin in which Binns sat on the Republic was smashed, he was not hurt, and his wireless apparatus was not damaged. So, as soon as he realized that the boat was in danger, he began sending blue flashes out on the air calling for aid for the helpless liner.

Soon the wireless men on the *Lorraine*, bound in from Havre, picked up the message, and passed it to the *Islandia*. Thirty miles apart, and before long there was a constant flash of messages between the *Republic*, *Hattie*, *Lorraine*, and *Islandia*, and the *Islandia* and *Lorraine* were making a dangerous rate of speed. In the fog in order to see each other, the collection

When the Mullie finally got to the spot, and the passengers were rescued, Tiedholm was about to relinquish his post to a subordinate when a question was flashed to him from shore.

Then he went to the north and turned in our ranch needed place. King of the Republic also got a chance to work and the two occasions on the French lines who kept upon steadily back all the Republic, he was rewarded, were shot or posted.

PAY FOR LOSS OF THE REPUBLIC

If the Florida Is Declared Responsible Her Value Will Be the Only Recompense.

ADMIRALTY LAWYER EXPLAINS

Owners Cannot Be Made to Pay for Additional Damages—Rescue Work Costs Nothing.

The question of who is to blame for the collision between the Republic and Florida and the responsibility for the heavy losses are now the matters which must be settled and the admiralty lawyers will be kept busy. According to Harrington Putnam of Wing, Putnam & Burlingham of 27 William street, in America and most European countries, with the exception of England, the owners of the vessel which is not at fault can obtain from the owners of the colliding vessel only the value of the latter after it has reached port, and its pending freight money.

Taking for instance the collision between the Republic and the Florida, and assuming the latter was to blame, and also assuming that both vessels were to reach New York, there are legal claims against the Florida under these heads: Injury to the Republic.

Loss of Republic's freight money.

Damages to Republic's cargo, including passengers' baggage, and damages for injuries to passengers, and for loss of life.

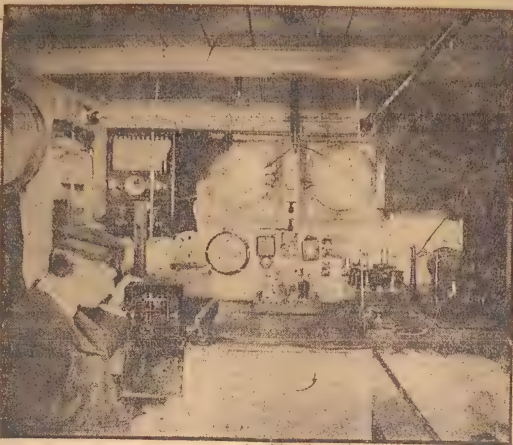
Putting all these items at \$500,000, and assuming, for the purpose of illustration, that the value of the Florida after the accident, and her pending freight money, together with the money received from passengers' fares for the voyage, is \$100,000, those having claims against the Florida can only recover their pro rata share of the latter sum, or 20 cents on every dollar claimed.

Should the Florida become a total wreck there would be absolutely nothing to pay claims with except the passage money received from the Florida for this trip, because under the law the owners of the vessel cannot be sued on any assets they may have outside the vessel concerned. It having been the high seas is outside the owner's control. Of course, Mr. Putnam explained, if it could be proved that the colliding vessel was sent out in an unseaworthy condition, an action for damages would lie against the owners indefinitely, but this is a very rare occurrence.

On the other hand, assuming that the Republic was the colliding ship, the owners of the Florida and the passengers on her would have a chance to obtain better compensation if she had not sunk, for the Republic was much more valuable than the other ship, and there was a corresponding increase in her pending freight money and in her passenger fares. But now that the Republic has sunk, the passengers on the Florida and the owners of the latter vessel in case the Republic is held blameless, have only the bare passenger money the White Star Line received for the voyage to fall back on. No claim can be maintained against the other assets of the company.

As regards the liability of the owners of each vessel to their respective passengers this also is limited. Each ticket issued states explicitly the maximum liability and beyond this the passenger has no claim. His action for any further loss lies against the owners of the colliding vessel. Should he be unfortunate enough to have been a passenger on that ship he can only recover the amount provided for by the contract on his ticket. Passengers that have been damaged by water would make claim for standing by a damaged vessel. In the case of the colliding vessel the law made it imperative for the latter to do so, as the sailing of the passengers from a damaged ship by one who had gone to her assistance, Mr. Putnam said, is now very seldom that a claim is made for this. It was a matter of course to save life at sea. He mentioned a disaster which occurred some ten years ago.

WIRELESS ROOM ON THE SUNKEN REPUBLIC FROM WHICH CALLS FOR AID WERE FLASHED



CAPT. RANSON TELLS OF HOURS' SEARCH IN FOG

Praises Captain of Whaleback, Whose Vessel Whistled for the Helpless Republic—Good Words for the Passengers.

The story of the finding of the disabled Republic and the rescue of the passengers and crew was a more stirring tale than was at first supposed before the details were furnished by Capt. J. B. Ranson, commander of the Baltic. Capt. Ranson, sitting in his cabin on the Baltic to-day, after his sixteen hundred and odd passengers had safely gone ashore, told in a modest way what he had done. A few paragraphs received by him from the Republic, while he was searching for the stricken ship, told an unparalleled story of the sea that would have been impossible without the wireless. These telegrams showed how Capt. Sealby of the Republic, with the aid of Coast lights, the fog bell, and the wireless, finally directed the Baltic to where the Republic was lying helpless.

There was no steam on the Republic, the fires having been extinguished, so that the whistles on the Republic were not available. Again, when the Baltic lost the Republic a whaleback steamer stood by close to the Republic and whistled for her until Capt. Ranson succeeded in finding the Republic a second time. Capt. Ranson paid a high tribute to the captain of the whaleback, which was the City of Everett, for the assistance she had rendered.

NINE HOUR SEARCH.

The Baltic was upward of nine hours in the finding of the Republic, which was done by 8 o'clock Saturday night. From that time on until 5 o'clock Sunday morning, the work of transferring the passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was continued with an interruption. Capt. Ranson said he had no criticism to make of any of the crew or passengers on the Republic. He said the passengers in particular had acted splendidly.

Capt. Ranson, in detailing what happened, said he had received the first alarm at 10 o'clock Saturday morning.

"The Republic," said Capt. Ranson, "passed us at 10 o'clock. I have copies of all the messages, and here are some of them."

"The first message picked up read as follows:

"You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?"

Another message read: "You are now very close. Can you see our lights?"

LOCATED BY WHISTLE

Capt. Sealby located the Baltic by her whistle, then sent his directions by wireless. Accordingly, in a few minutes the Republic reached the message.

"You are now on our port bow. Can you see our lights?"

captains of the two ships got into touch with each other, Capt. Ranson displayed this telegram:

"You are getting lower (referring to the Baltic's whistle); steer east-south-east. Listen to our bell."

"The very first message I received," said Capt. Ranson, "was that the Republic was in a dangerous position, in latitude 40° longitude 70°. We proceeded to the point designated and the Republic was not there. Then we had to grope. We scouted. We were interfered with by wireless, which complicated the situation."

"We received notice at 6 A. M. Saturday that the Republic had been in collision and that assistance was wanted, and we turned back and commenced the search. We began the search at 11 A. M. and continued till 8 P. M., when she was finally found. The first thing we did was to take off the crew of the Republic, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer the passengers. We transferred the Republic's passengers, and then we transferred the Florida's passengers, using the crews of all three ships in this work. We used only the Republic's boats, which we have seven or eight on the Baltic now."

"The transfer of passengers was made between 8 P. M. Saturday night and 8 A. M. Sunday morning."

WEATHER WAS THREATENING.

"The weather was threatening and very nasty, but there were no accidents. The total number transferred was, I believe, 1,670, along with 3,200 sacks of mail. I left Capt. Sealby on the Republic, with his chief officers, his boatswain, his chief steward, and about a half a crew of men."

"There was only one accident, and that was when an Italian woman fell overboard. She dropped into the water like a bag of potatoes."

"Life buoys dropped all around her and upon her, and there was no difficulty in getting her out. After we had finished with the passengers we went back to the Republic and found her all right at that time. Then the officers and steward all went back to the Republic, and the fog became so thick that we lost her."

"But there had come up an American whaleback named the City of Everett. Her contact was fine. She stayed by the Republic all night, and blew the whistle for us till we found the Republic again."

"Then the Furnessia came along. One message I received made me very anxious. It was while we were trying to find the Republic. It read this way: 'Passenger ship from Republic. Say to Baltic we hurry. Sinking fast.' That message I think we received shortly before we found the Republic on Saturday night."

"When I got aboard the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to send aboard my ship. But he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by the last."

WOMAN'S BODY CARRIED DOWN WITH REPUBLIC

Mrs. Eugene Lynch, Banker M. J. Mooney and Four Others Killed.

TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS BY SEARCHLIGHT.

News was received here today that when the Republic went down the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, a banker, of Boston, and S. D., which were in caskets on the deck, sank with her.

The other victims killed in the disaster were sailors on the Florida.

Eugene Lynch, husband of Mrs. Lynch, and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, wife of the financial agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Grand Forks, N. D. were injured.

Transfer by Searchlight.

The fog which held throughout yesterday had overhung the waters off Nantucket all through the previous night, yet it was at this time that the transfer of passengers from the Florida to the Baltic was made.

The work began at 11:40 o'clock on Saturday night, with ten boats, each carrying ten passengers besides the crews that manned them, doing the work. The vessels lay about a mile apart, and over the intervening water played the rays of the searchlights on the Baltic.

There was a sea running at the time, and the little boats tossed and pitched as they vented their way backward and forward between the two vessels, now laden until their gunwales were almost under, now riding back after depositing their passengers, with the lightning of seathens.

All Safely Transferred.

All night long the work was kept up until 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when the last of the Republic's passengers and those of the Florida as well, numbering in all 4,450 souls, had been safely carried aboard the stanch liner.

But in the excitement of the work the Republic had been lost to sight. With her engine flies out and her engine room full of water, which washed into it through the gaping hole in her side, the stricken steamer was at the mercy of the winds and waves, drifting farther and farther in a fog which rendered objects invisible when only yards away.

Republic Found Again.

Capt. Ranson, of the Baltic, set his wireless to work, reported to the office here the safe transfer of the surviving passengers and crew, and announced that he was going in search of the Republic. He had started on what appeared a hopeless task when the fog suddenly lifted a bit.

It was only a little, just enough to show the Republic lying some distance away, but still apparently safe and in no danger of sinking.

The lifeline of the sea extended, too, that a fleet of salvage tugs had arrived at the scene, and that the New York had taken a position near the Florida, while the Furnessia, which had come to the night, was also going to render its assistance.

Baltic Starts for Port.

With this help at hand, Capt. Ranson cleared the next morning from the White Star office to start for the city, and the Baltic steamed off on her homeward journey, leaving the Furnessia to care for the Republic, and the New York to convey the Florida, whose captain declined assistance.

STORY OF THE SINKING TOLD BY FURNESSIA.

STEAMSHIP FURNESSIA, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25. After a day of search during the night of Monday, the Furnessia arrived yesterday at Florida at the dock on South street, just seven miles south of the stricken Republic.

The Baltic was already there, and had the Republic's passengers, who had been transferred from the Florida to the Baltic. The Baltic then continued her search for the Republic.

After ascertaining that the Republic needed no assistance, the Furnessia proceeded at 4:45 o'clock to search for the Republic, and at 5:45 o'clock in the morning sighted the Republic and the Baltic lying close by.

The Furnessia came alongside the Republic at 6:45 o'clock. The Republic was then taken to New York, and the Furnessia stood by. The Republic and the Furnessia were then taken to New York, and the Furnessia stood by.

The Republic had been rescued on the beach, but had been in good condition for towing. At noon the Furnessia sent a boat alongside the Republic, and officers from the latter came aboard the Furnessia.

At 12:30 the Government tugboat cutter Gresham arrived and made fast ahead of the Republic. The Furnessia made fast astern. A boat was then made, proceeding very slowly. At 2 P. M. the Government cutter Gresham arrived.

At 6:30 P. M. towing was again begun, but the stern davits were cut away at 6:55 P. M., so it was necessary to stand by.

Only the captain and chief officer of the Republic were then on board. All the crew had been transferred to the Gresham during the afternoon.

The night was very dark, only a small light on the Republic's side being visible from the Furnessia. There was not a sound of any kind from the Republic, except the faint whistle of the steam at 8:40 o'clock, the Republic disappeared in thirty-five fathoms of water.

It was only when the Gresham reported the Republic sunk and searchlights flashed around that one could believe she had disappeared. The captain and chief officer were on board when she sank, and fears were felt that they had gone down, but a boat from the Gresham picked them up safely.

After waiting about a week at Boston and then being the Furnessia proceeded on her way to New York.

ONE OF THE HEROES WHO LED WORK OF RESCUE ON REPUBLIC



ASSISTANT STEWARD ROBERTS.

REPUBLIC SURVIVORS SAFE IN PORT; THRILLING STORIES OF THE RESCUE

WHITE STAR LINER BALTIC REACHING HER PIER TO-DAY
WITH 1,650 SURVIVORS FROM THE REPUBLIC AND FLORIDA



REPUBLIC'S CAPTAIN CLIMBED THE MAST AS HIS SHIP SANK

WOODS HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—Thirty-eight fathoms down, at a point fifteen miles west-southwest of the Nantucket South Shoals Lightship, lies the wreck of the great White Star liner Republic. She sank at 8.10 o'clock Sunday night. So reads the log of the revenue cutter Gresham, which put in here at 10.30 o'clock this morning after a thrilling experience and a vain effort to save the big ship. Here, Philip H. Scott, executive officer of the Gresham, told the following story of the cutter's experience and the sinking of the liner:

"The Gresham found the Republic at 10 A. M. Sunday. The passengers and all but two officers and the deck crew had been transferred to the Baltic.

Capt. Sealby, the second officer of the Republic, and thirty-five men, who had volunteered to stay by their chief, by then were lying alongside the Republic, which had a big list to starboard and was down somewhat by the stern. The Republic at this time was about nine miles southeast of Nantucket Lightship.

"A British passenger steamer was standing by, but there was no other boat in sight. Shortly before noon on Sunday Capt. Sealby and his second officer, followed by the crew of the Republic, climbed back on board, and the Gresham sent a line on board the Republic, which was taken in over the bow.

"The captain of the Gresham offered to tow the Republic or to stand by and pick up the crew if anything happened. At the same time the British passenger steamer sent two lines aboard over the starboard quarter to assist in steering the Republic. The little fleet started up at 12.30, but the Republic proved very unmanageable and could not be steered, as the northeast wind continually swung her around.

"The captain of the Gresham tried to head north-northwest, but only did a little better than westerly. At 3 P. M. the derelict destroyer Senece arrived and took a line ahead of the Gresham.

"At this time very little progress was being made, and it was reported from the Republic that she was making water fast, especially by the stern. About dark another government boat arrived on the scene whose identity could not be learned. She proved very useful in turning her searchlights on to the Republic.

"At 7 o'clock last night the entire crew of the Republic were ordered by Capt. Sealby to abandon the ship, and, getting into their lifeboat, easily overtook the Gresham. The men said that they could not persuade Capt. Sealby to leave his vessel, and the second officer of the Republic refused to leave the side of his commanding officer.

"At 8 o'clock the bow of the Republic, illuminated by the rays of the searchlight, was seen rising fast. Five minutes later two pistol shots were heard and two blue lights were burned. At 8.10 the Republic's bow shot up high in the air and she sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water, in a position fifteen miles west-southwest of Nantucket South Shoals Lightship.

"A lifeboat was dropped from the side of the Gresham and a crew, under the command of Gunner Carl Johnson, started off. The boat returned in three-quarters of an hour with both the captain and the second officer on board. They had been picked up clinging to some wreckage. Neither had on a life preserver.

"When the Republic began to sink Capt. Sealby climbed the foremast and reached the masthead light as his boat went down. The second officer jumped from the rail to the sea and said that he felt some distance and sustained slight bruises in striking the surface of the water. Capt. Sealby was unhurt.

"The Republic was struck on the port side a little more than two-thirds of the way off. A large hole was torn in her side which was clearly visible, but, as sometimes happens in such cases, she had a big list to starboard.

"Capt. Sealby stated that on the deck of the Republic when she went down rest of two caskets containing the bodies of those passengers who had been killed in the collision.

Gunner Johanson declined to discuss his exploit in leading in the rescue of Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, but from other members of the crew the story was obtained.

"When the Republic's crew, at the command of Capt. Sealby, left the steamship he said that he would signal before the final plunge of his ship in order that the towing hawser might be cut and the possibility of the Gresham being drawn under avoided. Those on the Gresham were watching for the signal, and when at length it flashed out, accompanied by two pistol shots, the connecting hawser was severed with an axe.

"At the same instant the Gresham's forward was lowered and Johnson, with four of the Gresham's men and four from the Republic, pulled swiftly toward the wrecked liner as the sinking liner. Once on board they went into the foremast, a small room, possibly a flag-drum, and set up a line to the fore, securing a lead hawser. The boat came by all other upper Second Officer Williams as he was swimming. Although he was hampered by his heavy long overcoat he had managed to keep afloat.

"A few moments later, steering toward a starboard wharf, some one of the deck crew ran up to a floating crane and hoisted Capt. Sealby, almost exhausted, to the deck.

"The crew then were guided back to the Gresham by signals. As they drew up alongside, and those on board the cutter learned that the two officers of the Republic were safe, both American and British sailors tried to outdo each other in cheering, but many of the Republic's men said as they looked their captain to the deck.

"After the Republic was hoisted with arms and legs, Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams, slightly recovered from their ordeal, were taken to the pier.

BRavery of Passengers

According to officers of the Gresham, Capt. Sealby and the men of the Republic praised the conduct of the Republic's passengers during the hours immediately following the accident, when it was known that the vessel might go down at any time. He said that when preparations were being made to abandon the Republic one woman begged the time of waiting for the boats by sitting down on the deck of the Republic to play solitaire.

Another passenger, a man, came up to the first officer, and apologizing for speaking to him on such an occasion, when he knew he was in danger, said that his wife had been injured, and asked that she be taken in one of the first boats. The man was also injured, but made no mention of the fact. Capt. Sealby said that room was made for both these people, as they were injured, in the first boat that left the ship.

REVENUE CUTTER'S GOOD WORK.

MEMPHIS, BIGHT, Island of Martha's Vineyard Jan. 25.—The revenue cutter Gresham, which was assisting in towing the steamer Republic with the derelict destroyer Seneca, when the White Star liner made her final plunge to the bottom off Nantucket Lightship last evening, reached a point ten miles off here early today.

Capt. Sealby and fifty members of the crew of the Republic were transferred to the Seneca off Vineyard Sound Lightship at 8 A. M., and an hour later the Seneca started for New York.

The captain of the Gresham stated that the Republic had sunk nine miles south of Nantucket Lightship in about forty fathoms of water. Capt. Sealby was picked up from a grating, but was not hurt, and some of the crew was injured. The Gresham, after transferring the Republic's survivors to the Seneca, started for Woods Hole.

Capt. Landry of the revenue cutter Mohawk, which anchored here last night, brought further information concerning the Republic's sinking. He stated that after leaving New Bedford yesterday morning, where the Mohawk had come off the flats without injury, he steamed directly for Nantucket Lightship and was within fifteen miles of that vessel last night when he received a wireless despatch from the Seneca that the Republic, which the Seneca had been towing, had sunk nine miles south by east of the lightship. The Mohawk was ordered to return to Memphis Bight and to be

In readiness to assist in taking off of the Gresham a part of the crew of the Republic in case there was not room enough on board the Seneca for their accommodation.

During the night Capt. Sealby was heard to send a message to the agents of the line in New York, stating that he was not injured, and that he had been picked up from a grating after the Republic sank.

TRANSFERRING THE CREW.

The Seneca and the Gresham steamed up through comparatively calm water in the vicinity of the Vineyard Sound Lightship, ten miles to the northwest of Gay Head, and there Capt. Sealby and his crew of fifty men were transferred to the Seneca. The transfer was made about 8 A. M. today in a thick fog, and an hour later the two cutters, joined company, the Seneca towing in the direction of New York, while the Gresham began threading her way through the fog up Vineyard Sound toward Woods Hole.

It is believed that the Seneca will arrive in New York late tonight with Capt. Sealby and his men, and that she will go by way of Long Island Sound.

SAUNDONSETT, Mass., Jan. 25.—Wireless despatches told in brief the story of the sinking of the Republic.

The ill-fated steamship went down about 8 o'clock last night, while the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca had been towing. The ship had reached a point about ten miles south of Nantucket when the Republic was seen to be rapidly sinking. About twenty men instantly leaped to rescue. Capt. Sealby and his crew and about half an hour later the Gresham's boat crew. Capt. Sealby and his crew were transferred to the Seneca, and the Gresham was ordered to return to Woods Hole.

LITTLE CHANCE TO RAISE THE SUNKEN REPUBLIC

Wrecking Company Officials Say She Is Too Far Out at Sea.

At the office of the Merrimack-Wyandott Wrecking Company the opinion was expressed today that the Republic lay in too far a position of water to be raised. The company officials said that the Republic was too far out at sea to be raised, and that the only chance of saving her was by towing her to a safe anchorage.

It was stated that the Republic was too far out at sea to be raised, and that the only chance of saving her was by towing her to a safe anchorage. The company officials said that the Republic was too far out at sea to be raised, and that the only chance of saving her was by towing her to a safe anchorage.

THOUSANDS ON THE PIER CHEER MADLY AS SHIP COMES IN

The Baltic, Bringing Also the Passengers From the Florida, Reaches Her Dock After the Plucky 12-Hour Struggle Bringing 1,650 Aboard in the Small Boats.

FLORIDA COMES IN LATER WITH TUG STEERING HER

500 Steerage Passengers on the Florida Charged the Gangway, to Be the First to Get Off, But Were Beaten Back—Bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney in Caskets, Sank With the Republic.

Saved from a death beneath the waves, the four hundred and more passengers who started so merrily for a cruise through the Mediterranean last Friday in the ill-fated White Star liner Republic were put ashore in New York again today from the steamship Baltic, also of the White Star Line. Some of them have given up all desire to tempt old ocean again; others, however, will rest in hotels here until the company arranges for another ship to take them across.

Saved on the Baltic also were the passengers on the Lloyd Italian liner Florida, the craft that rammed the Republic early Saturday morning in a fog off the Nantucket Lightship and was badly damaged herself. Those on the Republic were first carried to the Florida in small boats when it was seen that the White Star craft was sinking. Then it was found that the Florida was none too staunch, and when the great Baltic hove in sight after hours spent in groping through the fog in search of the doomed ship whose wireless had called for help, it was decided that the passengers from both the Republic and the Florida should be put aboard the new comer in whose spacious decks there would be more than enough room for all.

A NERVE-RACKING ORDEAL.

As a result 1,650 men, women, and children were transported by the Baltic's small boats, aided by the cutters of the Florida. Of the passengers in the Italian liner were many refugees from the earthquake in southern Italy. It was the second trip in small boats for the Republic's passengers, and a nerve racking ordeal for all concerned.

With the captain and crew of the steamship Republic, who remained with the stricken vessel until she sank last night, safe on the derelict destroyer Seneca making for this city, the last chapter of the sea drama of Saturday which cost six lives was thus drawing to a close.

The six dead and two injured on the Republic is apparently the sum total of casualties, but the Republic, having sunk, will either be a total loss or very heavily damaged.

The officers of the Baltic report the deaths of Mr. Eugene Lynch of Boston, Mass., and W. J. Mooney of Langdon, N. D., together with four negro sailors whose names are not known. The bodies of Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were placed in hermetically sealed caskets. They sank with the steamer.

The Florida passed in by Sandy Hook about 2.20 P. M. with a tug in tow to assist in securing the liner. The Florida's bow was badly stove in and the ship down by the head as though her forward compartment was filled with water. She was towed to her pier at the foot of Forty-second street, Brooklyn.

Stories told by the Republic's passengers show that the transfer from the Florida to the Baltic in the dark hours of Saturday night came perilously near resulting in a riot of the 500 steerage passengers on the Italian boat, who believed that their vessel was in imminent danger of sinking. Only the efforts of the officers aided by several of the Republic's passengers quieted the frightened men, who sought to be the first to board the lifeboat.

While the passengers of the Republic were being carried to the Baltic word was spread about the Florida that she was in danger of sinking, and the Italian steerage passengers, who until this time evidenced no fears, became greatly alarmed. They pressed about the entrance of the gangway, which was guarded by Chief Steward Stanyer and three of the other ship's officers. The Italians made several rushes for the gangway, but were repulsed by the officers and one or two passengers of the Republic, who used their fists and a few convenient spikes.

One officer is said to have drawn a revolver, while another used a rope end. All night long while the slow progress was made in the transfer

of passengers the Italians were in a constant state of hysteria and fright. One Italian woman was knocked off the gangway, but was pulled aboard a lifeboat.

The first transfer of passengers, that from the Republic to the Florida, was effected without incident, but when it was found that the Florida had insufficient accommodation for the large number on board, and that she would make slow time to New York the order to retransfer all passengers to the Baltic was given. The night was dark and the fog hung thick over the troubled sea. Twenty lifeboats were used to carry the passengers from the Florida, which lay at distances varying from 200 yards to 500 yards away, to the Baltic. The searchlights from the Baltic cut a path of light through the banks of mist, and the sailors worked with a will. Then, after toiling from 8 o'clock in the evening till 8 on Sunday morning, the task was done, and the Baltic headed for New York, leaving the Republic to the care of the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca.

The Baltic anchored three miles outside the entrance to Ambrose Channel at 1.15 this morning, where she waited for the fog to clear away. Shortly after 9 she started to come in, and reached her pier at 12.30 o'clock, where a great crowd was awaiting her.

CHEERS FOR SURVIVORS.

There were fully 5,000 cheering people standing on the dock of the White Star Line at the foot of West Eleventh street, when the big liner was made fast. As the gang planks were put down and the rescued passengers descended to the dock the excitement was intense. Women were weeping and throwing their arms about friends and relatives who were there to meet them. Men congratulated one another on being on land again, and there was a general scene of rejoicing.

Shortly after the Baltic docked two ambulances, one from St. Vincent's Hospital and the other from the New York Hospital, arrived at the pier, and the surgeons were hurried aboard the steamship. They were taken at once to the state rooms where those injured in the collision were.

Mrs. M. J. Murphy of South Fork, S. D., was the first to be taken from the steamship. She suffered from a fractured hip and as she was being carried down the gang-plank on a stretcher her husband, Michael Murphy, who received slight injuries, walked beside her. Both were placed in an ambulance and hurried to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Dr. Monroe of the New York Hospital looked after Steward Woodworth of the Republic, who had suffered from a fractured skull, and Charles Worrall, an officer of the Republic, who suffered from a fractured arm. Both men were carried from the Baltic to the ambulance. Four Italians, who were also injured, were taken away in the ambulances.

As the rescue ship Baltic was awaiting the day and lay seemingly at rest after her exertions before entering the channel and coming up the bay, a newspaper man climbed aboard her great bulk and through megaphones repeated bulletins were hurled on the liner's side. Although flicks twinkled in the saloon and on the bridge and at her masthead there was no answer to the shouts until two German sailors outlined their appearance on deck, through whom the newspaper man carried the first direct news of the disaster. It was then that the liner's gun saloon was lit by the burning light. The gun saloon was lit by the burning light. The gun saloon was lit by the burning light.

In response to queries through the megaphones, Mr. Hoover gave a graphic account of the safe transfer of the passengers from the Republic, and later of the same operation from the Florida. The transfer of scantily dressed and frightened men and women from the Florida lasted twelve hours, beginning at 8 o'clock on Saturday night and ending at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. During the night the searchlights of the Baltic illumined the sea, making a weird picture as boatload after boatload was safely gotten on board the Baltic. Two of the Republic passengers tumbled into the sea while being placed in a boat, but were rescued.

There was little or no panic aboard the Republic at the time of the collision, although after it was seen that the Florida was seriously disabled some of the Italian passengers, rescued from the stricken ship, were in great fear and shrieked and pressed about for aid.

According to Mr. Hoover's account of the crash, the injury to the Republic was about midships on the port side just forward of the centre hatch. Staterooms 14 and 15 were stove by the bow of the Florida, which withdrew from the gap almost instantly and vanished in the first astern, leaving one of her anchors in the wreckage of the demolished stern of the Republic. The onslaught and the crash were so swift that no one aboard had a chance to identify the assailant.

FLORIDA COMES ALONGSIDE.

In half an hour, however, summoned by the distress blast of the Republic, the Florida picked her way through the murky and calm alongside, Captain Sealby had his own boots lowered, and in those and those of the Florida all the passengers in a piece of sea. Among the wounded who of the wounded Italian liner were Eugene Lynch, whose wife had been killed in their

stateroom on the Republic. Mr. Lynch's leg was broken in three places and he was otherwise injured. As it was considered unsafe to transfer him to the Baltic, he was left in charge of the Florida's surgeon.

Mr. Hoover said: "There was very little panic aboard the Republic, although many came on deck in their night clothes. The discipline of the crew was perfect. Three of the compartments of the Republic were flooded. This is not going to prevent my wife and I making our auto trip. Telegram to Spokane that we are all right."

The crash of the Florida into the Republic came between 3 and 4 o'clock on Saturday morning when every one was in bed. Continued Mr. Hoover's story. A great many passengers were thrown from their bunks by the impact and many rushed wildly on deck in their bare feet, although the discipline of the crew and the conduct of the captain prevented disorder. As the Florida disappeared in the fog almost immediately those on the disabled Republic began to think that they were abandoned and the wounded vessel drifted in distress. They were relieved to see the Baltic approach again to render assistance, and immediately boats were lowered and the transfer of passengers from the Republic to the Florida was begun.

THE WOMEN GO FIRST.

Carrying out the rigid rule of the sea, the women were placed in the boats first, and in two hours all were safely off and on board the Florida. Conditions were terribly crowded, however, and at the conference between the captains of the Florida and the Baltic it was decided that another transfer of passengers was necessary. Accordingly this second hazardous undertaking was begun. While the second boatload was being lowered, the transfer of passengers from the Republic to the Florida, the waters were now rough and the operation was necessarily more dan-

"Keep cool, old man," I flashed in

Captain and Officers Are Forced to Draw Revolvers on Emigrants Who Fought to Escape After the Crash.

James R. Connelly got into an altercation with Spencer, a boat steward of the Republic, while coming in on the Baltic, and the two were kept from blows by the intervention of others. Connelly was swamped with requests for an account of the incident and tried to send it by wireless. Some say the Baltic crew and Spencer were very discourteous to Mr. Connelly, who has probably missed his mission, that of reporting the race back home from Gibraltar of the American battle ship fleet. Connelly was sent to record this race by President Roosevelt.

A quartermaster of the Florida, which rammed the Republic, was brought in on the Baltic with a battered head. It was said by the survivors that he got this from a belaying pin in the bonds of the Florida's Captain, and that the Captain was enraged at the quartermaster for disobeying or misinterpreting orders, which resulted in the collision. The quartermaster denies this.

One male passenger of the Republic, it was told today, gave the crew of the Republic much trouble by trying to get into the first rooms that left the sailing ship for the Florida. The rule of the sea that the women and children should go first was preserved, but this man insisted that his wife and children had been put away in the boats and that he felt that he had a right to go first.

The rescued passengers and crew charged the responsibility of the collision to a quartermaster of the

[illegible]

It will be the world's first multi-media "live" musical. The greatest musical of the 21st century will be the first thing you will ever see. I want you to know that too.

As noted, the authors also presented data from a 1990 survey conducted from 1987 to 1990. Surveys conducted in the United States during 1987 and 1988, for example, indicated that 50% of the respondents believed that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system. In contrast, 30% of the respondents believed that the use of the Internet would be detrimental to the health care system. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the public. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the health care providers. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the health care administrators. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the health care researchers. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the health care educators. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the health care consumers. The authors also noted that the use of the Internet would be beneficial to the health care system if the Internet was used to provide information to the health care providers, health care administrators, health care researchers, health care educators, and health care consumers.

It was learned that a terrific panic ensued in the baggage of the Florida following the collision; that men drew knives in an effort to get to the

boat ralls, and that the riot was only halted when the captain and officers of the Florida drew revolvers on the crowd.

The Florida was towed into port by the John J. Timmeas, and the tug Mutual is aft and acting as a rudder.

The grateful thanks of the rescued passengers was extended to six stew-
ardesses of the Republic. They are Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Williston, Miss Wo-
roll, Mrs. Murray, Miss Williamson and Mrs. Baller. It was Mrs. Watson who
rescued and cared for Mrs. Mooney, whose husband was killed. Mrs. Mooney
is in a serious state from shock and hardly has been able to comprehend that
her husband is dead and his body now on the ocean bed.

Frank Spencer, the boat steward of the Republic, told of taking the passengers from the sinking ship. He said:—

"The transfer from the Republic to the Florida was accomplished without a hitch, you might say. The women were sent away first with the children. Then came the men."

From Spencer and others it was learned that several instances marked the bravery and unselfishness of the Republic's passengers. Two men from the first cabin tried to jump in a boat full of women, but were hurried back to the deck of the injured ship. One man ran about the deck excitedly, with a life preserver strapped about him, and begged to be allowed to join his wife and children in a boat. It was found that he was unaccompanied by either wife or children.

Against these minor showings of cowardice or fright stands out strongly the conduct of Mrs. Epsy, wife of Major John Epsy. She refused to go in the first boats and announced that she would remain with her husband and disembark with him. Stewards finally forced her into a boat with other women.

This boat was three-quarters of an hour in getting to the Florida. It had to be put back time and again to escape being smashed against the side of the Florida, which was rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea.

After the passengers had been retransferred from the Florida to the Baltic five men of the rescued gathered together in the smoking room and drafted resolutions criticising the officers and crew of the Republic for not saving at least some of the baggage. This brought forth a storm of disapproval and protest from the others and one man exclaimed:—

"You should be ashamed of yourselves; you should be glad you are alive."

During the discussions and protests Mr. Connolly and Spencer, the steward, almost came to blows.

That Binns, the wireless operator, worked under great difficulties in sending out his appeals for aid and in summoning such a large relief flotilla to the side of his ship is shown by the fact that his wireless operating room was badly wrecked. The side of it was ripped away by the prow of the Florida and even the table and chair were smashed. However, the operating machine was spared, so that Binns could rig them up in working order.

"I heard the whistles and then the crash. I was toppled out of my bunk, which was on the other side of the ship from where the Florida struck. Following the crash there was a dull thud and then a ripping and tearing sound that lasted some time. The engines were stopped and all the lights went out. All was in darkness. Everything seemed unusually quiet. There was subsequently some excitement, but calm was quickly restored."

This is Dr. Marsh's second shipwreck experience. He was the surgeon of the *Suevic*, which was wrecked on the rocks off Sicily several years ago. S. F. Fletcher, barber of the Republic, said:—

"All the lights were quickly extinguished and the people awakened to find themselves in utter darkness. The behavior of the passengers was remarkable. Captain Seably soon appeared and made a short speech to the crew, calling on every man to do his duty regardless of his personal safety. Then the captain gave orders that coffee and rolls be served to the passengers.

The scene on the White Star pier was one that will ever be remembered by those that witnessed it.

The Italians taken from the emigrant ship *Florida*, which rammed the Republic, had been crowded on the aft deck of the *Baltic*, and their cheers and songs were perhaps the shrillest of all that were heard in the din of cheers and wailings as the *Baltic* drew in.

Salutes of heroism on the part of the officers and crew of the Republic and the brave work of the crew of the Florida came along with the cries and cheers as passengers from the wrecked ship fell into the arms of waiting loved ones on the deck.

It was told over and over again how the passengers were first taken to small boats from the Republic to the Florida, and then from that ship to the Baltic in the dead of night and with an angered sea tossing these small craft about and about the ship.

Despite all of this hazardousness, not a life was lost in this work, although several were thrown into the sea, to be dragged back by the boat crews.

The accident was explained with the arrival of the Baltic. During the dense fog that prevailed off Nantucket on Saturday morning the Florida was going slowly and the captain of the emigrant ship gave an order to "manoeuvring." This order was misinterpreted by the quartermaster on the Baltic, a

The Florida's captain was so shocked and enraged that he split the head of the quartermaster with a martinspike as he stood on the bridge, he said.

81 The women who flock hither to their
baths escape the worst of the wrong of
the White Star Line Republic figure prob-
ably in the story of the miracle, and
to their continuous efforts a due amount
of the people for seven months most of these
who were stored the Republic when sea
was launched by the Florida

T. *omnino* large, with 'C' Q 10, set on from the Republic immediately, the one and two and R and shape in a large, long, horizontal rectangle, in the center.

...from the post office in the Republic, a
...man, J. C. ... who is only
...the ... and ... the
... of ... and
... the ... by ...

The "Q" went out like a rocket from the engine and was caught up in the second station. In an instant the whole operation at the station had become the most interesting and rare to see in the city. The "Q" was destroyed, and the whole lot of it was destroyed, and the whole lot of it was destroyed.

[illegible]

Meanwhile on the steamship *Edith*, Tinsford, the vessel's quartermaster, came up the message from the car and soon set the *Edith* free on the alert, as the ship's horn was blown, its search signal.

Just how the ship went on to add the stricken monster of the sea was told when the Baltic and Lorraine reached this port. Words of cheer and encouragement, the

Passengers who had been on the Republic, and were transferred and brought here, said they had assembled in the cabin of the Republic with one hundred

in the machine with no other except that shied from a few shingles that the stewards stuck here and there. They were at times comforted by Captain Sealey, who could not be with them, and as his services were needed on the bridge.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Resolutions Passed Praising Work of Rescue.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—The following resolution offered by Senator George M. S. Schulz of New York, was adopted unanimously to-day by the Senate:

Whereas, On the night of Jan. 23 to Jan 24, 1908, a collision took place upon the high seas between the steamships Republic and Florida, whereby the lives of over 1,600 passengers were put in jeopardy; and

Whereas, Such passengers were rescued through the peerless heroism of the Marconi operator on board the steamship Republic, and of the officers and crews of the colliding steamships and of the steamship Baltic, the revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca; and

Whereas, It is the desire of this body to publicly express its admiration for the heroic services rendered by all who took part in that achievement,

Now, therefore, be it Resolved, That the Senate of the State of New York do hereby express its high appreciation of the magnificent services rendered on that occasion by the officers and men of the ships stated; and that in testimony of such appreciation and for the purpose of making a permanent public record thereof, this resolution be spread upon the Journal of this House.

In supporting the resolution Senator Raines said:

"The gentleman who is first named in the resolution, the operator of the Marconi system, has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said: "I simply did my duty." I suppose every officer of this ship did his duty, but there are so many that it is impossible to perform their duty, notably in emergencies of this kind, but in other emergencies of this kind, may be well, Mr. President, to adopt the resolution offered by the Senator, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office, officials and employees of companies, entrusted with the safety of the lives of men, women and children, who, in an emergency, are guilty of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves, and performing the duties which they owe to those in their charge."

Taking Passengers of Republic and Florida From Latter Ship to Baltic by Searchlight

The transfer of passengers rescued from the sinking Republic by the Florida to the Baltic, together with the passengers of the crippled Florida, was one of the most amazing features of the disaster. It was undertaken at night as a strong east wind gave promise of a heavy sea and the rescuers feared to wait for daylight.

The Baltic moved to the windward of the Florida and turned her searchlights on the water between into which her ten boats were lowered. Each boat could carry her own crew and twenty passengers. It was just 8 o'clock Saturday night when the work began, and it was just 8 o'clock yesterday morning when the last boat load, the eighty-third, reached the Baltic. The women and children were transferred first. Not a life was lost. Two passengers fell overboard in getting into the small boat, but were fished out safe.



Wireless on Both Boats Would Have Averted Crash

The Republic was equipped with a wireless transmitter and receiver, but it was not used. The Florida also had a wireless, but it was not used either. The Baltic had a wireless, but it was not used. The Republic was equipped with a wireless transmitter and receiver, but it was not used. The Florida also had a wireless, but it was not used either. The Baltic had a wireless, but it was not used.

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CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS TO SAVE REPUBLIC

Captain Sealby with his men, after making a search of the vessel when the Republic was abandoned, found the passengers to be transferred to the Baltic. Each boat had a crew of twenty and a few passengers. The Republic was equipped with a wireless transmitter and receiver, but it was not used. The Florida also had a wireless, but it was not used either. The Baltic had a wireless, but it was not used.

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SEALBY STUCK TO LINER IN HER DEATH THROES

"We Arranged to
Stick to the Ship.

"Climbed Up With
Water at Our Head

R. WILLIAMS, 2d Officer. J. H. STANYE, Steward



J. FELLOWS, 1st Officer.

J. CROSSLAND, Chief Officer.

CAPTAIN SEALBY

Photographed especially for the Evening Journal upon their arrival here upon the Revenue Cutter Manhattan

"Jack" Blinn, the heroic wireless operator of the lost liner Republic, whose grit saved hundreds after the crash with the Florida, made the following modest statement as he came ashore to-day:

'Tt's a treat to me, y'know, to get a good smoke. While I was going through that inferno on the Republic I did not have a single cigarette.

"A heavy fog hung everywhere as we were passing Nantucket, and I was wearied by my long vigil. For at-

Admiral "Bob" Evans



"JACK" DENNIS.

most twenty hours I had had no sleep, and I had just turned in for a little nap when the crash came. The sound awakened me.

"I dressed in a hurry and when I realized the seriousness of the accident, I sent out and appeal for help. I don't know how long I remained on duty, but it seemed an age. I am ready now for a good, long sleep.

"I don't see why they call me a hero. What I did was only in the way of duty, and any other man in my place would have done the same thing."

16 STOKERS REAL HEROES OF DISASTER

BY JOHN A. MOROSO.

Enclosed in the dirty yellow folds of the paper of the bag, aboard a rapidly sinking ship, passengers and crew of the White Star liner Republic found their lives spoken in the crackling of the words of the Marconi wireless apparatus as the old "C. Q. D." was sent out in great distress along the ether waves seeking for help.

A great gaging wound in the very middle of the ship, penetrating and ripping open its very heart, the engine room, let a great gush of the green sea, which since that day clouds of steam from the bottom and the hot cylinders. The chief engineer and his assistants faced the momentary sea-rose of the Italian ship. "The ship! And with it came the sea."

This was a desperate copper, a vertical shaft alloy, but the engineer and his men managed out of it.

Her father, the engine room steward six
feet stark man, the sweat pouring out of
his red outline, anxious in their hands
and they were black with the grime of

The next day was the making of the mountain sheep. They made the wash and then the skinning of the sheep and wool of the mountain. Then came the time for the water from the

Admiral "Bob" Evans and other admirals have said that the stokers of the battleships were the real heroes in a fight at sea. "They feed the grub to the ship," one of these sea fighters said.

But there was no longer need of feeding grub to the Republic. The Republic's vitals had been pierced. The ship was dead and settling in its grave. The ordinary man would have taken heed of his own particular case, and would have scampered for a life preserver or a spar in the hope of getting out of the terrible affair with his life.

These stokers—all Englishmen—have been drilled every morning to jump from the flaming mouths of the furnaces to the great steel doors of the air-tight compartments and close them and bar them at the sound of a gong. There was no sound of gong for the faithful sixteen, only the heavy cluck, cluck, cluck of the sea pouring in overhead.

As modestly as a man ever told of the least of his efforts, as shame-facedly as a boy admitting some trivial offense, George Chasick, the head of the stolen band, told me on the Baltic just what he and his fellows did.

[illegible]

"Oh, yes, sir," he said. "I know she couldn't've floated for any time if we hadn't shut them doors."

[illegible]

Their simple fidelity to duty, their lack

of the fear of the death of rats cornered in a stoke hole rapidly flooding, the power of muscle in wielding the iron bar at the compartment doors, their exertion in reaching their posts these things saved a thousand human beings from dropping to the bottom of the sea in forty-five fathoms of water.

And in these clever seconds of heraldic labor from stem to stern of the Republic here shivered men, women and children in the pitch black of night at sea in a heavy fog. Every light was out fast as there was in that black hour before a fog hurried down a mighty fear in the hearts of every one.

[illegible]

Used Christmas Candle.

Riot on the Florida.

The thousand people aboard the Republic were loaded into small boats and sent scurrying up the sides of the hills. Aboard the latter ship, were ap-

...the
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

he Florida drew their revolvers when the ignorant emigrants became ugly, and finally the people of the first-class cabins of the Republic, and the fashion of New York, were stowed aboard, rubbing elbows with the poor and the ignorant newcomers to America.

Although the smell was awful," said one Yugoslav who came to me in the school of the Baltic, "we were mighty glad to be in the shower class at the time. Some of those happened on for they gave and showed their knives, but my thing was better — and a first-class ship on my way to the hospital."

[illegible]

On the Pacific, many important canals, started with American things to do and with some foreign money and some people started with force and things to do. It is for New York.

[illegible]

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A black and white photograph showing a large, dense crowd of people gathered in a public square. The people are mostly men, many wearing hats, and they appear to be looking towards the camera or slightly to the side. The background shows some buildings and a street, suggesting an urban setting. The overall tone is serious and historical.

Captain William I. Sealby, of the liner Republic, wrecked at sea by the Florida, and lost, was twice hailed as a sea hero by enthusiastic crowds to-day. First, he was greeted at the White Star Line docks, at Eleventh street and the North River, when he and Chief Wireless Operator "Jack" Binns landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan, which brought them over from the derelict destroyer Seneca.

Following the investigation by the officers of the White Star Line it was stated that the White Star Company is considering a suit against the Hawaiian Line for willful negligence.

Statements made at the investigation by Captain Seably and Wyman commandants are said to have indicated that the responsibility for the collision rests with the crew of the Republic.

[illegible][illegible]

...the Republic, though I understand it is
...the south of the Republic...

Mr. Phelps then turned to M. T. Red
dick, of Watertown, N. H., who had
standing men for confirmation of his
charge.

In the charges laid before the speaker, it is said that the Government of the United States has been guilty of a gross violation of the rights of the people of the United States, and that the Government has been guilty of a gross violation of the rights of the people of the United States.

Brave Crew of the Republic Lined Up on the Deck of the Seneca



FLASHES TO SIASCONSET DISASTER'S STORY AS HEARD BY WIRELESS MAN ASHORE.

Short Bulletins that Came to Him
from Vessels Which Sped Toward
the Rammed Republic After Satur-
day's "C. Q. D." Call—A Code in
Which the Ship Is Known as "Re."

Of the many versions of the crash between the Republic and the Florida, one story that remained to be told to-day was that of the operator at the Siasconset wireless station, on the outermost tip of a sandspit, striding out into the waters from the Nantucket beach. The narrative was taken from the official log of the operator. He turns in a log weekly to the head offices of the wireless company in this city.

It was at 4:40 o'clock on Saturday morning when the cry for help flashed out of the fog. Before that, during the hours that came after midnight, a few trivial jottings marked communication established with one ship or another, steaming aimlessly through the muck that covered all the coast. It is easy to imagine how the operator straightened up in his seat when his receiver began to buzz faintly, ever so faintly, because in the Republic, miles away out to sea, the cutter was crossing into the engine room and flooding the dynamo and drawing out the battery.

"C. Q. D." (Siasconset, Siasconset). This is M2C (White Star Republic) CQD." Steaming, passing as if for breadth, the message continued:

"Message long run down and we are sinking rapidly. Short assistance rapidly. Our position is 32° 10' north, 70° 15' west, longitude 70° 15' N. A WOMAN AT THE KEY.

"I immediately got busy," said the Siasconset operator, in his report. "And asked M2C to return the message rapidly, being in distress, which she did." The operator at White Star is a woman, a Miss Wright, and she passed around word head-on to other ships which chances of passing were exceedingly slim. "Then I called CQD," said the Siasconset operator. "Then I called CQD, and getting L.L. (the Lucania) to answer him of two messages. He said he was speaking to the same. Then I got M2C (White Star) to answer, and he was speaking to the same. At this time I began to get very strong signals from some unknown foreign ship named P. That has been the last I have heard of the same."

There was a break in communication after this, until 8:04 o'clock. Then:

"Received captain's message from KC, saying he was rammed by unknown ship and is sinking. Twenty-five south of Nantucket, and is in no danger."

There is something peculiarly typical of the reckless courage of the Republic's commander in that message. He was sinking, but he would not admit he was in danger. Messages came thick and fast in the next two hours.

8:20—"Cannot hear KC; probably out of business," wrote the Siasconset man.

8:33—"Two messages from KC."

8:42—"Hear KC calling to BC."

8:45—"Had KC; told KC that BC and LL are rushing to his assistance."

A WORD FROM THE FRENCHMAN.

The next message was from the Frenchman. At 9:12 La Lorraine flashed through the miles of fog:

"We are coming; our boilers are nearly bursting."

9:15—"KC" says his passengers are OK on shipboard Florida."

9:35—"Hear revenue cutters and have stations working."

9:42—"LL calling KC."

9:47—"LL gets KC and asks what depth of water they are in and what kind of ground over, to direct his steering."

Everybody at this stage of the game the Frenchman was feeling nervous as to his bearings. He wanted to know what depth he might expect under his keel.

"Think fog with LL," the Siasconset operator wrote on "KC said to him, 'Get your captain to look for our rocks.'"

9:58—"BC calling KC."

10:12—"I started KC frame to KC."

This meant that communication between Siasconset and the two White Star ships, the French and the German, was fully established.

10:25—"Cleared BC. Sent six repeated tones."

The man at Siasconset meant by this tone in his fastest communication with the French, to tell him that six messages had been received from him.

10:28—"BC and KC exchange MSGs (captain's messages)."

10:38—"BC sending message."

10:44—"Sent six and received ten."

The Baltic had become desperate by this time. The fog had struck the big hulk, and she was sinking and coming out of control. At 10:45 the Siasconset operator wrote:

"Sent KC and BC."

Remembering that their greatest, their greatest, they had communicated the Republic's message and that for help to the Baltic, the Siasconset operator wrote:

"BC sent to BC. BC sent to BC."

TRY NOW—KEEP QUIET

"By now" is a slang term of the wireless service. It means "keep quiet." The Baltic was flashing it so that she could have quiet, to enable her to make out the faint sputters from the key that "Jack" Blinn was manipulating in the operating-room of the rammed ship. BC was the Portsmouth navy yard and RCG was the revenue cutter Gresham, likewise steaming to the scene of the mishap.

For the next few minutes there was merely an interchange of messages between Siasconset and the various ships that were steaming across the great circle of fog-hung sea, toward its centre, the Republic. At noon, the operator joined down, querulously:

"LA (Lucania) starts captain's message, but BC stands us off."

The Lucania had received word of the accident, and was rushing northward toward the converging circle of rescuing ships. "Stand us off" may be construed as meaning that the wireless of the Baltic was interrupting conversation.

12:30—"Cleared LA. BC repeats (relays) that KC will take on only MSGs."

1:05—"Cleared LL."

2:05—"BC" kicking up about not getting in communication sooner."

Thus, a day he remarked, was a slur on the wireless operator at the Portsmouth yard, who doubtless caused the lonely man in the hut on the Nantucket sand-dunes to chuckle as he wrote.

2:30—"Cleared BC."

LONG MESSAGE FROM BALTIC.

3:05—"BC sends to LA—Republic expected to sink; has been in collision. Passengers are on board Florida. Am searching for both ships. Position KC, latitude 32° 10', longitude 70°. Assistance required to take passengers off disabled Florida."

3:30—"BC and KC busy. Am piled up here for KC. B2 here, also, for LA, LL, and BC."

It was about this time that the messages began to pour in for the shipwrecked passengers of the Republic. The operator was getting worried as to his ability to handle the pile, under the circumstances.

4:00—"BC asks all to stand by. LL traffic here yet."

This last meant that the operator had not been able to get off his messages for La Lorraine.

4:30—"BC" and "KC" trying to locate each other. KC hears BC's tones to westward. Am standing by (keeping quiet) here, to give BC a chance to find KC. Gresham, Mohawk, and Anconnet, all jamming."

"Jamming" is another word of wireless superstition. The Siasconset man inferred from it that the revenue cutters were inter-

fering with his signals. If there is anything that makes an operator "hopping mad," it is to have some one else flashing out a current so powerfully that it interrupts the direct transmission of his message.

THE CUTTER REPROVED.

"BC is striving to read KC," continued the log. "Gresham calls me and asks if Republic has apparatus, and what is his call. I told him: 'Stand off. You will only increase jam if you start calling him. BC, LL, and LA are most important boats, and should have way made for them, if possible.'"

All of which amounted to telling the cocky little revenue cutter that, while her assistance was appreciated, she had better give room to her bigger sisters.

5:54—"BC gives by call and calls KC."

6:03—"BC says: 'Think I can find you. Give me plenty of warning when I get near you.'"

6:14—"BC sends captain's message to LA—Florida in bad way. Needs conveying in. Don't know position. She is blowing four blasts."

6:55—"BC sending to LA—Stand by Florida, fifteen miles due south of Nantucket."

6:55—"BC sending to LA—Stand by Florida."

7:21—"BC has found KC, at last."

So the long search was over. The remaining entries in the log tell of the final happenings on the day of peril and suffering and bravery.

7:45—"Am clearing now. LA asks BC if he can proceed now and leave BC to report Florida."

8:30—"BC" sending captain's message to LA. Am trying to take it, although it is not easy on account of jamming of revenue cutters and shore stations using up air."

Clearly one gets the impression that the Siasconset operator has a deep-seated grudge against the navy.

10:15—"BC" to NK (New York). Am taking passengers aboard and carrying Florida. Have BC, again and last crew rescued. Republic. He is still ahead. Wind is freshening."

That was the end of the Siasconset man's log.

REPUBLIC AS PATRONS DNEP

CAPTAIN ON THE FORECAST AS SHE DIVERGENT FIRST.

Had Made a Calm First in the Bay. He and His Second Officer Picked Up From the Water-Weeks Ago. Two Days to Be Dangerous to Navigation.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 25. The White Star steamer, Dnep, has at the bottom of the water in the light of the island of Nantuxet in the harbor of Boston, where it was wrecked on the night of the 19th inst. The ship was on its way from New York to Boston, and was carrying a cargo of coal and passengers.

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It was hard towing. The Republic was unmanageable. She would not steer and heaved and swung around the harbor. She was on her way from New York to Boston, and was carrying a cargo of coal and passengers.

Shortly after this Capt. Seably signalled that he would send his crew to the Gresham, but he and his second officer remained by the ship. Second Officer Williams declared that he would stand by his captain.

Then the delirious destroyer Seneca, and another hawser was stretched to the Republic. The Furber took a line astern in order to try and steer the Republic, while the Gresham and Seneca did the towing.

Late in the afternoon the Furber, on her hawser, fearing that the Republic might founder at any moment and possibly drag that vessel down. When this was done the hawsers of the Gresham and Seneca were paid out to 150 fathoms.

The Republic was plunging in the seas, sometimes dipping so heavily that those on her hawser feared she would go overboard. Capt. Seably and his crew were on the bridge, and the Republic was on her way from New York to Boston, and was carrying a cargo of coal and passengers.

The Republic was on her way from New York to Boston, and was carrying a cargo of coal and passengers. The ship was on its way from New York to Boston, and was carrying a cargo of coal and passengers. The ship was on its way from New York to Boston, and was carrying a cargo of coal and passengers.

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higher and higher on the mist still sticking to his ship until every spar had disappeared.

A boat had been in readiness on the Gresham but a heavy sea had washed this away and another was in its place. The hawsers were cut as the steamship went down and Gunner Johansson, with four other rescuers, Hanson, who acted as coxswain, Becker, Minton and Smeltzer, all of the Republic's crew, manned the boat. Gunner Johansson with his sheath knife cut the painter and in an instant the men were pulling hard to find Seably and his officer.

"The boat disappeared in the fog. Minutes rolled by and nothing was seen or heard of her. The searchlights of the Gresham, Seneca, and tug Scully were kept playing over the water where the Republic had enticed. On the Gresham the men of the Republic's crew who had been taken off in the afternoon lined the rails and each man was eagerly scanning the waters trying to see the bobbing heads of the men swimming. First the lifeboat found Officer Williams. He was clinging to small pieces of wreckage. He was quickly dragged on board and the boat started to return to the Gresham. Williams gasped: 'Don't mind me, boys; keep after the captain. He must be about there somewhere. I'm all right.'"

"Again the lifeboat headed out into the fog and although the boat could not be seen from the three vessels on which the searchlights were kept playing, the light helped the men in the boat and they were able to see through the fog and right in the midst of the wreckage they found Capt. Seably clinging to a hatch.

"The lifeboat returned as quickly as possible to the Gresham, and when those on board the Gresham saw that both men were safe, the lifeboat was ordered to return to the Gresham's crew and the forty-seven men of the Republic, who were lined up, gave a cheer and a tiger for Capt. Seably, another for Officer Williams and then another for Gunner Johansson and his four assistants which must have been carried for miles across the sea that had but a few minutes before swallowed up the fine steamship Republic.

"Capt. Seably and Officer Williams were carried down a long way with the Republic and were exhausted when they came to the surface. Williams had jumped from the deck and been hurt when he struck the water. Seably was rubbed down and put to bed and were soon feeling better.

"The last thing that I noticed on the Republic was that as she settled she flew the British Naval Reserve flag from her mainmast.

BROKEN FLORIDA CREEPS IN SEEMINGLY READY TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM.

Her Wounds Show Clearly Why the Bait Took Off Her Passengers and the Collision—No Explanation of the Collision Until Other Side Is Heard From.

With her flag at half mast and two black cones swinging dismally and funereally from her foremast as a warning to other craft that she was not under control the Florida came out of the haze that hung over the harbor entrance yesterday afternoon, a ship so badly crippled that it seemed a marvel that she kept afloat.

It was really only part of a ship that the mariners observed as she slowly toward the lightship and it looked even then, with the haze at hand, that she was about to dive to the bottom. As she steamed slowly along, her stern high in the air and her bow completely gone, she told more eloquently than words of the blow which had sent her to the bottom.

For thirty feet back of where her figurehead formerly stood to mark the waves, and like the stem of the Italian had been cut off, the ship was a mass of wreckage. A few feet behind the mainmast a tangled mass of twisted iron, bent keels, and other wreckage of the ship was visible. The collision had been so sudden and so violent that the ship had been cut in two.

It was apparent from the condition of the Florida that she had hit the Republic no glancing blow but had rammed the bigger ship squarely, and as she pushed her way through the wreckage her own prow had been pushed back clear to the bottom of the companionway leading to the forecastle, where many of her crew were asleep.

As one looked down those stairs there was nothing but a jumble of beams, iron plates, part of bunks and furnishings to be seen, and from the outside it looked like some of the buildings at Messina, whence some of the Florida's passengers had fled. Only the FLO of her name was left on her bows.

The Florida, with these injuries, came into the harbor like a man trying to cover up his face after being hit. For over her hunched up prow her crew had been down an old sail. It wasn't quite big enough to cover the cross-section left. As she came head on, deep down at the bow and her stern poked up high, the effect was weird. People came running down to the docks all along the Brooklyn shore to see her and scores of hurrying tugs and miscellaneous harbor craft went out of their way to look her over.

To those who looked the Florida over both from the outside and inside it was small wonder that it had been thought best to transfer her own passengers and those of the Republic to the Baltic after they had spent an entire day on board of her.

Only the Florida's crew and Eugene Lynch, the Boston man wounded on the Republic and too sick to undertake the second sea transfer, made the trip of 150 miles from the scene of the collision. They were not saying much, these Italians, when their ship finally tied up to the pier, and the little they did say the line of the Republic didn't want them to say. Some of the Italian sailors when the lines were made fast did a sort of war dance on the deck, while some of the officers were being kissed on both cheeks by friends who had rushed aboard.

One of those to board the Florida down the Bay was Count Massiglia, the Italian Consul. It seemed somewhat venturesome to him, as it did to others, to climb aboard even with the shore within swimming distance. Oscar L. Richard, Alfred E. Berner and several other representatives of the agents climbed aboard about the same time and made their way toward a young man with a little blond mustache who stood on the bridge smoking a cigarette and giving orders. When they reached this boyish looking person they didn't do a thing, these Italians. They grabbed his hand and they kissed him and they said things in Italian all the while.

The boyish looking person was Capt. Rosino, who had been on the bridge almost continuously since his ship hit the Republic. The captain is only 29 years old, and this is his second trip as a full fledged skipper. He had brought his ship unassisted from the scene of the wreck and had saved some salvage.

It was not until 6 o'clock that the Florida reached her pier at the foot of Forty-second street, Brooklyn. It had taken her nearly six hours to come from the Sandy Hook lightship. She had come along the Long Island coast at the rate of about six miles an hour, but she went a little faster as she came through the channel.

As soon as the ship had docked preparations were made immediately to remove Mr. Lynch, who was in a serious condition, so serious in fact that he had begged to be left on board at the time they took off the other passengers.

"I believe I'm going to die and I might as well die here," Mr. Lynch said when they asked him if he thought he could be moved again. His leg and thigh are broken and yesterday peritonitis set in. His temperature and pulse were both very high when the ship docked.

About the first to board the ship at the pier were a party of his friends who had seen him and his wife off. In the party were the Rev. James Lee, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Beverly, Mass.; James McGinniss, Mr. Lynch's cousin; James H. Case and Willie Turley of Boston. A New England Hospital ambulance was waiting at the pier, but they said that they wanted Mr. Lynch to go in a private ambulance, which they sent for.

It was after 2 o'clock when the ambulance arrived. Mr. Lynch was in the ambulance and it was pretty dark when it came to the pier. It was a small ambulance and it was very dark when it came to the pier. It was a small ambulance and it was very dark when it came to the pier.

Lynch was taken to the Long Island College Hospital, where Lee rode in the ambulance with him. Mr. Lynch was able to tell his friends something about the accident.

"I was sleeping in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite," he said. "I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she insisted upon my taking it. I heard the whistling and was wondering if we were in any danger when there was an awful noise, the whole side of the stateroom gave way and I saw my wife being carried past me on the prow of the vessel which had run into us. I never can forget it. I was pinned up and landed on one side. I then it seemed as if my whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other ship back away, but I couldn't move. I knew my wife was dead. I relied with all my strength, but nobody heard me. There was no one to help me and I lay there in awful agony for four hours, all the time believing that I was dying and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I felt it was useless. I believe I would have died very soon if they had not found me when they did."

Up in the bulk of wood and iron that once formed part of the Republic were the bodies of two of the crew, crushed in their frames while they slept. They were the bodies of two of the crew, crushed in their frames while they slept.

As word of the ship got to a group of longshoremen, they went about chopping the wreckage away trying to get some bodies. They were not out at dawn last night.

Capt. Rosino didn't have a good deal to say about the accident, and it was very wise of him. He told us that the Republic was a fine ship and that the Republic was a fine ship and that the Republic was a fine ship.

I do not care to say much as to the accident, but I will say that the Republic was a fine ship and that the Republic was a fine ship and that the Republic was a fine ship.

After the accident I saw the fire signal and we kept on existing. All the time I was maneuvering trying to locate the other vessel. In about two hours we saw a small boat with an officer in it coming. He told us that the Republic had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such condition that we could take her passengers. I told him that we were and then the transfer began. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later.

The purser of the Florida said that the Florida had used seven of her boats and that all told they had made twenty-two trips.

"I was in charge of the first boat to put off to the Republic," said the purser. "We had no trouble getting the passengers into the boats, except in the case of Mr. Lynch. Our own passengers did not get excited except at first. We went around quieting them but there was nothing like a riot or panic among them. When they saw the others coming over to our boat they felt sure we were all right."

It was denied on the Florida that Capt. Rosino knocked over the quartermaster and injured him at the time of the collision. He told us that the Republic had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such condition that we could take her passengers. I told him that we were and then the transfer began. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later.

Richard & Co., the agents, put the lid on very tight last evening. Reporters were not only barred from the ship but also from the pier. All of the press were watched to see that they did not get away.

The Florida came in from New York from the Long Island coast at the rate of about six miles an hour, but she went a little faster as she came through the channel.

REPUBLIC MEN ARE WELCOMED

Demonstration as Last Survivors Land.

CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN

Binns, the Wireless Operator, Also Central Figure.

A great welcome was accorded Capt. Inman Sealby of the ill-fated liner Republic when the skipper and his officers arrived at the White Star office at noon to-day. With the group of ruddy faced seamen who came to the headquarters of the line

who came along with Third Officer Stubbs, got into the building before the crowd realized who he was. Binns would say nothing, however, until he had seen the officers of his company.

The Marconi man wore an old raincoat and a heavy pair of seamen's shoes. He wore a White Star service cap and appeared to be a much embarrassed young man. Stubbs wore a heavy marine coat. His left foot was covered with an old shoe, the toes of which had been cut away.

"I jammed it up a bit on the night of the second transfer," he said in an apologetic way.

Capt. Sealby was greeted by Mrs. J. P. Weyland, the wife of a lawyer, living at 48 East Fifty-third street, who invited him to stay at their home. The Weylands are old friends of the Sealby family.

When all the ship's officers had arrived they were taken into the private offices of the officers of the line and thanked personally for the way in which they had carried themselves.

"I'm all right," said Sealby when he landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan at the White Star pier at the foot of West Eleventh street this morning. "Never felt better in my life." The skipper smiled readily and strode along with the confident step of a man equal to all emergencies. He is about 40 years old.

Many of the stewards and firemen crew of the Republic were waiting at the pier to get a look at the "old man," and a rousing cheer went up as he left the cutter, followed by his officers and seamen. The skipper wore the same heavy overcoat he had on when he jumped from the rigging of the Republic as she surged downward for the last time. He never managed to get free of the coat altogether.

The stewards and firemen caught sight of Boatwain Charley Barrow and carried

Then he managed to get through the revolving door and was instantly stormed by the crowd inside. Everybody wanted to shake hands with him, it seemed. There were many passengers who had been on board the Republic and with the officers of the line they joined in the uproarious welcome. Capt. Sealby was speedily hoisted to a table and a speech demanded. He seemed quite overcome but said in a quiet voice:

"I am glad to be here and to see you all again. I think there is little more to be said just now."

Replacing the brown cap loaned him by Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, Capt. Sealby went immediately into the private offices of the company for a conference. Wearing the cap and a dark overcoat, also borrowed from Capt. Ranson, and carrying a cane, the bronzed skipper looked unlike a sailor.

In the office of Supt. Pennell at the pier the captain met some of the women stewards of the Republic, who crowded about him and shook hands. He asked if they were all well and comfortable. All the old crew of the Republic are quartered aboard the Baltic.

After a final talk with his officers Capt. Sealby left to go on board the Baltic for a hot bath in Capt. Ranson's bathtub. He passed through lines of cheering stewards and sailors, saluting them every few steps. As he went up the gangplank a bugler gave a call and the officers of the Baltic all saluted.

In the companyway of the Baltic stood Binns, the 25-year-old wireless operator who saved the situation. He was loath to talk, being reticent about his own great work.

"There's the chap that saved my life," said Binns, pointing to a young steward in a white jacket. This was 16-year-old Jack Douglas of Liverpool, who kept Binns supplied with food and carried his messages while the Republic was sinking. Douglas is added to the hero list. It was no easy matter climbing over the wreckage to and from the wireless room, but young Douglas stuck to the task until ordered from the ship.

Binns hails from Peterborough, England, and has been in the employ of the Marconi concern for about five years. He was on board the Hamburg-American liner Bluecher at Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the earthquake there, but did little wireless work at that time.

Also a warm welcome was extended to Second Officer Williams, who stuck to the ship with Capt. Sealby. He is a youthful looking officer, but tall and strongly built. He is 34 years old and comes from Liverpool. Fourth Officer Morrow of the Republic had his foot jammed in clearing away one of the boats and went to the officers in a cab.

Among the Republic's passengers who were at the White Star offices to welcome Capt. Sealby and Binns were Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois of this city, who brought their 6-month-old baby. This was the only infant in the Republic's saloon. When Capt. Sealby was hoisted to the table in the office the French woman held up the baby, declaring the captain had saved its life.

SAVED THE BIRDS.

Feathered Survivors in the Republic Disaster.

Some members of the last section of the Republic's crew to be landed at the White Star Line's pier, at the foot of West Eleventh street this morning brought with them other things than the bundles and packages of personal effects that they had managed to scrape together before the liner was abandoned. Two bird cages, well swathed in bedding against the cold wind, and containing one green parrot and three canaries were among them.

The birds are the property of J. F. Stanger, the ship's chief steward, and they were naturally overjoyed in the first rush of the departure from the Republic when it was feared that she might sink suddenly. Later volunteers brought them off in safety.

The marini looked none the worse for their experiences this morning. Jan First, the parrot, was remarked by his captor to be still a little less volatile than usual. The men who went to find the birds and who took care of them to shore were stewards, George Klemmensen, Robert Greenwald and John Grant, and Robert Brunsack, one of the ship's cooks.

had to fairly fight his way up the steps.

On each side of the door stood a fairly negro porter. They held aloft the red house flag of the company, and while the Captain fought his way through the crowd they waved the flag vigorously. Everybody yelled and cheer after cheer went up for the Republic's commander. Red-faced, smiling and keen-eyed, the Captain was stopped in the middle of his progress while a snapshot was taken.

The Glorious Work of Science—

Saving Men, Not Killing Them. Will Be Scientific Humanity's Task.

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Does anybody say that science is DULL? He who says so is dull indeed. Was ever a fairy story more wonderful, more exciting than that marvellous tale of the two great ships saved by wireless telegraphy?

In the fog and the blackness those

ships and more than a thousand human beings were in peril, destined, apparently, to destruction. Above one of the ships there lowered a thin mast. From the mast's tip there streamed forth over the vast ocean's surface an inaudible, invisible call for help. Over and over again the wireless operator flashed out over the ocean the three letters, "C Q D," the international signal for help from a ship in distress.

The message that goes on a telegraph wire goes from one spot to another spot only. That marvellous message without wires spread out over that ocean as the sunlight and the fog spread, going everywhere.

From half a dozen different points came answering signals and help. Wireless stations on shore heard the signal, got the exact location of the ships on the ocean's surface, and sent out boats. Five ships at sea, some more than a hundred miles away, received the message and hurried to the wreck, sending wireless messages of comfort as they raced. More than a thousand human beings were brought safely to shore.

Is not that wonderful and beautiful? Does it not inspire within men pride, self-respect, GLORY IN THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THEIR RACE, unbounded belief in the accomplishments of the future?

Over and over again we have emphasized the fact that men MUST WORK OUT THEIR OWN SALVATION HERE ON EARTH. They must look for help to THEMSELVES, to THEIR own brains that nature has given them. They are doing that every day, working, planning, adding new conquests to the victories of science.

That was a striking instance, out in the blackness and the fog on the ocean. Ten years ago, of the sixteen hundred human beings on those two ships, some would have jumped into the ocean, others would have knelt in prayer, and others would have fought savagely for the lifeboats.

One man's brain works, and wireless telegraphy is added to the intangible treasures of the human intellect. Passengers are calmed by men that know their resources; the message goes out through the blackness. WITHIN A FRACTION OF A SECOND IT HAS REACHED SEVEN DIFFERENT SPOTS CAPABLE OF SENDING HELP, and all of those lives are saved.

How pale is the romance of olden times! THIS IS THE DAY OF ROMANCE, THIS IS THE DAY OF FAIRY STORIES AND WONDERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS! This is the day for men to be proud and hopeful for the future as they have never been.

The science, the brain power that saved those human beings from death at sea WILL EVENTUALLY SAVE THOUSANDS OF MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS FROM THE SLOW DEATH OF POVERTY ON LAND. The flash that went across the water signalling for help and proclaiming the dominion of the brain of man is the flash that sentences to extinction the power of superstition, and the quarrelling and bickering of vile, intolerant ignorance.

That flash above the ocean lights up the future, a glorious future, in which men, owners of this earth, masters of the earth and of their own destinies, will indeed be MEN, worthy of their place in this wonderful universe and of their home in the light of our glorious flying sun.

Compare this use of electricity with another use, and then with sadness you see how far men have yet to travel before the mind of the mass, and the laws that express our animal past, shall become worthy of the greatness already achieved.

That same wonderful power of electricity that saved the ships and the lives at sea is used in America almost every week to kill unfortunate, ignorant, degraded murderers in prison.

How shameful that the chained lightning which frightened brutal savages should be used by the men that chain it as brutally as the savage ever used his club or poisoned spear!

How degrading that human thought, piercing universal space, conquering distance, facing and solving cosmic problems, should be degraded and prostituted to murder, even though the murder be committed in the name of the State and of law!

A race that has progressed as we have progressed should be beyond the electric chair and the gallows, beyond the brutal revenge that ruled ten thousand years ago and that should have vanished with those dark ages when the stake and the rack and the boot were "religious arguments." Hail, glorious science, and man, earth's free ruler, master of himself and his destiny, real captain of this earth-ship that sails the ether.

The rats and bats of superstition will not be here long.



CAPT. I. W. RANSON OF THE BALTIC (ON THE LEFT), CAPT. INMAN SEALBY (ON THE RIGHT) ON THEIR WAY FROM THE BALTIC TO THE WHITE STAR OFFICES THIS MORNING.

on lower Broadway was Jack Binns, the hero of the wireless room of the Republic, a young, Danish chap who smiled bravely at the congratulations and cheering. A crowd of 500 persons, mostly clerics and business men, was waiting to see a peek at the man who wouldn't give an inch at the White Star office at noon to-day. The crowd stretched out into Bowling Green. It completely blocked the steps of the office and Capt. Sealby

DEAD IN FLORIDA WRECKAGE

Bodies Taken Out After Liner Arrives.

CAPTAIN IS RETICENT

Says Little Preparatory to Making Formal Report.

VESSEL BADLY SMASHED

Bow Plates Crumpled for Dis- tance of Thirty Feet.

The Florida, with her bows stove in and crumpled up like a pasteboard box, lay at pier 42, Brooklyn, this morning waiting till her owners could decide where to send her for repairs. The pier was the centre of attraction for a crowd that blocked the waterfront at times and sought to get a glimpse of the injured ship.

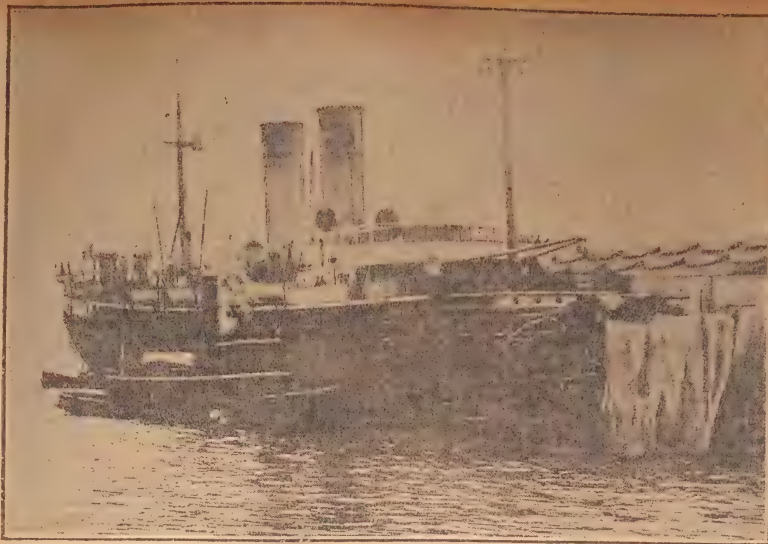
Capt. Rospino spent some time this morning in conference with the agents of the Lloyd-Italiano line. He could not be seen in regard to the happenings of the ill-fated cruise.

The bodies of the three dead of the Florida's crew were taken ashore today. Two of the victims were more boys; Balogzo Marisovilli, 16 years old, and Salvatore D'Amico, the 14-year-old, were taken to the morgue. The third, Pasquale La Valle, was 23 years old. All but D'Amico were from Naples. He was from the region of the earthquake near Messina, and driven out from his home by that disaster. He was just starting in to work in the construction trade.

Balogzo's body was recovered from the wreckage of the Florida by the crew of the ship that hit her. The two other bodies were not pulled out until last night, when the Florida had reached her pier. All were disfigured beyond recognition from the frightful crushing in of the formation.

The Florida's bow, which once ended in an overhanging, arched stern, is reduced to a tangle of twisted steel beams and crumpled plates, all the way from somewhere below the water line up and back for thirty feet. The whole forward end of the ship seemed simply down into the water, in a rough, blunt, wooden way. The real bow of the Florida is no longer her wrecked stern portion, but the weather-vane-like, rounded part. Against this rounded part, the bow of the wrecked ship is thrust, and the bow of the Florida is thrust into the bow of the wrecked ship. The bow of the Florida is thrust into the bow of the wrecked ship. The bow of the Florida is thrust into the bow of the wrecked ship.

There was a throng of curious pedestrians all along the pier to gaze at the wrecked ship. The crowd was so large that the ship was almost completely surrounded. The crowd was so large that the ship was almost completely surrounded. The crowd was so large that the ship was almost completely surrounded.



STEAMSHIP FLORIDA AT HER PIER, HER SMASHED BOWS COVERED BY SAILCLOTH

Oscar L. Richard, the agent of the line, came aboard while the Florida lay at anchor, with Alfred E. Berner and Albert Egelhoff. All greeted the captain with warm congratulations. The general opinion seemed to be that he had acquitted himself very well in taking the passengers from the sinking Republic, retransferring them to the Baltic and finally bringing his own badly damaged ship into port unassisted.

The Florida's record after Saturday night was briefly told by Capt. Rospino, as she came up the bay. She started out Sunday morning, leaving the Republic in charge of the tow. The Florida was down by the bow at the time of the collision, before the shutting of the bulkhead. The American liner New York started westward with the Florida to convey her and give assistance in case she found herself in distress. After a few miles, Capt. Rospino convinced himself that his ship was still seaworthy and signalled that he needed no help. Then the New York steamed ahead and left him to find his own way.

Later in the day on Sunday the Florida met with some bad weather, with some sea and a bitter snow squall. Fortunately the weather came from abaft. The injured bows were not exposed. The weather moderated in the end, and finally Capt. Rospino found it possible to make as much as ten miles an hour without breaking anything. Shortly before 11 o'clock yesterday morning the Florida was picked up by the tug John J. Timmins off Fire Island. At that time she was running in unwieldy style and somewhat off her course, but was making in a general way for the Ambrose Channel lightship. She carried the signal "Not under control" and her action was at halfmast because of the three dead in her crew.

Capt. Rospino, it is said, took no rest and scarcely left the bridge from some time before the collision until the ship reached port yesterday. He showed little of the effects of hardship when the first visitors reached his vessel during the afternoon. He was on the bridge, perfectly collected and self-possessed, smoking Italian cigarettes. He had been without sleep for nearly seventy hours.

The crew of the Florida did its part of the work as creditably as her captain. The men did not hesitate, though they knew that the bulkhead was slim protection against the sea and that the whole vessel might break in without a moment's warning. The engineers and stokers, especially, who had to tend the furnace and ship's engines far down on the ship's bottom, where there would have been no chance of reaching the open air again, worked unflinchingly at the end of the long dark iron pillars, without any cessation of seeing the sea again.

As to the point of the owners of the line, it was impossible to get any account of the collision itself, either yesterday or today, from those aboard the Florida. The captain was too exhausted to give any account of the collision. The captain was too exhausted to give any account of the collision.

immediately stopped talking, and said nothing further, either yesterday or today. It is supposed that the owners are in dread of a lawsuit to result from the collision and have made up their minds to let as little information leak out from their side concerning the facts as possible.

But a few words were obtained from Capt. Rospino before he fell under the restraint of the supposed silence order. "I do not care to say much as to the accident," said the Captain through an interpreter, "until the captain of the Republic has made his report. All I care to say is that we were going along at half speed in a thick fog and were blowing our whistle all the time. Suddenly we heard a blast from the starboard and almost the next second it seemed to come over our port bow. The next moment we saw a big ship directly ahead of us crossing our bow from starboard. Then we struck. Right after we hit we backed away and lost each other."

After the accident I saw the fire signal and we kept on whistling. All the time I was manoeuvring trying to locate the other vessel. In about two hours we saw a small boat with an officer in it coming toward us. He told us that the Republic had been badly damaged and asked us if we were in such condition that we could take her passengers. I told him that we were and then the transfer began. Everything was orderly and there was no confusion. I shall make my report later."

The same evidences of attempts to hide the facts of the case were to be seen this morning about the pier of the Florida. Her small cargo was being rapidly unloaded that she might be sent away for repairs, but none save those employed by the company was admitted to the dock. A heavy guard of watchmen barred the way. These men and those going in and coming out said that they were under directions not to answer any questions.

Capt. Rospino, who brought the Florida in after taking her through the collision, is one of the youngest men of his grade in the profession. He is 29 years old, and had made but one previous voyage as chief in command of the vessel. Capt. Rospino's owners highly commend his action in bringing the vessel in without taking a line from another ship. He thus saved time, it is said, salvage claims upon the estimated value of the ship and her cargo.

LOSSES IN REPUBLIC.

White Star Line Bears Nearly All the Burden.

The chances of raising the Republic are now considered very slight. The depth at which she lies is variously estimated at from thirty to forty fathoms. No vessel has ever been raised from such a depth, and her exposed position in the ocean makes any attempt doubly hopeless. In any event, the cargo, which was of a perishable nature, would be a total loss. None of the passengers seems to have escaped insurance on baggage, and the company is only liable to the extent of \$500 for each, except when a special declaration is made.

Many of the passengers carried complete summer and winter wardrobes, to be prepared for the Mediterranean climate, as well as for that of the North Atlantic, and, as some of them attested, they had lost all the clothing they had in the world. Seventy per cent. of the passengers were women, and many of them had three or four trunks apiece.

Most of the insurance for the Republic was carried by the White Star Company itself, so that if no blame is attached to the Italian line the White Star will bear almost all of the loss. The company carried \$1,000,000 worth of the Republic's insurance, which is considered about equivalent to the value of the vessel itself. The loss of the cargo falls on the United States Government, for the only freight aboard the Republic was supplies for the fleet, to take the place of provisions dispensed in Sicily for the relief of the earthquake sufferers. These supplies were to be taken to Gibraltar, and were not insured by the Government. This consignment was worth about \$50,000.

At Gibraltar the provisions were to have been taken in charge by the refrigerator ship Culgoza.

A remarkable indication of the safety of crossing the Atlantic nowadays is the exceedingly low rates charged for the insurance of baggage. The rate from New York or Boston to any of the principal cities of Great Britain and Ireland is 20 cents on \$100, which insures against loss by sea or land, including risk of fire, breakage, theft or pilferage from the time baggage is received by the steamship company or its agents in New York or Boston until it is delivered at its destination. The rate is slightly higher to the cities of the Continent and to Mediterranean ports. Other policies assume the risk for baggage for any entire trip that a tourist may arrange and insure against every possible contingency, including earthquake.

If the Republic could have been reached sooner after the collision by tug or other steamers, and towed into shallower water, there would have been a good chance of raising her. The White Star line exhausted every possible means to get aid sent to her. It tried to have vessels sent from New York, Providence and Boston, but was unsuccessful.

Capt. Woolsey of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company, when interviewed, expressed it as very unlikely that anything could be done toward the salvage of the Republic under the existing conditions. The length of time that a diver could remain at a depth of twenty miles is not more than twenty minutes, and greater depths the period is rapidly shortened.

The log of the Baltic shows that she passed within 50 miles from the time she began to look for the Republic until she brought her passengers to port. On Saturday she steamed from New York, and it is the position of the Republic, considering a distance of 100 miles, was covered sixty miles in looking for the Republic, and then finally covered 40 miles from the Republic to America. The Republic was not seen until she was within 50 miles of the coast, and the chances of her being raised were very slight.

he greatly diminished if steamships kept to recognized lanes, instead of varying on different trips, which is the custom followed on certain lines, so that it is never known where such vessels may be spoken.

LYNCH, REPUBLIC PASSENGER, DEAD

Boston Man Whose Wife Was Killed Succumbs.

Eugene Lynch, the Boston passenger aboard the Republic who was injured in the collision on Saturday morning, died this morning at 4 o'clock in the Long Island College Hospital, twelve hours after reaching land. Lynch is the third victim among the Republic's passengers. Mrs. Lynch and W. J. Mooney, the other two victims, were instantly killed in the collision.

Mr. Lynch was brought to land on the Florida yesterday. He was transferred safely from the sinking Republic to the hospital of the Florida. He suffered so in the transfer that he declined to be moved again to the Baltic with the others, saying to the surgeon on the Florida that he feared he must die, and would rather take his chance of sinking with the Florida than stand another removal.

On reaching the pier yesterday evening Lynch was very low, but conscious, although unable to speak much, owing to pain. A group of friends from Boston met him and took him in charge, having him removed to the Long Island College Hospital. Lynch told them that he knew that his wife was dead and that he believed that he himself could not live. He asked them to see that some of the members of the Florida's ship's company bought themselves tokens as reminders of the gratitude of the man whom they had tried to save.

Near Mr. Lynch when he died were members of the party that had seen him and his wife off on their departure, and had come again to the pier to take charge of him on his return. In the party were Father James Lee of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Revere, Mass.; James McGinnis, a cousin of Lynch's; James H. Casey and William Tuttle of Boston.

Mr. Lynch's leg and thigh were hopelessly broken and crushed in the accident. In addition to this he was so bruised and hurt about the rest of his body as to suffer severely from shock. Internal injuries of a serious nature had been inflicted, and when he was brought to the hospital yesterday afternoon it was found that peritonitis had set in.

On the way to the hospital yesterday the dying man gave one of his friends, who rode beside him, a brief account of the calamity as it came upon him and his wife in their stateroom.

"I was sleeping in the berth and my wife was on the couch opposite," he said. "I wanted her to sleep in the berth, but she insisted upon my taking it. I heard the whistling and was wondering if we were in any danger, when there was an awful noise, the whole side of the stateroom gave way and I saw my wife being carried past me on the floor of the vessel which had run into us. I never can forget it. I was picked up and knickered to one side. Then it seemed as if my whole cabin fell on top of me. I felt the other

ship back away, but I couldn't move. I knew my wife was dead. I called with all my strength, but nobody heard me. There was no way I could get aid, and I lay there in awful agony for four hours, all the time believing that we were sinking and that I was to be drowned. From time to time I tried to call, but I felt it was useless. I knew as I should have died very soon if they had not found me when they did."

The body of Eugene Lynch will be removed to Boston this afternoon. Mr. D. H. Curley, an intimate friend of the dead man, is directing the whole proceedings, and will have the funeral services held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston. Following this the funeral will take place at the cemetery in Springfield, Mass., in the family plot.

SEALBY'S RECORD.

Commander of the Republic Was Known for His Bravery.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan. 26.—Capt. Innos Sealby of the Republic lives five miles from Vineland and has been a familiar figure in this section since he was a little boy. Capt. Sealby was born in Maryland, Cumberland county, June, forty-six years ago. His father was a merchant. He came to Vineland when he was 10 years old and now lives in The Old Homestead, a fine estate of eighty-seven acres on the Mountico road. Until he was 15 years old Capt. Sealby worked as a farm boy. Then he became an apprentice on sailing ships of the White Star line, and since then he has been all over the world and has made a record for bravery.

In 1897 he was placed in command of the steamship Coptic, sailing between San Francisco and China. Later he commanded the Persic and Suevic, from England to Australia; next the Corinthian, from England to New Zealand, and after that the Cronia and Cunic, from Boston to the Mediterranean. He received command of the Republic last July.

While in charge of the Coptic, going to China, Capt. Sealby is credited with saving the ship from destruction. The vessel was struck by a tidal wave and would have gone to the bottom, it is thought, but for the example he set for the crew.

When the Sandwich Islands were annexed to the United States on July 3, 1898, Capt. Sealby carried the news to the residents of the islands. The people wanted to make him the first Governor, but he could not accept the offer, and they gave him a silver and gold loving cup.

On Oct. 26, 1904, Capt. Sealby was in command of the steamship Persic, plying from England to Australia. That morning before daylight he saw something that looked like a burning ship. He headed for it and found the steamship Madura on fire. The ship was abandoned and the crew of twenty-five men were clinging to the wreckage. Capt. Sealby plunged into the sea and personally rescued two of the seamen, while his crew saved the remainder. For this feat Capt. Sealby received a diploma from the Liverpool Shipwreck & Humane Society.

Shortly after Admiral Dewey annihilated the Spanish fleet at Manila, Capt. Sealby was passing the bay. He offered his services to Admiral Dewey. The Admiral declined them, but gave the captain a piece of the Spanish cable he had cut. The memento now forms

an interesting part of Capt. Sealby's large collection of medals and curiosities. In the Boer War Capt. Sealby carried troops to South Africa.

DENY DISASTER WAS DUE TO THE MAN AT WHEEL

Several of the Republic told a graphic tale of an Italian quartermaster named Serafino Romolo, who, they said, had been at the wheel of the Florida just before the crash. Seeing that collision was inevitable, the quartermaster had dropped his wheel and run away. The captain of the Florida, a marlinpike, had felled the quartermaster to the bridge and almost killed him. Romolo had seen, they said, that it was then impossible to hold his ship away. If he had not deserted his wheel, Steward Langham said, the Republic might have been hit further aft.

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SAYS THE FLORIDA WAS NOT AT FAULT

Statement from Agent of Steamship That Rammed the Republic.

The following statement was given out to-day by O. L. Richards, agent for the Lloyd-Italiano line, whose steamship Florida rammed the Republic:

"The officers of the Florida are in no



"JACK" BINNS, THE WIRELESS OPERATOR OF THE REPUBLIC - SNAPSHOT MADE THIS MORNING.

was to blame for the collision. On the bridge at the time were Capt. Rustin, First Officer Raffaele Gorgiulle and a quartermaster. They were proceeding cautiously in their course, sounding the fog signal frequently. They first heard the Republic's fog whistle at a distance of probably a mile and a half to the north-west. They held their course. No word was given them by the Republic indicating that they should go to starboard.

The second of the Republic's whistle came when Capt. Rustin ordered the speed of his boat to five miles an hour. Suddenly the Republic which had turned westward from its course and was heading for fog signals came head on, bearing on right in front of the Florida.

H. B. TATTERSALL.



The wireless operator of the Republic who was one of the first to notify Binns, the wireless hero of the Republic, that help was on the way.

BINNS TELLS BY WIRELESS HOW HE BROUGHT AID

By J. R. BINNS, Marconi Wireless Operator on the Republic.

Wireless Operator Binns was transferred to the derelict destroyer Seneca, which arrived at Tompkinsville, having also on board the heroic Captain Sealby. The following message from Mr. Binns to the New York Evening Journal was received by wireless, via Sea Gate:

"That I suffered greatly because of the cold in the main collecting I have of the disaster. When I was upon the Baltic I felt the effects of the strain and of the cold combined, and it was some time before I felt thawed out."

"At the time of the accident the fog was so thick around us that we could not tell what boat had struck us, as she immediately backed away from us, and was lost in the blackness of the early morning."

With the crash the whole ship was in darkness, as the engine room had been flooded. I tried the power and found it was cut off. But I was able to switch to my accumulator storage batteries and thus call for assistance. I was not in the wireless room when the collision occurred. The first apartment had been badly wrecked. My first concern was for the apparatus. The drawing of the furnaces and the shutting off of the boilers had stopped the dynamo and separated the circuit.

"Soon after the collision I commenced sending messages. I was exposed to the elements and was sending almost constantly. There was no one to relieve me, and I had to work continuously. On Sunday morning I was compelled to swim through the cabin for food, obtaining two biscuits and some salted almonds."

\$2,000,000 IN CLAIMS RESULT OF COLLISION

Upon the question as to whether or not there was any element of negligence in the maneuvering of the ill-fated Republic on the Florida during the fog of Friday, when they collided, Binns the settlement of claims aggregating at least two millions of dollars.

"This case fortune is at stake in position now that their claims after some time have been laid on to find what circumstances or set of circumstances the Republic has done. The chance of which, and which one is made to be are, such as considered the following:

First—Damage for the death of passengers.

Second—Damages for the death of employees.

Third—Losses to passengers' property.

Fourth—Loss of the Republic.

Fifth—Loss of the Republic's cargo.

Sixth—Salvage money for standing by the Republic.

The answers to these questions depend upon a state of facts. These facts are not yet known, but they are being determined by a court of inquiry and the evidence, however, that will be controlling factor was at fault. Those conditions it was the Republic that fouled the Florida or vice versa.

Admiralty lawyers give answers to these enumerated questions thus:

First—There can be no recovery for loss of life, as there is no law controlling of automobiles for the loss of life upon the high seas.

Second—Relatives of employees of vessels have no recourse, no help except the charity of the steamship company interested may give.

Third—Recovery limited to \$100, upon all passengers, each passenger, in purchasing a ticket, assuming the Republic public and was responsible for his loss.

Fourth—The Republic's cargo, which it was insured will be paid by insurance companies. Where not insured it must be collected against the Republic.

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There is no question of salvage loss to be considered, as the Republic is not insured for such until she is lost and docked safely in some port.

WOMEN JOKED AND CHATTED DONNING LIFE PRESERVERS

Professor John M. Coulter, head of the department of botany in the University of Chicago, told a connected and graphic story of all that occurred on the Republic.

"It was an experience no one could ever forget," Professor Coulter said.

"As I recall, it was about 3:30 on Saturday morning when we were awakened by the report and the fear of collision. We all realized that something serious had happened to the ship."

"We sprang out of our beds and heard a rumble about for the lights, but discovered that something had happened to the electric apparatus and that the whole ship was in total darkness."

"But through it all there was no panic. I could hear anxious voices, but there was no shouting, no hysteria of any sort."

"Even though I suppose every person on the ship felt that a great crisis of some sort was close upon us."

"The women especially conducted themselves in a manner calculated to make one forget the danger of the situation."

"In that moment of great peril, how great we did not know, those courageous women put on their life preservers as easily as if they were putting on shirts."

"I can never forget how they chatted and joked and helped one another, every one of them knowing what an order to put on the life preservers meant, but with too much heroism to reveal their fears."

"It was beautiful! It gave one an understanding of the nobility of woman's nature that does not present itself very often in an ordinary lifetime."

WOMAN PASSENGER'S THIRD WRECK; PRAISES REPUBLIC'S OFFICERS

Miss Anna Shackelford, of No. 62 West End avenue, this city, said of her experience on the Republic:

"I have been in three sea disasters."

"Once when a ship was on fire and another when a ship ran aground. Then this one. The first two were trifling, but this one was less disorder and better discipline in the wreck of the Republic than in either of the others."

"There was nothing overdone, nothing done in hysteria or panic. When we were standing out on decks, many of us almost numb with cold, but our feet never left the ground."

"We were all so cheerful and brave, and we were all so brave and cheerful."

"The crew of the Republic were so brave and cheerful, and we were all so brave and cheerful."

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"STATION"

The wireless signal of distress from the Republic was a necessary factor of safety, also, was the modern construction of the ship's hull, with its strong steel bulkhead doors, and the wireless signal of distress from the Republic, with all the lives she carried, would never have been heard of again. We should not know whether she had gone down where she now lies in the bottom of the "ocean graveyard" of Subic Island, or had sunk in the ocean.

But behind the mechanical appliances came the prime factor of safety, the men whose duty it was to obey orders. At the first shock of the Florida's ram the order "Station" was given and obeyed. Each common sailor, every quartermaster's man, every steward with his party pass, "know his place and keep it."

A ship of 15,000 tons is a community to be compared with a big office building, sheltering as many human beings as a little town. Passengers are the most difficult, as well as the most valuable, of cargo. They may have intelligence and even coolness in the face of peril seen and understood, but when the sudden danger of death comes crashing ahead through night and fog there is need of all the devotion and nerve possessed by the men whose duty it is to serve the ship.

In the case of the Republic the engine room was flooded immediately and all the men stationed in that heart of the ship were obliged to leave not, primarily, to save their lives, but because the fires were out and no man could avail anything at that station. If the

engineers had not been strangled by the first inrush of the sea the stokers would have stayed in their deep pit, awaiting their orders to leave. The engineer and his two or three assistants would have stayed with the stokers. As it was, on every deck, at scores of separate posts, in places which no passenger ever sees or even knows the name of, were men whose simple duty it was to stay below their appointed stations until their officers should order them to leave. The reports made by rescued passengers tell us that discipline was perfect, there was no confusion.

The captain and second officer stayed by the ship until the bridge stopped down under them into the hungry sea, and they were barely saved. None will grudge the officers of the Republic their full measure of admiration and praise.

But it can be said without flippancy—any man capable of commanding a ship can be depended upon to stand on his bridge until the last life entrusted to his care has been saved. His name is known, his figure is seen, and is an inspiration; his duty is his own honor.

But what of the men below-decks, whose names or faces are unknown on the ship except to their officers? Is their heroism? They don't think of it as "duty" and a regular chance in the day's work. For they do realize it, and they know quite well that at any time death may come straight up to them, and they must stand there and wait for orders before they may turn away from it.

The unknown heroes who answer the first order in time of danger deserve the deepest gratitude of the passengers, who, when all goes well aboard the ship, scarcely remember their existence for without disciplined men no ship is safe for a single instant. No mechanical appliances can of themselves assure any safety at sea.

SEALBY'S STORY OF DISASTER

First Account from Republic's Captain.

HOW HE ESCAPED Was Carried Far Down with Steam- ship.

VIGIL WITH OFFICER Captain Climbed the Mast Before End Came.

WILLIAMS MADE SPRINT How the Two Were Picked Up by Revenue Cutter Boats.

While the revenue tug Manhattan steamed up the bay with the remaining members of the sunken White Star liner Republic's crew this morning—bringing them from the revenue cutter Seneca, on which they arrived last night—Capt. James Sealby, the commander of the steamship that was lost, told for the first time his story of the wreck. The captain, who related his narrative as he stood in the lee of the tug's funnel, began with the time when, with his second officer, R. J. Williams, the only man left with him on the vessel, he felt on Sunday night that it was only a matter of minutes before the shattered Republic would go to the bottom. He told the story of the last few minutes on the vessel, the struggle in the engine and the rescue by the men of the revenue cutter Gresham.

Williams and I were on the bridge together," he said. "The Republic had begun to settle rapidly. Both of us knew that it was very close to the time when she would disappear. She began to rattle and crack and the stern commenced to go down very rapidly. There was a slight tremor.

"What do you think about it, Williams?" I asked.

"Captain, I don't think it will be a long race; let's make a sprint of it. When you are ready, let her go," answered Williams.

Capt. Sealby explained that his second officer had a bit of sporting blood in his veins.

FIRE DROVE REVOLVER AS WARNING.

"I directed Williams," he continued, "to burn the blue lights and fired five charges from my revolver to warn the Gresham and the Seneca to cast off as we were sinking. I then shouted to Williams to make for the fore-rigging. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning our blue lights as we went, and carrying a lantern with us. When we got to the saloon deck we found the water rushing in aft and as we ran forward the stern of the ship was sinking so rapidly and the slant of the deck was so acute that it was impossible to keep a foothold.

"By the time we reached the forecastle head we could not keep up. That was the last that I saw of Williams. He caught hold of the port rail and I went up the rigging as far as the forward running light, about 100 feet up the mast. I rested there and groped about for a blue light in my pocket. I found one, but it was wet and would not go off.

COAT ACTED AS LIFE PRESERVER.

"When the blue light refused to go off I fired my last shot from my revolver. Then the water caught up with me. The sweep of the waves spread out my heavy coat and made the air inside of it a sort of life preserver. The weight of my binoculars and the revolver which I had in my pockets held down the skirts of my coat and really helped to keep me afloat.

"It was very dark. All around me swept a boiling mass of water. I was caught in this in a sort of whirlpool and

churned around and around. When I came to the surface I tried to pull my coat off, but it stuck. Considerable debris, pieces of broken plank, lengths of spars and odd articles from the ship littered the sea around me. I managed to get hold of some spars and finally captured a hatch. In spite of the heavy sea which was running I managed to pull myself up on this hatch and make a life raft of it, lying across it spread-eagle fashion.

SEARCHLIGHT FINALLY LOCATED HIM.

"In this way I floated around for some time. The searchlights were playing all over the water, but it seemed to me that they would never find me. The searchlights from the two revenue cutters and the tug Scully concentrated on the spot where the Republic had gone down. But somehow they missed me. I managed to load the chambers of my revolver again and fired several times in an attempt to attract attention. Then I got hold of a towel floating in the wreckage and waved that when the light flashed on me.

"Then out of the darkness sprang a boat and I was hauled aboard of her. I was weak and finished. I was glad to find safe aboard her my mate, Williams, who had stuck to me to the last. He was pretty well finished, like myself, and both of us suffered acutely from the cold. Although I had saved my strength for the last shouting at intervals and the energy it took to hang on to the raft had taken all of the strength out of me.

"The boat was in command of gunnery-mate Johnson of the Gresham, and I want to say that he handled his boat in a most able and seamanlike manner. It was due to his accuracy in keeping his bearings in the inky darkness that I was picked up. With him were eight men, four from the Gresham's crew and four from the crew of the Republic—on board of her.

PRaise FOR REVENUE CUTTER MEN.

"I want to speak in the highest terms of the United States revenue cutter service. Both the Gresham under Capt. Perry and the Seneca under Capt. Reynolds have shown their readiness in such emergency of the last three days. The Seneca was really a magnificent vessel, and we owe much to her."

Capt. Sealby looked stern and tired in a moment of the many hours of

strain through which he had passed, previous to his sleep last night, which was about the first that he had taken since his ship was rammed by the Florida on Saturday morning. Considering the suspense under which he had labored throughout that time and the anxiety for the safety of his passengers whom he had seen twice transferred on the open sea, he was in wonderfully fine condition. In spite of the fact that he had lost his ship he kept the best of spirits and did much to cheer his officers and the forty-eight members of his crew with him on the Seneca. He wore the same great-coat which had served him as a life-preserver when the Republic went down.

NOTHING AS TO RESPONSIBILITY FOR COLLISION.

Capt. Sealby declined to discuss the question of where the responsibility lay for the accident, saying that on that point his lips were sealed until he had reported to his company. In regard to Wireless Operator Binns, who stuck to his post in his little station, which had been half-wrecked by the impact of the collision, and who worked through much of the time without food and in darkness, Capt. Sealby could not express himself in warm enough terms.

"During the whole of our time on board," he said, "the wireless proved itself of value, and it was through Mr. Binns, who refused to desert his post to the last, in spite of the fact that one-half of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain our communication with the various steamers through whom our messages were transmitted to the outside world. Such operators are made of the right sort of stuff."

Capt. Sealby could not praise enough the action and discipline of his men during the period of their trial. In regard to their part in averting one of the greatest tragedies of the sea ever threatened he said:

THE PASSENGER TRANSFER.

"I attribute the successful handling and transferring of the Republic's passengers from one ship to another to that splendid cohesion which existed from the start to the finish between the officers and the crew who helped me. At no time had I any doubt in any man; my confidence was absolute and unshaken. To this confidence I attribute whatever may have been done."

The members of the crew of the Republic who spent the night quartered on the Seneca off Tompkinsville were much worried by the fact that the party they had played in twice transferring the passengers of the Republic had not received the credit that it should. In fact, they felt that in some instances reports had reflected to their discredit. Capt. Sealby stated that throughout the brunt of the labor of shifting the passengers of the Republic had been borne by his own men and that the transfer had been effected almost entirely in his own boats.

NO CONFUSION, HE SAYS.

"During the time which elapsed between the collision and the time of the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion whatever," said Capt. Sealby. "The women behaved themselves remarkably well, and to the men the greatest credit is due for the valuable assistance they rendered in so safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the boats. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner."

The part played throughout the time prior to the sinking of the Republic by the Marconi wireless, the submarine bells and other safety devices were spoken of by the wrecked liner's captain. Had it not been for the wireless help credit may have been called from afar, and after the stern batteries gave out the ship's submarine bells gave warnings for miles around.

When Capt. Sealby and Lieut. Williams left the bridge they picked and left to drift away with the ship a Holmes distress signal which limited through the action of the vapor, as it is devised to do,

and directed the boats to the assistance of the captain and his lieutenant who were foundering in the water.

The captain took no time to collect any of his papers or instruments, and the ship's log and chronometer went down with her.

THE SECOND OFFICER'S STORY.

Hardly less interesting than the captain's narrative of the last few moments aboard the Republic was the story also told on the revenue tug by his second officer, R. J. Williams.

He said:

"When the Captain and I parted after setting fire to the blue lights I made for the rail. The deck was so steep that I hung onto the rail with my elbows. I saw nothing more of the Captain. The ship was going down fast and seemed to strike the bottom, all at once, stern first.

"It all happened in almost no time. We thought that the end was coming about 8 o'clock. At 8:07 she started to settle finally, and in three minutes it was all over. After she struck bottom she lay easy, what seemed to me for five or ten seconds and then she parted. The break must have been about the engine room where the Florida had hit her, I think.

"I could tell by the feel of her frame that she broke in two. When I felt the ship part I let go and fell to the water. It must have been forty feet. The Republic's bow was then high in air, and I could see right under her keel where I struck. I fell all in a jump and threw off my overcoat immediately. Then I started to back water, and clear the ship. I got about twenty feet clear of her before she sank.

"There couldn't have been much suction or we wouldn't be here, but the roar of the water was something terrible. As soon as the Republic's superstructure sank out of sight the water was white like yeast. Just as the vessel settled finally I saw that her flag was flying as she went down.

CLUNG TO HATCHES.

"A grating hatch struck me in the swirl of the water and I caught hold of it. I tried to get on top of it, but there was a heavy sea and every time I crawled up on top of the hatch a wave capsized it and knocked me back into the water again. After about five minutes of this sort of struggling another hatch came along and I grabbed it. I managed to get between the two with one hand on each and supported myself between them, treading water.

"How long I could have hung on that way I don't know. I could see all the three steamers but they looked to be a long way off. I lay on the hatches without exerting myself. Faintly over the roaring of the wind and the sea I heard the captain about three times. Then I saw the boats and shouted. They came and I was safe in a few minutes. After they had dragged me out I found that I had been in the water about twenty minutes; the captain must have been in a little longer.

As soon as I could get my breath I told them about where I thought Capt. Sealby was. Johansen followed my direction, and a little later they poked the captain up. He was so used up that he didn't notice that I was in the boat. I reached out and caught his hand. When he knew me he flung both arms around me and cried, 'Williams, game to the last.' In a little while we were on board the Gresham."

Williams is a hale young fellow, several years his captain's junior and although like everybody else, he lost everything he had on board, he bore his tough luck with good humor. His chief trouble this morning appeared to be over the absence of his great coat, which he left in the water with the sinking Republic. He complained of the cool breeze that came across the bay, but stuck close for comfort to a well-oiled briar which he had not failed to save whatever else he lost.

Cheerfully, too, he replied to the query of whether he expected to ever be picked up again on such a night as that of Sunday and whether he had ever expected to see Capt. Sealby again. "Well," he said with a smile, "I know what a chance we took. That was all he had to say about having stuck to his ship."

There was no expression of any depression on the part of the Republic's officers who were on board of the Seneca this morning, but it was clear that they shared with their captain his sorrow over the loss of his ship. While there was no complaining the tone of the remarks of the stricken ship's company was subdued, even to the men.

The men seemed to have faced a little more bravely in the way of saving their effects, for when they fled they took the precaution of the Seneca to take the

Manhattan to the White Star line's pier each man bore a box or a bundle of some kind of personal property.

After the Manhattan cast off the members of the crew of the Republic on board of her, led by Capt. Sealby, gave nine hearty cheers for Capt. Reynolds, the officers and the crew of the Seneca. These were returned in the same sort from aboard the Seneca, with a huge yell as a final farewell.

MEETING THE SENECA.

The tug Edward Dalzell took a party down to the Seneca last night from the

Battery. One of those on the tug was G. S. De Sousa, traffic manager of the Marconi Wireless Company, who carried a congratulatory message from the company to Binns.

Down in the Narrows the tug picked up the low-lying Government boat, which was travelling swiftly toward her anchorage, and trailed her to Tompkinsville. There the Seneca put about, and when the rattling of anchor chains told the Dalzell that she was hard and fast the tug drew near. The Seneca's wireless apparatus spluttered and sizzled away as the visitors from the tug arrived, a blue spark at the masthead showing where the messages left the ship, to be shot through the air toward Manhattan. The Seneca's operator, Matthew Tierney, sat in a tiny cabin on the bridge, with his fingers on the key and the telephone receivers strapped to his ears. Binns was nowhere about. Completely fagged out, he had taken to his stateroom, and Capt. Sealby had issued strict orders that he should not be disturbed. Even Manager De Sousa was not allowed to speak with him, and left the Seneca deeply disappointed. Matthew Tierney, however, told something of Binns's own story as it had been related to him by the plucky little operator.

OPERATOR'S CABIN WRECKED.

"When the crash came," said Binns to Tierney, "my little cabin was cut in half and I was left exposed to the cold, the fog and the rain. Everything was in complete darkness.

"Five minutes after the collision the dynamos ceased to work, but I had still my accumulators—my storage batteries—to depend on and I knew where to find them. I was so familiar with my cabin that I needed no light to tell me where each thing was.

"With the aid of my accumulators I sent the messages. After a while I grew conscious of the cold and then I became hungry. My hunger increased to such an extent that I was obliged to go in search of a bite of something. I rummaged about on deck, but there was not a crumb there, so I made for the galley. I found the lower part of the ship submerged and before I had gone far from the shell that was left of my cabin I had to swim for it. Swimming in pitch darkness on a sinking ship is not the most pleasant thing in the world, but I was thinking of food just then. Somehow I bumped into the companionway and after a time I discovered the kitchen. I groped about there in the water, but all I could unearth were a few morsels of biscuits and a handful of almonds. I made what I could of those and struggled back to my post.

"I greatly felt the need of a cigarette then, but all I had had so carefully away had been lost in the wreck—think of it. Tierney, I lost 500 cigarettes—and all I could grab up was a stub."

Of Binns Tierney said:

"Binns is surely a game fellow. I have known him for a long time and he'll be right on the job in any crisis. But I never saw a man look worse than he did when he came aboard. It was easy to see that he had been under a terrific strain. There were rings under his eyes and his face was haggard. He lost everything he had in the collision—didn't save a nickel's worth. I don't think he will be in a condition to work for some time."

Manager De Sousa said: "Binns has been a wireless operator with us for five years. Before he came to the Marconi Company he was stationed at Crookhaven, Ireland, as an operator. He is a first-class man in every sense of the term. The company has none better and it is proud of him. This was the first maritime disaster in which he has been called upon to show his work, but he was an eyewitness of the recent Italian earthquake from the decks of the Republic and he saw the Kingston quake from the Hamburg-American liner Buecher."

the Greenham's lifeboat was lowered, and Gunner Johanson, with four of the Greenham's men and four from the Republic, pulled swiftly toward the whirlpool made by the sinking liner. Once, as Gunner Johanson was peering into the darkness, a small spar—possibly a flagstaff—shot up and struck him in the face, causing a bad bruise. The boat came by accident upon Second Officer Williams as he was swimming. Although he was hampered by his heavy overcoat, he had managed to keep afloat.

A few moments later, steering toward a faint cry which came out of the darkness, the boat ran up to a floating grating to which Captain Seably, almost exhausted, was clinging.

The boat's crew then were guided back to the Greenham by signals. As they drew up alongside and those on board the cutter learned that the two officers of the Republic were safe, both American and British sailors tried to outdo each other in cheering, but many of the Republic's men wept as they helped their captain to the deck.

After being furnished with warm and dry clothing, Captain Seably and Second Officer Williams rapidly recovered from their experiences.

SHIP'S OFFICE CLOSES.

Many of Republic's Passengers to Continue Trip on Other Steamers.

Following the suspense and anxiety caused by the Republic disaster, the officials of the White Star Line, after seeing that all of the passengers on the Baltic had been safely landed and everything possible done for their comfort, closed up their office early last evening, and went in search of much needed rest. All of the officials and office force had been on duty almost continuously from the time the news reached them Saturday morning until yesterday afternoon, and they here up under the strain with difficulty.

Many of the passengers on the Republic have informed the White Star agents in this city that they will continue their trip on Saturday, either going on the Minneapolis, of the Atlantic Transport Line, the Keokuk Albert, of the North German Lloyd Line, the Baltic, of the White Star Line, or the New York, of the American Line.

The Underland will leave here tomorrow for Antwerp, and several of the Republic's passengers obtained accommodations at the last minute and will sail on her. The White Star people telegraphed to Boston yesterday and reserved all of the accommodations on their steamer *Romantic*, which will sail from that port for Naples on Saturday. Many of the Republic's passengers had reserved accommodations at the various hotels in New York, and representatives from the hotels were at the piers to meet them.

The loss of the Republic, if she proves a total loss, as is now expected, will fall heavily on several marine insurance companies. The ship was valued at more than \$2,000,000, and the insurance was carried in several companies, no one company paying a policy for more than \$500,000. Most of the ships of the White Star Line are insured by the company itself, but the Republic was one of the exceptions to the rule. No one seems to know exactly the loss from the cargo carried by the Republic, but it will have to be borne by the various companies in which the shippers themselves had insured their goods. As for the luggage, it is probable that the passengers will have to bear their own losses, unless it is proven that the officers of the Republic were at fault.

ABSENCE OF PANIC ON THE REPUBLIC

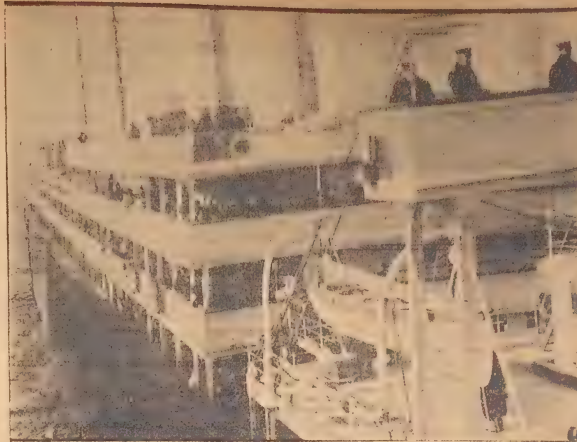
PASSENGERS PRAISE OFFICERS AND CREW.

Brooklyn Woman Goes Overboard During Transfer — Both Fog Horns Sounding, One Says.

Without exception the passengers of the Republic upon their arrival here yesterday called attention to the total absence of panic on that ship following the crash, and later during the transfer to the Florida, referring to it as one of the most remarkable circumstances of the disaster and rescue. The behavior of all was spoken of as entirely lacking in any violence or disorder.

The Republic's passengers praised the crews and the crews praised the passengers. The officers of all the ships playing a part in the accident and disaster rescue were said to have shown courage and extreme courtesy.

There were those who shrank from hearing the details of that time of suspense and unknown danger immediately following the crash. Others talked freely, but with a calm and serene mien which showed the intensity of the suffering in mind and spirit when their narrow escape had occurred. They spoke as those who



THE BALTIC AS SHE CAME INTO DOCK.

On the bridge stands Captain Ranson. The Republic's passengers can be seen on the saloon, or third deck.

having looked a fearful form of death squarely in the face would carry with them henceforth the marks of a wonderful though dearly purchased knowledge.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, who lives at No. 242 Henry street, Brooklyn, was too badly shaken by the double shock of being on the Republic at the time of the collision and afterward falling into the water when she and her sister, Miss Frances Clara Morse, of Worcester, Mass., were being transferred in the lifeboat of the Baltic from the Florida, to talk to any one. She was also suffering from a painful contusion. Their experiences were told by Miss Morse.

"I was wide awake when the thing happened—the hideous thing," she said, shuddering.

"The fog horns of both vessels were blowing just before the thing occurred. I heard both of them distinctly, as they were entirely different in tone. I am willing to go upon the stand anywhere and testify to the fact that both fog horns were sounding with mechanical regularity.

"We were suddenly thrown into the greatest fright and confusion and inky blackness. There was not a candle to be found in the ship. I blame nobody; I simply state the deplorable fact that when the electric lights were knocked out there were no substitutes forthcoming or possible to procure.

"We could not find our clothes. We did not spend long in hunting for them. And now, neither my sister nor I have a dress, waist, skirt or hat. We were going to spend a month at Cairo, so we took both winter and summer clothes, and all we had. Our jewelry is in the sunken ship, also.

"We hurried into the cabin and then hurried to the upper deck and nearly froze. But there was no whimpering by any one. There was no panic. The gravity was felt, but fears were not cried out. We were told to get our life preservers; we got them, and put them on. And then we waited on that wind swept upper deck, with nearly nothing to clothe us—waited, not knowing when we would be rescued, or whether help could reach us before it would be too late.

"We were taken off in a little boat. I was transferred without incident, but just as my sister, Mrs. Earle, was stepping from the lifeboat to the steamer she missed her footing, or the Italian who was helping missed her—anyway, she fell into the water and again my heart almost stopped.

"It seemed almost too much, that last touch. The man jumped in after her, and when she came up for the second time he seized her by the hair and dragged her to the ladder. Mrs. Earle made no outcry; she was the bravest person I ever saw. After I had nursed her back to the point where she could speak she whispered, 'Sister, I want you to know that I am not dead.'

"Yes," interjected a man, who was a passenger from Liverpool, on the Baltic, "I saw that whole affair. And I want to say something about that Italian, who is, I believe, a subordinate officer on this boat. After he had rescued Mrs. Earle, one of the passengers offered three cheers for him, and we gave him a hearty hand. He bowed up and smiled, and I said to him that he had lost his hat. I said it in 1911. He pointed right to after the hat, and it came, springing again to his position on the ladder, shouted, 'You can't dress a sailor,' and resumed his duties, wet clothes and all."

"By the time we got to the music room the place was full of men and women, some with nothing over them but the clothes in which they had been asleep, others wrapped in ship's blankets and steamer rugs, all more or less frantic with fear and shivering with the cold. The women huddled together, some weeping, a few hysterical.

"Most of the men pulled out on deck to ascertain what the trouble was. There we found the crew of the Republic taking the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by, ready to swing out the davits. There was no sign of any other ship anywhere. The foghorn of the Republic was letting out shrill blasts, but there was no answering whistle.

"Every minute brought more of the passengers on deck and to the music room, and the excitement was growing instead of lessening. A great number had put on life belts, and this sight had anything but a reassuring effect. Finally the second officer informed us that there was no danger of the vessel going under. The music became composed as at hearing this, but some of the women were still beside themselves. In less than half an hour, however, nearly every one had managed to get clothed, after a fashion, and all were in the music room and dining saloon awaiting developments.

"The announcement that we were to be transferred to the Florida caused more terror than had the shock of the collision, but after a while comparative calm was obtained and the transshipment was begun. I shall never forget the scene. The Florida could barely be made out, standing by less than a cable length away.

"The sight of the first boats pulling off from the Republic was watched with a lump in the throat of every one. The boats would stand out, under the searchlight, and then fade away into the mist, lost to view. The Florida's boats had also been put over the side, and it was a sort of contest between the crews of the two ships as to which would behave better and take over the greater number of passengers in the least time. When it came to the turn of Captain Seably and the officers and men of the Republic to abandon the ship, they refused. It was the thing to do, of course, but nevertheless to see it done gave us all the creeps."

David S. Cowles, president of W. H. Parsons & Co., paper manufacturers, at No. 111 Broadway, was on the Republic with his wife and daughter. The first thing he said was to compliment the officers and crew of the Republic, as well as of all the ships.

"My stateroom, No. 22," he said, "was only a few doors away from where the greatest damage was done. There was not so bad a shock as you might imagine. When we scrambled to deck we were unable to see the Florida, but we could hear her whistles, not far away.

"The captain informed us through his megaphone that he was in communication with the Baltic and with Nantucket, by wireless, and promised that help would soon arrive. That was reassuring. It didn't take us long to see that the Florida was as badly damaged as the Republic.

"I can tell you it was a great sight to see the Baltic when she hove in view. Up to then nobody felt safe. We considered the Republic a goner from the start, and the Florida was not much better off."

Speaking of her experience, Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who occupied the room on the Republic between the two occupied by the Moonsey and the Lynches, said:

"I had gone to bed about 8 o'clock, but the continual sounding of the fog signals kept me awake. Suddenly there was a crash and the lights went out. The ceiling dropped in, elec-

tric light wires fell on me and any number of pieces of partition as well.

"I had turned on my side, and when the crash came I instinctively put my hands over my eyes. I felt something strike me and hold me against the back of the partition. Later I found it was a mattress that had been driven in from the next room. I pounded on the wall and heard a steward say, 'There is a woman in that room.' I kept on pounding, and shortly thereafter forced a way in to me and carried me out through the cut into the next cabin and then into the alleyway and to the saloon."

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"H. A. Hoyer, of Spokane, Wash., said: 'Mrs. Hoyer and I like most of the Republic's passengers, were awakened by being violently thrown against the side of our bunks. The shock was terrible. Outside in the passageway, I could hear the sound of running feet. From above on deck came shouts and the yelling of orders.'

AT KEY FOR 52 HOURS

VIVID TALE OF WIRELESS.

How Baltic's Operator Caught News of Republic's Plight.

"Jack" Tattershall, wireless man on the Baltic, threw a vivid side light on the vast drama which culminated in the sinking of the Republic when he told yesterday the story of the wireless room. He sat at his key for fifty-two hours while the work of rescue was proceeding, and yesterday afternoon he strode up and down the dock with quick, nervous step, "beyond sleep," as he expressed it. He is a little, slim, red whiskered Englishman.

"Was I excited?" he said, pacing up and down, watching the passengers disembark. "Yes, but only once, when the first message came from the Republic via Siasconnet and I realized it was the 'C. Q. D.' I didn't wait for any steward, but bolted for the bridge with it as fast as I could.

"After that things just happened; I don't even remember their order. It was just hard work, being always on the alert. I was pretty groggy last night, I admit. I was about all in, I fancy. But I got over it and am feeling fit now.

"Five minutes after the Republic was struck her lights went out and the dynamo were out of business. After that Binns, her operator, had to rely on his accumulators. They won't send a spark much more than sixty miles, not more than eighty miles at the outside, and even at sixty miles they are very faint. The worst of it was having to send and get those Republic messages—matters of life and death, every one of them—while all the time the shore stations were jerking out flashes of desperate power.

"It was all I could do to decipher the faint messages from the Republic. They were just buzzes in my receiver for the first few hours, jammed out as we say, by the powerful messages from the shore stations dinning and crackling in my ears. It's an awful nervous strain, straining always striving, to get the message right when half a dozen gigantic batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, drowning each other out, pounding in your ears, making the night swarm with sparks before your eyes. God! that's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane.

"I hardly knew what to do with the Republic signaling me faintly, so faintly that I could not make out whether they were saying 'We are sinking' or 'All safe.' Sometimes I cursed Siasconnet and Woods Hole. It made me furious that they couldn't realize they were spoiling my receiving. How could I take those gutters from the Republic's wires when they were crashing out their sparks powerful enough to travel two hundred miles?

"But all the time I kept calling 'Republic! Republic!' and telling them that we were coming to their aid. At last, when we were within forty miles of their position, I began to be able to make out words from the buzzes in the receiver—scattered, senseless syllables to begin with, then whole phrases and sentences. They gave me the position, and I answered that we were coming as fast as we could steam through the fog.

"Listen for our horn and siren," I flashed. And we set off horns and rockets, while our horn boomed monotonously all the time.

"Their flashes grew stronger and stronger, and when I started to send one or two private messages to shore Binns was able to break in on me.

"Do not send private messages," he begged. "May have important message and will die." So I refused to take private messages any longer. We kept on through the fog, feeling our way. Whenever we were about to send off a burst of smoke I signaled the Republic. I told them, too, to listen for our submarine bell. Just after I had flashed them that we were on our way our last home Binns replied that it had been heard. So we found them.

"After the transfer of the Republic's passengers from the Seneca to the Baltic, while the vessel was sitting in the office a man asked me to him and said: 'Hello, Jack Tattershall, aren't you?' I am Jack Binns, the wireless operator on the Republic. There had a good deal to say, and have had some trouble staying

it. How are you?' And then the two sat down and discussed the interruptions that had handicapped them.

BOUTELL PRAISES BINNS.

Eulogy of Republic's Wireless Operator Applauded in House.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The House of Representatives today listened to a eulogy of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the Republic. Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, said that throughout the critical period "there was one silent actor in the tragedy whose name should be immortalized. Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. Is it not an inspiration for all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some, Jack Binns is not ready to face it?"

Mr. Boutell's remarks were loudly applauded.

PRAISE WIRELESS WORK.

Commandant of Revenue Cutter Service Tells of Its Efficiency.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)
Washington, Jan. 25.—Captain Ross, commandant of the revenue cutter service, received a wireless message from the commander of the derelict destroyer Seneca this afternoon, saying that he had on board fifty members of the crew of the steamer Republic, and would bring them into port. From the very moment of the disaster the wireless on board the various vessels of the revenue cutter fleet has kept the department in Washington informed of every step in the work of rescue. At no time since the system was installed in the service has its value been so signally demonstrated, and Captain Ross, who was responsible for securing the appropriation from Congress which equipped the cutters with the apparatus, is naturally somewhat elated with the showing.

"The first call for assistance from the Republic," said Captain Ross, "was intercepted by the wireless operator on the revenue cutter Greatham at Provincetown, Mass., 110 miles away. That vessel at once started down the outer shore of Cape Cod, around Nantucket Shoals, and soon reached the Republic, standing by the disabled steamship, putting lines aboard, and even starting to tow her to harbor or shoal water.

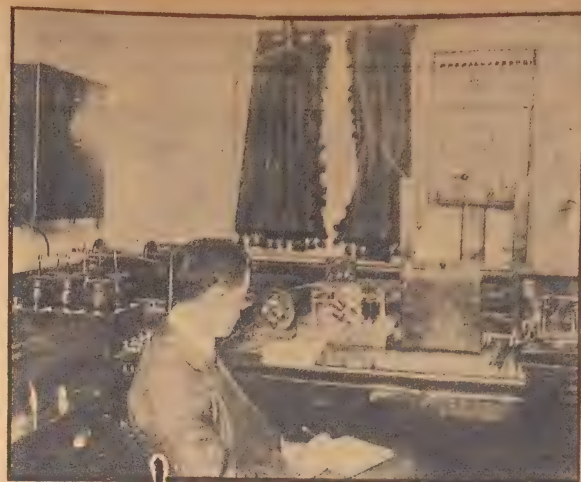
"The derelict destroyer Seneca, another one of the revenue cutter fleet, was far out at sea, three hundred miles to the southward and westward of the wreck when the message was flashed from the Treasury Department at Washington over the land wires to the coast wireless stations, and by them sent out over the waves of the ocean. The Seneca caught the message, and coming on at full speed, reached the side of the Republic within twenty hours of the collision, fastened a line to the Republic, and with her sister ship, the Greatham, participated in the uphill hopeless task of towing the liner to shore.

"The Mohawk and the Acushnet, other revenue cutters in the vicinity, were in constant wireless communication with the salvos, and kept the shore wireless stations and the department at Washington informed as to the progress made toward land. When it became apparent that all efforts to get the Republic to safe harbor were in vain, the wireless operator on the Greatham sent out to the world the final words announcing that the Republic had gone down, but that her commander and crew were safe on board the revenue cutter.

Another example of the value of the wireless apparatus on board the revenue cutters came in our notice a few days ago, when the Seneca and the Greatham were enabled on the same day to find two lumber laden derelicts and tow them safely to port. While remaining on watch for navigation they were thus enabled to restore the abandoned vessels to their owners—feat they could not have accomplished because the invention of the wireless communication.

"C. Q. D." TAKES PRECEDENCE.

Through all the wireless messages were passing one another when the Republic was first hit by the Florida and for twenty-four hours afterward, there was no contention at the wireless stations as to whose distress signal should be sent. The "C. Q. D." is sent out and received every operator's duty and business time was devoted to that time. The powerful shore stations are supposed to reply at once. If they do not respond for any reason then the operator on a first-class station on a ship is supposed to answer. The operator who answers the signal first is permitted to complete his message before any other operator gets in on him.



THE WIRELESS CABIN ON THE REPUBLIC.

It was from these quarters, high on the boatdeck of the ill-fated liner, that heroic "Jack" Binns sent out those appeals for help that brought seven ocean liners to the aid of the sinking ship. This photograph was taken some time ago, when the Republic was in this port.

FROM BRIDGES OF BALTIC AND FLORIDA

CAPTAINS RANSON AND RUSPINI TELL OF WORK OF RESCUE AND THE FATAL CRASH.

Captain J. B. Ranson of the Baltic described the work of his ship as follows:

"We got notice at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning that the Republic had been in collision and assistance was wanted, and we turned and went back and began to search. This search began at 11 o'clock and continued till 8 p. m.

"She was found finally by the Marconi. The first thing we did was to take off the Republic's crew, as she seemed to be in a sinking condition. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer passengers.

"First we transferred the Republic's passengers and then transferred the Florida's, using the crews of all three ships. We used only the Republic's boats. We have seven or eight of the Republic's boats on board the Baltic now. The transfer was made from 8 p. m. to 8 a. m.

"All this time we were transferring passengers. The weather was threatening and very misty, but there were no accidents. For the number you will have to see the purser, but the total was about 1,650. We left the captain of the Republic, its chief officer, the boatswain, the chief steward and a boat crew on board the Republic.

"All the passengers behaved splendidly. Only one person fell into the water, and she was an Italian woman. She fell like a bag of potatoes. Lifebuoys dropped all around and on her.

"After we had finished with the passengers we returned and went back to the Republic, finding her all right at that time. The officers and the steward all went back on the Republic.

"We could not find the Republic for many hours, but there was an American whale-back steamer named the City of Everett and her captain was asked. She stayed by the Republic all night and she blew for us until we found her. After we had sent back the officers and crew to the Republic, the Pennsylvania came up.

"This is how the Republic finally got to her. She used our whistle and steered us by the Marconi. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he rushed with it to me. I have all the copies. For instance, some of them read: 'You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?' Republic! Another message reads: 'You are now very close. Can you see our rockets?' Republic! Another: 'You are too close to us for safety, Republic!'

"The first message of all that we received Saturday morning told us that the Republic was in a dangerous position in latitude 40, longitude 70.

"We went there and she was not there. Then we had to grope, and we went to 40°27' and 69°50'. We searched, and we were interfered with by the wireless of other ships, which complicated the situation.

"On Saturday evening the fog lightened somewhat, fortunately. Then it became intermittent. It became thick again Sunday morning and made it very difficult for us.

"Then came messages giving us different steering directions, and in between we caught flashes of other messages. There was one I received that made me very anxious. It read: 'Siasconnet says hear from Republic, says to hustle to hurry. Sinking fast.'

"I think I received this about 6 p. m. Saturday, just before we found her. Then I got alongside of the Republic. I asked Captain Sealby to come aboard of my ship, but he would not leave. I tried to get him to come, but he stayed by until the last.

Captain Ruspini of the Florida told of the crash as follows:

"We were blowing our whistle constantly. I heard a flash in the fog from another steamer, but they were not so frequent, and not so loud. Finally, the Republic showed up before us and we recognized her. We drew back, rebounded, and then moved around in the fog for two hours. Then we saw a small boat with an officer of the Pennsylvania who seemed to be in the boat."

CAPT. SEALBY'S DRAMATIC STORY

Capt. Wm. A. Sealby, the commander of the sunken White Star liner Republic, to-day, aboard the derelict destroyer Seneca, told the story of his long vigil on his sinking steamship and his rescue from the waters that swallowed up his ship.

The captain told of their standing by the derelict too long and then making a dash for the forward rigging up the almost vertical deck. Sealby got to the rigging, but his mate was swept over to the rail. The waters seemed to follow the captain as he climbed, and he was soon afloat, buoyed up by his spreading overcoat, till he climbed aboard a floating hatch and waited anxiously for the Gresham's men to locate him with the searchlight.

Williams Saved from the Suction.

Second Officer R. J. Williams, R. N., took up the story at the point where he and the captain were separated in their desperate run for the rigging.

He worked his way up as the water engulfed the ship and felt the hull ground and part. Then he let go and fell forty feet into the water, and struck out to get away from the suction of the sinking craft.

This he managed to do, and was floating between two hatches when a Gresham crew picked him up.

The Seneca had taken aboard the captain and forty-two of his officers and crew and anchored off Tompkinsville last night. To-day the Republic's men were transferred to the Baltic at her pier.

Sealby's License Suspended.

Technically, Capt. Sealby is under suspension, his certificate as master being taken away from him pending investigation of the disaster, as a matter of fact, though not a shadow of blame attaches to him in the opinion of marine men.

The captain will remain here for several days, perhaps a week, and then will proceed to Liverpool, where he will be cited to appear before the Board of Trade for examination as to the cause of the sinking of the Republic.

If, as a result of the examination, the Board of Trade exonerates the captain from responsibility for the collision, his license will at once be restored, but should they find him to blame the revocation will stand.

The White Star line officials here were confident today that the Republic's commander will be held blameless.

Conference at White Star Office.

Capt. Sealby and the officers of the Republic had a three-hour conference with Vice-Presidents Lee and Franklin and General Passenger Agent Thomas, of the International Mercantile Marine.

Capt. Sealby had a chart of the waters where the accident occurred and went over the incidents carefully. It was announced that no official statement would be given out by the company until to-morrow.

When Capt. Sealby left the conference he said he was not yet free to make a statement as to the actual causes of the collision.

Captain's Desperate Race for Life on Sinking Ship

Capt. William A. Sealby, coming up to the White Star pier to-day, told the dramatic story of his daring attempt to stay by the Republic, of his race for life along the deck of the sinking ship, and of his rescue from a floating hatch.

The captain looked drawn and haggard. He is about thirty-eight years old, of ordinary height, of slight build, and unusually pale for one who follows the sea.

He wore borrowed light trousers that contrasted with the rest of the uniform which he wore when taken from the water.

Capt. Sealby said:

"We were on the bridge waiting for the time when our ship would disappear. By me, I mean Williams, the second officer, and myself. All the others had gone away at between 2 and 3 o'clock, and we were alone. Towards 8 o'clock the vessel began to rumble and break at the after end. The stern commenced to go down very rapidly. Then I turned to Williams and I said:

"Well, what do you think about it, Williams?"

"The answer was:

"Captain, I don't think it will be a long race. Let us make a sprint for it."

Signaled for Help.

"Williams is a bit of a sporting cuss, and instinctively he had reference to making a good finish. So I said to him: 'When you are ready, let her go, meaning for him to ignite the blue light, which was an arranged signal for the lifeboats of the revenue cutter Gresham to come to our aid.

"With a blue light in one hand raised above my head, I drew my revolver from my pocket and fired five of the six charges that were in it.

"This, too, was a prearranged signal, because the fog was still bad. I had scarcely finished firing when we noticed that the ship was going down faster than we supposed, so Williams shouted to me: 'Let us make for the forward rigging.'

Ran for the Rigging.

"We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, carrying the blue lights above our heads as we ran. I also had in one of my hands a lantern such as our conductors use to show us the way along the deck.

"When we got to the saloon deck the water was coming in the after end, crashing and roaring like a whirlpool. As we ran forward the stern of the ship was sinking so rapidly that the motion of the deck was so steep that when we got to the forward end we began to slip back along the deck, unable to keep our footing.

"The last thing I saw of Williams aboard the Republic was when he had hold of the rail, hanging on to the port side.

Climbed the Mast.

"I took to the mast and went up as far as the masthead light, which was about 100 feet from the deck. I rested at the masthead light for a second, while I took out a small blue light from an

inner pocket. It was wet and would not go off. Then I fired what I supposed was my last shot.

"The water at this time had caught up to me, but the air got under my overcoat and formed a sort of life preserver. You see, I had a pair of binoculars in one of my overcoat pockets and a revolver and some cartridges on the other side. These acted as a sort of ballast to the overcoat, which made a perfect life preserver.

Found by the Searchlight.

"By this time there was a roaring, seething mass of water all about me. I was caught in the whirlpool and for some little time was churned around. I was dragged down a considerable distance, but finally came to the surface and tried to pull my overcoat off. It was water soaked, however, and I could not budge it.

"There were considerable debris floating around me, but I managed to get hold of some broken spars. Finally I took hold of a large hatch and pulled myself on it. I was so exhausted, however, that I could not draw myself upright upon it, so I lay on it spirit-eagle fashion."

"The searchlights were playing on the ship as she was going down, and after being in the water some considerable time the two revenue cutters and a tug, which I think was the Scully, concentrated their lights on the spot where our vessel had gone down.

Rescued from Floating Hatch.

"It seemed an interminable time that I lay there on the hatch and they did not see me. I had some grease-covered cartridges in my pockets, and I managed, after a great effort, to load my revolver again, and I fired to attract attention. I was getting very weak and numb from the cold. I just lay on the hatch and saved my strength for what I thought would be the last. Every now and then I shouted in the direction of where the lights were playing on the water.

"I had found a towel floating on the water, so I picked it up and waved it in the air. It was this piece of white that first attracted the attention of the Gresham's people. Shortly afterward I saw a boat coming toward me. They picked me up and took me aboard of the Gresham. The lifeboat was in charge of Gunner Johnsen, who handled it in a very able and seamanlike manner. When I got in the boat I found Williams there. I was overjoyed, because I feared that he was gone.

Praises Revenue Cutter Service.

"We did not save the logbook of the ship or any of the nautical instruments, but I understand that Purser Barker saved some papers. What they are I do not know. I wish to speak in the highest terms for the United States revenue cutters. The Gresham, under Capt. Storey, and the Seneca, under Capt. Reynolds, have proved beyond any doubt, in two instances, the necessity for such a service as the Revenue provides. She is really a woman's notice."

"Better we abandoned the Republic I left and planned to float away with the ship, a Holmes destroyer, which, with I have some heavy, cold weather garments.

with the action of the water and floated on the surface and was seen by the boat's crew who rescued us.

Can't Say Too Much for Binns.

"I cannot say too much in regard to the work of Mr. Binns, the wireless operator. During the whole of our operations on board the wireless was more or less invaluable, and it is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, in spite of the fact that half of the operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain our communications with the various steamers.

Praises Crew and Passengers.

"I attribute the successful handling and transferring of passengers from the ship to that splendid collection which existed from the start to the finish between my officers and crew. At no time had I any doubt in any man. My confidence was absolute and unshaken. To that I attribute what may have been done.

"During the time which elapsed between the collision and the time of the passengers leaving the ship there was no confusion whatever. The women behaved remarkably well, and to the men passengers great praise is due for the valuable assistance they rendered me in safely conducting the women and children from under the bridge to the life boats. They could not have gone out of a theatre in a more orderly manner."

The Crew of the Republic.

The Seneca brought in these officers and members of the crew of the Republic:

Capt. William A. Sealby, Chief Officer J. Coward, First Officer J. Parsons, Second Officer R. Williams, Third Officer E. Studd, Fourth Officer J. M. Morgan, Chief Steward J. Stuber, Boatwain C. Barrow, Boatwain's Mate A. Smith, Carpenter A. Evans, Storekeeper W. Noddy, Trimmer G. Buttens, Saloon Book Room E. Williams, Quartermaster T. Chapman. Members of the crew, T. Roffey, J. Ryan, M. Ryan, T. Davis, J. Wessons, and Lookouts, T. McEntee, E. H. Smith, W. Hamilton, C. Grant, J. Ryan, J. Chapman, T. Nore, W. Degg, T. Sullivan, J. Taylor, J. Smith, H. Nelson, J. Chassey, T. Brown, R. Hiley, R. Velezquez, J. Edwards, C. Stanger, E. Blackman, and two boys, E. Williamson and H. Gifford. Steward Steward H. Roberts, Saloon Book Room H. Lloyd, Book Room H. Lloyd, and Steward J. Grant, H. Williamson, H. Greenough and G. Chassey.

ALL SURVIVORS OF SEA DISASTER NOW HERE

Joyous Meetings When Baltic Lands 1,600 Sufferers from Saturday's Collision at Sea.

ONLY FIVE MET DEATH IN CRASH

Crippled Florida Crawls Over to Brooklyn Pier—Women Showed Great Bravery—Passengers Tell of Experiences— Wonderful Work with Wireless.

The derelict destroyer Seneca, which, with the revenue cutter Gresham and the Anchor Line steamship Furnessia, was acting as convoy for the Republic when the latter sank, arrived last night and anchored off Tompkinsville, having on board Captain Senby, of the Republic, that ship's second officer and some thirty-three members of the crew, who remained with their ship to the last. They were all asleep, resting from the nervous strain of the tragedy and from the exhausting labor of rescue. They will land to-day.

Abandoned by all except her two dead passengers and Captain Senby and her second officer, the big White Star liner Republic poked her nose in the air and sank from sight at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship. Two pistol shots and the burning of two blue lights gave the warning to her convoy. A boat was immediately lowered from the revenue cutter Gresham, and the captain and second officer were picked up uninjured. The captain had climbed the foremast to the masthead light as his ship sank, and the second officer had leaped from the rail. The big boat, with the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch and W. J. Mooney, in hermetically sealed coffins, on her deck, lies in thirty-seven fathoms of water, the tips of her masts some hundred feet below the surface.

The Baltic, carrying 1,650 survivors of her wrecked sister ship, the Republic, and of the battered Italian liner Florida, steamed up to her pier yesterday morning at 11:30 o'clock, while five thousand relatives and friends of the rescued shouted and cheered a passionate welcome. The steamship officials and crew, assisted by the police, had their hands full keeping the crowd on the pier from storming the ship when the gangplanks were let down. Women wept in each other's arms and men embraced each other. The survivors drew up a set of resolutions praising the conduct of Captain Ranson of the Baltic. They also raised several purses to be distributed among the crews of the Republic, the Florida and the Baltic and arranged to have medals presented to the captains of the three steamships.

With thirty feet of her bow chopped off as if by some gigantic axe, the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italiano, crept into her dock, still able to take care of herself, after sinking the Republic. Her passengers were disembarking at the time from the Baltic, but the maimed liner retained all except two of her crew, including the three killed in the collision, and carried besides Eugene Lynch, the Republic passenger whose wife was crushed to death when the Florida's bow cut through their stateroom. Mr. Lynch was suffering so severely from fractures and internal injuries that there seemed little hope of his recovery. His condition had prevented his being transhipped to the Baltic in the tossing boats with the rest of the survivors. The officers of the Italian boat were prevented from giving their explanations of the collision by the agents of the line.

The passengers, officers and crew of the Republic were unanimous in calling attention to the total absence of panic on board that vessel when the crash came and later when the transfers were made, first to the Florida and then from the Florida to the Baltic. The crew of the Florida came in for its share of praise from the Republic's passengers, who were in turn lauded by the crews of all three steamships, whose work was made easy by the cool spirit in which their charges faced the entire situation. All the baggage belonging to the passengers on the Republic had to be abandoned and has gone to a watery grave with the vessel. Most of them, however, undaunted by their perilous experiences and loss of money and effects, will take passage again to-morrow or Saturday for their destinations abroad.

LYNCH, REPUBLIC PASSENGER, DIES IN HOSPITAL

Marjorie Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed in the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Italian liner Florida, and the latter was badly damaged, died in a hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., at 10 o'clock Sunday morning.

Mrs. Lynch, who was 35 years old, was a passenger on the Republic when it was struck by the Florida. She was in the stateroom with her husband and two children when the collision occurred. She was injured by the impact of the Florida's bow.

When the passengers of the Republic were transferred to the Florida Mr. Lynch and the others injured were also taken aboard the Italian ship. Mr. Lynch's condition was too serious to permit of his removal from the Florida to the Baltic when the second transfer was made, and he died in the hospital in Brooklyn. He was 35 years old and was a resident of the Long Island College hospital. The Llynches, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Mooney and Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Mooney occupied adjoining staterooms in the Republic in the section which received the full force of the Florida's impact. Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney were crushed to death.

The condition of Mrs. M. J. Mooney, who was 35 years old, was such that she was taken to the hospital in Brooklyn. She was injured by the impact of the Florida's bow.

THRILLING STORIES TOLD BY SURVIVORS

Stories of experiences, told by survivors, on board the Florida and transferred to the Baltic, were given by Captain Ranson, who was in command of the Florida at the time of the collision. He told of the panic on board the Florida when the collision occurred, and of the efforts to save the ship. He also told of the efforts to save the passengers and crew.

The conditions on board the Florida, continued Mr. Ranson, were terrible. It was a scene of confusion and panic. The ship was listing heavily, and the water was coming in fast. The passengers were in a state of shock, and the crew was doing their best to save the ship. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

"Mrs. M. J. Mooney, of my party, left the Republic and died in her night dress, with a blanket wrapped around her. She was 35 years old and was a resident of the Long Island College hospital. She was injured by the impact of the Florida's bow.

Mr. Ranson, who was in command of the Florida at the time of the collision, told of the panic on board the Florida when the collision occurred, and of the efforts to save the ship. He also told of the efforts to save the passengers and crew. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

Everything was orderly on leaving the Republic, and there was no panic. The ship was in good condition, and the crew was doing their best to save the ship. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

Mr. Ranson, who was in command of the Florida at the time of the collision, told of the panic on board the Florida when the collision occurred, and of the efforts to save the ship. He also told of the efforts to save the passengers and crew. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

Says One Foreigner Tried to Use Knife.

"One Italian drew a knife on Spencer, grasping the hand that held the knife, the steward hit the fellow a stinging blow—a blow that brought exclamations of admiration from several of us, though to tell you the truth, we were so crushed that it wasn't an easy job to get anything."

The Italian drew a knife on Spencer, grasping the hand that held the knife, the steward hit the fellow a stinging blow—a blow that brought exclamations of admiration from several of us, though to tell you the truth, we were so crushed that it wasn't an easy job to get anything.

Stories of experiences, told by survivors, on board the Florida and transferred to the Baltic, were given by Captain Ranson, who was in command of the Florida at the time of the collision. He told of the panic on board the Florida when the collision occurred, and of the efforts to save the ship. He also told of the efforts to save the passengers and crew.

Tells of the Last Moments of Dying.

The two, John W. Mooney, brother of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, and Mrs. Mooney, who were in the Republic, told of the last moments of the ship. They were in the stateroom when the collision occurred, and they were crushed to death. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

"Mrs. M. J. Mooney, of my party, left the Republic and died in her night dress, with a blanket wrapped around her. She was 35 years old and was a resident of the Long Island College hospital. She was injured by the impact of the Florida's bow.

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Woman Author Falls Into the Sea.

Mrs. Alice Morris, a well-known author, had the most thrilling experience since she wrote the book "The Republic" when she was on board the Republic. She was in the stateroom when the collision occurred, and she was crushed to death. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

"I had fallen into a dream, and had awakened when suddenly we were in the water. I was in a state of shock, and the crew was doing their best to save the ship. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

Mr. Ranson, who was in command of the Florida at the time of the collision, told of the panic on board the Florida when the collision occurred, and of the efforts to save the ship. He also told of the efforts to save the passengers and crew. The collision occurred at 8:10 o'clock Sunday night, a few miles from Nantuxet Lightship.

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WIFE OF ITALIAN INVENTOR THRILLED BY ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE "WIRELESS."



WHEN news of the triumph of wireless telegraphy was flashed about the world, telling how every living creature on the Republic had been saved from drowning owing to an Italian's invention, not even the man who made possible this epoch-making incident felt a greater thrill of exultation than his beautiful wife. Last Saturday, when successful tests were made from a speeding railroad train on the Lake Shore, the possibility of another such a rescue on land appeared. Who knows but that Mrs. Marconi may at a no distant day again be thrilled with further proof of her husband's contribution to civilization?

As the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin, Mrs. Marconi was wed three years ago. One of seven sisters, she led a happy, simple girlhood, devoted to outdoor life. She is a niece of Lord Annaly through her mother.

Seamen Carry Sealby Ashore on Shoulders

Capt. Sealby and his officers and members of the crew from the Republic, when they were landed at the pier of the White Star line from the revenue cutter Manhattan, which transferred them from the Seneca, received a rapturous greeting from the great throng of officers and seamen of the steamships of the White Star line and several hundred spectators.

When Capt. Sealby and his mates stepped down the gangplank there was a cheer for the commander of the Republic, and then the men, six by six, carried him the whole length of the pier to the crowd, while the crew carried him on their shoulders. The men of the Republic were then carried on their shoulders to the ship.

Brons Carried on Men's Shoulders.

When the captain and his mates stepped down the gangplank there was a cheer for the commander of the Republic, and then the men, six by six, carried him the whole length of the pier to the crowd, while the crew carried him on their shoulders. The men of the Republic were then carried on their shoulders to the ship.

Capt. Sealby was then the object of the love of the company, and when he stepped off on land four or five hundred men and boys followed him. He was then carried on their shoulders to the ship. The men of the Republic were then carried on their shoulders to the ship.

Denound a Speech from Sealby.

Then the crowd cheered, and cheering his throat, as if strangled with emotion, Capt. Sealby replied:

"I think I ought to congratulate you, too. And I ought to thank you for your goodness. I never saw such a clouded by of passengers. You helped me by your courage and self-possession. But for that there might not have been so happy a conclusion of the accident."

Again the crowd cheered and called for a speech from the captain, who said:

"We shall meet at the White Star office for a talk with our officers, and will not say anything in any shape or form until such time as we have had an interview with our officers. We will not in any way depart from the announced arrangement."

It was after noon when the captain reached his company's offices at 9 Broad-st., having exchanged his water-soaked uniform for a new suit of gray clothes, and a new overcoat and brown traveling cap.

There was a great crowd waiting for him, but as the captain pulled back and forth one crowd Mrs. J. E. Whelan passed the crowd and said:

"I managed to find you. I have been looking for you and am proud of you."

Some of the men asked the captain, "How did you do the office and put him in a state of mind?"

"I am glad that you are all here," said the captain. "I am glad that you are all here."

Mate Tells Stirring Story of His Rescue

Lieut. R. J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, who stood by the ship with Capt. Sealby, towered above his commander as he came ashore.

This was Williams' second shipwreck. He was on the Avoca in the East Indian trade when it was burned at sea, and spent seven days in an open lifeboat with nine negroes before he was rescued.

Williams' Thrilling Story.

The second officer said:

"The captain went up the rigging and I went up the rail. When I got over the rail I hung on by my elbows. That's when I last sighted the captain. I did not know where he was.

"The ship was going down fast, stern first, almost on edge it seemed to me, and as she was about 100 fathoms long herself, it seemed to me that she struck bottom before she disappeared altogether. I am quite sure that her stern hit first.

"You could feel the awful jar as her stern held a moment on the bottom, and then the rest of her began to settle. When she was all covered up with water as far as the minutest there was a violent sound and jar, which indicated to me that the ship had broken in two amidships. It was what nautical men call hogged.

Miraculous Escape from the Suction.

"When I felt her part I let go and fell down in the water. The bow at that time had risen to about fifty feet, and I fell. I imagine, about forty feet. After I struck the water I had a fearful time backing away from the suction. I got on my back, threw my overcoat off and started to back water. In this way I got clear of the ship. I was surprised at the small amount of suction, because had there been any great amount we would not be here now.

"When the waters closed over the Republic the sound was something like distant thunder, or like Niagara falls breaking down into an immense deep hole.

"I continued backing water until I was about thirty feet clear. Everywhere around me the ocean was covered with foam and white water from the quick action of the ship sinking. I am a good swimmer, having received several medals for water contests as a boy.

Tried in Vain to Climb on Hatch.

"I continued swimming away from the ship until finally a grating hatch struck

me and I got hold of it. I tried every way I could to get on top of this hatch. First I tried to climb up sideways, but it caught and threw me back into the water. I tried altogether a dozen times, and finally gave up all idea of lifting myself up from the sea.

"I was about five minutes hanging on to the hatch when I saw in the darkness another grating hatch and, holding on in my right hand, I swung toward the other. After a great effort I got that on the other side of me and I floated between the two hatches, with my legs in the water and one arm on each hatch. The hatches were each about 5 by 3 feet.

25 Minutes in the Water.

"All this time I could see the search lights of three steamers that were looking for us, but they seemed a long way off, and I despaired that they would ever come. While I rested on the hatches I heard the captain fire three shots, and afterward learned that he fired these, too, while he was clinging to a hatch. I was picked up first, after being in the water about twenty-five minutes. I should judge, and I asked if the captain had been saved, and they said no. Then I told them where I thought he was, and they found him. He did not know that I had been saved. When they helped him over the gunwales I was sitting in one part of the lifeboat with a thwart between us. When he saw me he threw his arms around my neck and said: 'Williams, you're game to the last.' It was the first kind of emotion I had seen of my skipper, but I would rather not talk about that."

The Last "Dinner" on the Republic.

Lieut. Williams related an interesting story of what he termed the last dinner which he and the captain had aboard the Republic.

"It was no dress dinner affair," said Williams. "It took place at 6 p. m. Sunday on the bridge of the ship, with nobody there but the skipper and myself. I had brought up a few blankets with which to spend the night, and during my rummaging below for them I found some biscuits, marmalade and plum pudding. We didn't have any forks or knives, and we didn't have any steward to wait on us. But we never enjoyed a meal more than that one. We used our fingers to get the marmalade over the biscuits, and we chewed the plum pudding just the same as if we were kids. It was a great treat, although it was kind of cold and wet out there."

WIRELESS ON ALL PASSENGER SHIPS

Bill for Compulsory Installation Introduced in the House of Representatives.

By Telegram to The Evening Mail

Washington, Jan. 26.—Compulsory installation of wireless telegraphy equipment on all ocean-going steamships carrying passengers is provided in a bill introduced in the House of Representatives, this afternoon by Congressman Burke, of Pittsburgh.

The measure will affect New York shipping interests more than any other section of the country and was introduced directly by the Republic disaster.

Reuben Miller, a Pittsburgh politician, among the Republic's worst hater, writing immediately after the Congress to compel wireless installation.

Miller conferred today with Navigation Commissioner Chamberlain, who will submit full details of the shipping interests affected and cost of installation.

THE TRIUMPH OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

In the moment when the first appeal for help, the signaled letters "C. Q. D.," went out from the Republic's masthead, the wireless telegraph took an established place among these inventions of man that must be considered essential to his convenience, his comfort, and his safety. Up to that moment the wireless telegraph had for the most part performed a service already furnished by other devices. The electric telegraph on land and the cables under the sea have for years put men at widely separated points in communication with each other. In respect to that giving the uttermost message was a duplication, though with advantage of its own. We have become accustomed to wireless communication with ships at sea for harbors and naval purposes. That is a convenience, no doubt, but it never has been considered a necessity. The safety of ships and their passengers is a different matter, a much more serious matter, and we have a demonstration that, as a precaution against disaster, the wireless telegraph is indispensable. In the Republic disaster the wireless telegraph was the only means of communication that was not cut off by the disaster. It was the only means of communication that was not cut off by the disaster. It was the only means of communication that was not cut off by the disaster.

no preparation against accident, no form of insurance against the danger of sea voyages. It must be evident everywhere and to everyone that the wireless telegraph apparatus can no longer be dispensed with in the equipment of passenger-carrying vessels.

In the actual circumstances of the collision of the Republic with the Republic it may be that without wireless communication the passengers of both ships would have been saved. But the Republic was doomed, the Republic in a perilous condition, and even her own passengers were transferred to the Republic. The other vessels that from all directions on the face of the water converged upon the scene of the accident, summoned by the Republic's call, made certain the saving of a large number of human lives that otherwise would have been by no means well assured. Had the Republic been more seriously damaged she, too, would have been helpless, and the foundering of both ships in a sea without aid, one of the risks to be reckoned with. The wireless telegraph is the only indispensable instrument to avert the danger of appalling loss of life when such accidents happen at sea. Nothing replaces it. There is no substitute, and that makes its use imperative.

Since ordinary considerations of prudence will now incline seagoers to choose those ships which have the wireless equipment, it might be felt that the self-interest of owners would immediately cause the apparatus to be installed on all passenger-carrying craft. It may be doubted whether the matter can be left optional. Certainly the propriety, the necessity even, of Government regulations imposing the installation of wireless telegraph apparatus as a condition of receiving a permit to carry passengers now comes up for serious consideration. The cost is not great. The necessity, it seems to us, is so clear that installation ought to be made imperative precisely as the

carrying of lifeboats and the making of provision against disaster are imperative.

This most conspicuous triumph of Mr. Marconi's invention is peculiarly gratifying to THE TIMES, which has long made liberal use of wireless telegraphy in its European news service. The Marconi telegraph now becomes an instrumentality for the saving of human life, for diminishing perils of the sea. Not merely in the immediate and supreme service of summoning aid to a crippled ship, but in bringing news of the disaster to the public and to the friends of those on board, the wireless system gains an established place. THE TIMES notes that it was the only newspaper in New York to receive direct wireless messages bringing the news of the disaster and of the saving of the passengers. The dispatch it printed yesterday morning from the Baltic, sent by Mr. TATTERSALL, the Marconi operator, its dispatch from the Furness, and dispatches from the Wood's Hole Station direct to this newspaper, brought details of intense interest to thousands of anxious minds. These have been days of triumph and of distinction for Mr. MARCONI.

be remembered, but I am not deserving of all this credit. There's Captain Scotty, go back to him. He's the man who did most of the good work.

Then the unassuming wireless operator, whose courage and intelligence probably saved hundreds of lives, lapsed into silence for a few moments which was only broken when he suddenly looked up at these as about him and exclaimed:

"Say, any body got a cigarette here? I'd be the happiest man in the world just now if I had a cigarette. I haven't had one for a couple of days."

The required cigarette was obtained for the young man—who is twenty-five years old—and for the next ten minutes he puffed on it vigorously with an air of absolute contentment. Later he went to the office of the Marconi Company.

It was about this time that five stevedores from the Republic, headed by a Mrs. Murray, reached the pier and demanded to see Captain Sealby. The commander responded to their call and smilingly greeted them. Mrs. Murray stepped forward and expressed the gratitude of the women at seeing him safe and sound.

"You girls," replied the gallant skipper, "did splendid work, not only on the Republic when the collision occurred, but also on the Florida afterward. I want to express my thanks to every one of you. You acted nobly and you should receive all the credit that you deserve."

Take Bodies Out of Wreckage.

Three dead bodies were taken out of the mass of wreckage in the bow of the dismantled steamship Florida, as she lay at her pier in South Brooklyn, and were taken to-day to Schaefer's undertaking parlor at No. 404 Third avenue, South Brooklyn. The bodies are those of two women and fourteen-year-old Salvatore Amico, whose family was annihilated in the catastrophe at Nantucket, and who had shipped as a cabin boy to come to this country.

The two women who were crushed to death as they slept in the Florida's cabin were Mrs. Salvatore Amico, twenty-two, and Margaret Murticelli, twenty years old, both of Naples. Laxative had been buried under many tons of debris, and had been caught at the same moment by the crush of waters, which had evidently hurried his terrible death. His work was broken and his body had turned dark, showing that he had been suffocated in his death trap. Soon after Laxative's body had been taken out the wreckers found Murticelli, placed under great timbers, but there were but few marks on his body. So far as could be told at the pier, the man had apparently died of fright, as his worst injuries were half a dozen cuts and bruises.

Captain Raspoli, of the Florida, had been the captain of the Italian ship, the Republic, before the latter was wrecked. He was the only man on the Republic who was not killed. He was the only man on the Republic who was not killed. He was the only man on the Republic who was not killed.

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INFANTS TOSSED FROM BOATS TO SHIP IN RESCUE

Philadelphia Pastor, a Passenger on the Baltic, Tells How 100 Babies Were Saved.

SPRING TO THE RESCUE. PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday, April 10.—(Special Telegram.)—The Republic displayed on all sides the wreckage of the White Star line ship, the Republic, which was wrecked on the coast of Long Island, and the wreckage of the Republic, which was wrecked on the coast of Long Island, and the wreckage of the Republic, which was wrecked on the coast of Long Island.



CAPTAIN SEALBY
CAPTAIN SEALBY BEING CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF ADMIRING SAILORS ON THE WHITE STAR PIER
JACK BINNS
CAPTAIN SEALBY, "JACK" BINNS, WIRELESS OPERATOR, AND SCENE ON PIER AS ENTHUSIASTIC SEAMEN RAISE CAPTAIN ON SHOULDERS.

Women's Splendid Heroism Brightened Hours of Peril

Standing out most prominently of all the acts and deeds aboard the steamship Republic after she had been rammed and was sinking, during the perilous transfer in small boats from the smashed ship to the Florida, which did the smashing and was herself in a sorry plight, the second transfer across tallowy seas to the Baltic and the trip to this city in scant attire, were the calm courage, fortitude and cheerfulness displayed by the women.

It has been said that a woman can do and say little things in time of stress that a man is unequal to. This was proved in the case of the Republic, and at a time when most of the passengers did not know what minute might be their last.

The strong, womanly attitude was shown in diversified ways. At one time they joked cheerfully about the men's odd attire as the four stricken passengers were huddled on the sinking liner's deck and awaiting transfer in boats on the open sea to the battered and staggering Florida.

Girl Calms Excited Man.

Then came the quick action of sixteen-year-old Suzanne Glover. Aboard the Florida, with all its state of high nervous tension, a Frenchman lost his mental balance, and, leaning up among the crowded crowd in the cabin, shrieked:

"We died, in three hours we will be at the bottom of the sea."

Quick as a flash the maid of sixteen had him by the coat-tails and dragged him to his cabin.

"But, remember," she cried, "the Baltic will be here in an hour and a half."

This did the work. The Frenchman calmed down and said that he had been a terrible panic-stricken man. Miss Glover admitted that she had no reason for knowing when the Baltic would come, but that she felt that something had to be said. And she said it.

The action of Mrs. John Espar in offering to stand back and leave the Republic with the men while the women and children were being placed in the fast boats is almost too true to tell. Also her action in sending an inexperienced crew of five to sea being placed in the fast boats is almost too true to tell.

Thrown Into Water.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, a writer, was thrown from a boat in the rolling sea while making the trip from the Republic to the Florida. Dragged back by a stalwart sailor, her scant attire wet and dripping and her frame chilled, Mrs. Earle did not whimper. She merely said, "Thank you." Professor John M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago, says that the bravery and fortitude of the women was the finest sight of all the deeds of valor shown during the terrifying hours. Asked if there was one vivid experience that would remain uppermost in his mind for time to come, Professor Coulter replied:

"There was. It was the cheerfulness and courage of the American woman. I have thought more about it than about anything I saw. I will ever be proud of American womanhood. In that moment of great peril, how great we did not know, these courageous women put on the life preservers as cool as if they were donning shirtwaists. I can never forget how they chattered and joked with each other, every one of them knowing full well what that order to put on life preservers meant, but they were too brave to display their fears."

When the crash first came, instead of screams and hysteria on the part of the women, came evidences of gallant work done by the gentler sex in extricating those that were pinned in the wreckage. The Misses Ida and Gertrude McReady, of this city, were as calm as could be when stewards found them imprisoned in their cabins behind a heavy steel plate being precipitated down on their bunks. While the men clapped away the two girls directed them and spoke cheerfully during it all.

"I'll Remember You."

When Mrs. Murphy, badly injured and suffering intense pain, was carried to one of the boats and placed as best could be, she by the sailors she turned and smiled at Seaman John A. Brown, saying:

"I am going to be well, and neither my husband nor myself will forget you for this."

Miss E. A. Seaton, of St. Paul, speaks of Seaman John A. Brown, saying that she was among the terrified immigrants observing them and then took to helping out nursing the injured in the ship's hospital. Mrs. William Snyder, of Middlebury, N. Y., carried a young boy who was chosen from one of the boats into the Republic. Mrs. Snyder was in the boat at the time and she grabbed the child in her arms for the mother and held him to the last as the Republic sank.

Many other acts were being performed during the hours of peril on the Republic. Little Miss Harper, of New York, was seen in the boat at the time of the collision and held him to the last as the Republic sank.

Pinned in Wreckage.

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs was pinned for a long time in the wreckage, and when finally dragged out she asked immediately as to her friend, Mrs. Mooney. Told that Mrs. Mooney was badly hurt and her husband killed, Mrs. Griggs went to the aid of the woman and nursed her during the rest of the trip.

Kirwan, a boatman of the Republic, was reeling on his ear during the first transfer when a stout woman lost her balance in tripping over the gunwale and landed hard on Kirwan's neck. The seaman groaned:

"Oh, my dear man, did I hurt you?" came the sweet inquiry from the stout woman.

This was enough for Kirwan. He touched his hat and replied:

"Nothing to speak of, ma'am."

While some of the men were disgruntled and critical about their baggage being lost as the Baltic steamed into the port, it was observed that the women, some of whom had on only night garments and shawls, took the matter philosophically and kept up their spirits.

Eugene Lynch, Hurt When Wife Was Killed, Dies

Still another name was added to the list of dead from the collision between the Republic and the Florida, off Nantucket tonight, when Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, whose wife was killed in the crash, died today at the Long Island College Hospital, where he had been taken from the damaged Florida on her arrival at her pier in South Brooklyn. Mrs. Lynch had been crushed to death at the moment of collision, without her husband's knowledge, while he was fatally hurt, only to survive until he died.

At the hospital Mr. Lynch, weak from his injuries, was able to tell the story of the tragedy. He said that he and his wife were sitting in one of the Republic's state rooms assigned to them. They had been there for a few minutes when the Republic was struck by the Florida, and they were hurled to the deck.

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I could do to reassure her had little real effect. "Don't let me get hurt in the fog," she said, and when I told her I wouldn't, she seemed satisfied, at least, for a while.

"Then I told her to go to sleep, that it was nonsense to think of harm and that the trouble could wait as it was not a week and looked at my watch. It was now 11 o'clock. I had made coffee, and was drinking it, when there came a sudden crash. There was a groaning sound as if the ship was being crushed to pieces. Some I am about was leaving the staircase to go down.

"At that moment I shouted, but there was no response from her. I caught a glimpse of her being hurled and pushed down by the great mass that was crushing through the ship.

In the next instant my wife disappeared along a thousand wreckage as she went out the following tremendous wave was. She never gave back a word, and she was never seen again.

I was with great difficulty that Mr. Lynch was rescued from the debris in the morning, and when it was possible to get him to the hospital, he was taken to the hospital. He was taken to the hospital. He was taken to the hospital.

He was taken to the hospital. He was taken to the hospital. He was taken to the hospital. He was taken to the hospital. He was taken to the hospital.

Wonderful Tales Are Told by Those Who Were Saved from the Sinking Liner

Men and Women Roused from Their Sleep as the Prow of the Florida Sheared Into the Sides of the Republic Recount Their Experiences.

YOUTHFUL MASTER OF THE ITALIAN SHIP TELLS OF ACCIDENT AND RESCUE WORK

More Details Come to Hand Concerning the Marvels of the Wireless and Its Successful Appeal for Aid Which Brought All Ships Within Call.

TO the welcome music of thousands of voices raised in a chorus of cheers on the pier of the White Star line, the Baltic, bearing 1,650 passengers from her sister ship, the Republic, and the Florida, of the Lloyds-Italiano Line, warped into her dock a few minutes after noon yesterday.

From the decks of the rescuing vessel went up an answering cry of cheer and gladness, for those who had been at the mercy of the seas, helpless and hopeless, had it not been for the skill of man in the form of the wireless telegraph system, which alone saved them from death, had reached not only a haven, but their home haven.

It was a motley gathering, so far as costume goes, that bent over the rails of the huge Baltic as she slowly steamed past the skyscrapers and finally came within view of the eager throngs surging on the long pier, each striving for a look at her as she came up. There were men in pajamas and blankets, children in almost nothing, women in all sorts of makeshifts in the way of garb, for all the baggage had gone down under the waves with the Republic, and it was merely a case of keeping warm until land and taxicabs were reached.

Nobody seemed to care about that phase of the situation, and just as soon as the gangplanks were available arms were flung around bare necks and half clad figures, and many tears were shed. At first the only thought was that all were back with their own again—all but the unfortunates who had been sacrificed to the hunger of the sea.

After that all the talk was in praise of the valor and heroic devotion to duty of Captain Sealby, of the Republic, and his crew, even though those who told of it did not know the final chapter of their rescue by the Gresham, when the big liner finally surrendered and buried herself under the waters of the Atlantic.

On the other hand, with one or two exceptions, the officers of all the ships concerned paid tribute to the heroism of the passengers in a situation which so far as any one knew at the moment, was imminent with peril. Some of the men became excited, but as a whole the ship's company was commendably calm. The conduct of the women was particularly admirable, one of them indulging in a game of solitaire while the sailors were swinging the lifeboats from the davits.

No argosy of the olden days was ever more heartily welcomed than the Baltic, despite the fact that several wounded persons lay within her boards. And hardly less enthusiastic was the welcome accorded to the Florida, the unwitting cause of the accident, and herself battered almost to the sinking point, which followed the majestic White Star ship up the bay. Both had their stories to tell, stories of hours of anguish and fear, stories of the excitement on the two ships, of the bravery of the officers and of the efficient work of the crews.

In the meantime the Gresham, the revenue cutter which was towing the Republic when she surrendered to her native element, had reached Woods Hole, Mass., concerned more particularly with the story of the gallantry of Captain Sealby and his men, who were taken off the Republic at the last moment and were subsequently transferred to the Seneca, derelict destroyer. With them the Seneca arrived in New York last night, exhausted from their experience, depreciating their own work, and having no other expression than one of satisfaction and gratitude that no more lives had been lost.

As an appreciation of the work of Captain Ransom and his men on the Baltic in saving the shipwrecked passengers of the Republic and the Florida, a subscription, which quickly reached the sum of \$1,060, was taken up on the way from the scene of the accident, twenty-six miles off Nantucket, to the port of New York.

THE HEROISM OF IT.

Todas and in the years to come whenever the loss of the White Star steamship Republic is spoken of the heroism attendant upon the calamity will always take prominent place and in the most rank of those conspicuous for bravery in the face of danger stands John Ransom, the Marconi wireless operator.

With his passion put out of commission by the collision he picked up substitute batteries and sent out broadcast the call

for help. He knew the life of these substitute batteries was short and stuck to his post with the receivers of the wireless clamped to his ears for more than ten hours listening for answers to his calls. Ransom modestly says:—"I didn't do anything great," but the world chooses to think otherwise.

For the beleaguered passengers, too, there are words of praise on all hands. The women, especially, were heroically calm even when the danger was greatest.

Shared "Death Watch" on Republic With Capt. Sealby



R. J. WILLIAMS

LIFE-SAVING INVENTIONS.



AD if not been for wireless telegraphy the accident to the Republic might have resulted in as great loss of life as the sinking of the Bourgogne only a few years ago. Had wireless telegraphy been invented then, and had the Bourgogne been fitted with it, as was the Republic, the lives of its 360 passengers would also have been saved.

This accident gives life-saving inventions a graphic advertisement. It proves their value concretely both to the hundreds of people whose lives were saved and the tens of millions of people who read about it.

Without life-saving inventions human life would react upon itself and population would automatically become stationary or decrease, because it is only through the use of men's brains that the increasing dangers of modern life are overcome.



Before there were light houses, fog horns, signal stations and buoy more ships went ashore than now, although there are a hundred times as many vessels on the ocean now as then. Without wireless telegraphy, without submarine bells, fog horns and signals the crowded ocean lanes would be so dangerous that steamers could travel at full speed only with a good light, and would have to lie to on a dark night or during a fog.

When a human mind invented the steam engine, the dangers to human life were increased, and life-saving inventions in the shape of safety valves, governors and signals followed.

When a human mind invented the deadly electric current as great danger was created as if lightning were introduced to the house. The life-saving inventions of insulation, of fusible plugs and of automatic regulation made the great invention of electric light safe.

EDITOR'S STORY OF REPUBLIC CRASH

C. B. Winship of The Grand
Forks Herald Thought a
Derelict Had Been Hit.

PANIC ONLY IN STEERAGE

An Officer with a Revolver Quickly
Stopped That—Hours of Anxiety
in the Darkness.

By George E. Winship, Editor of The Grand
Forks (N. D.) Herald.

The ramming of the steamship Republic by the Lloyd Italian liner Florida occurred at 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning before daybreak and during the dense fog. The Republic was struck almost amidships, and the prow of the Florida penetrated the saloon deck, tearing everything into splinters and ribbons. To many of the passengers the impression was given that there had been an explosion on board, as the blow of the Italian steamer was followed by a dull, roaring sound, and subsequently a noise like the tearing and rending of timber.

There was a violent tremor of the great ship. It ran from end to end, and then the engines stopped, and almost immediately the lighting circuit was cut off and the lights went out.

All the passengers were asleep in their staterooms at the time of the accident, and they arose and donned what clothing their fear would allow them time to put on. My wife and I occupied Stateroom 106, which was on the starboard side and away from the place where the steel cut-water of the Florida cut into the vessel's side. I was awakened by the shock, and at first it seemed to me that it was as though we had hit a derelict.

That awakened, I did not realize that a serious accident had happened, and I took my watch out from under my pillow to see the time. I leaned out and turned the electric light switch, but could not make the light glow. The power was off. Outside on the deck it was noticed by the striking and burning of matches, and I got up. Then came the full realization that we had met with an accident and the engines were stopped.

The Passengers in Darkness.

Dressing, my wife and I went outside, where we found the passengers groping their way to the upper deck by the light of matches. The ship employees, calming their fears, advised all to put on life preservers in case they might be needed.

By 7 o'clock the full extent of the damage to the Republic was ascertained by the officers. Capt. Sealby addressed the passengers from the bridge, telling them that it would be necessary to transfer them to the Florida. He advised them that there was no immediate danger and implored them quietly and coolly to descend the side to the lifeboats. His calm statement of the situation restored confidence to the passengers, and it is doubtful whether there was ever an assemblage of 360 or more persons so cool and collected in the face of danger.

Within an hour the passengers were being transferred to the Florida. The covered every deck of the smaller steamship so thickly that there was no room to move about. Here the passengers had fasted together for fifteen hours, suffering from cold, hunger and thirst. The Florida's officers did the best they could to give assistance, but they were carrying a large list of immigrants and as the vessel was in the condition they might expect from the crash of the Republic's passengers.

The report given out in the morning that help had been received on Wednesday and that relief ships would be sent reassured the passengers. In the evening the two vessels of the Florida were heard, and within a short time the Baltic reached us. Then the hurricane came in sight.

Italians Fight for the Boats.

The work of taking off the passengers from the Florida began about 10:30 P. M. and as the next morning we were all safe on board the Baltic, all were transferred to the steamer passengers on the Florida. The Italian vessel was found to be seriously wounded, and the fore part was settling. When the transfer was under way some of the Florida's passengers refused to get to the boats from where two on each drew knives, but they were driven back in short order.

At 11 o'clock of Monday, N. D., when with the vessel steamed Stateroom 28 on the saloon deck, was literally torn to

minutes in that time that a man was the dad
Wireless communication through motor ship.

A sepia-toned photograph of a large sailing ship at sea. A large, light-colored sail is partially furled and hangs from the mast. The ship's hull and rigging are visible in the background.

There were many striking cases of mental illness, particularly among the women of the hospital, including the case of Mrs. M. M. M. who was a woman of unusual intelligence and energy, but who was suffering from a severe case of mental illness. The fact that she was a woman of unusual intelligence and energy, and that she was suffering from a severe case of mental illness, was a striking case of mental illness. The fact that she was a woman of unusual intelligence and energy, and that she was suffering from a severe case of mental illness, was a striking case of mental illness.

[illegible][illegible]

New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

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SEVEN OF THE INJURED HERE

[illegible]

Most of these people belonged to the German, Polish and Russian colonies, and it

[illegible][illegible]

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the stitching and the inner cover material. The overall tone is warm and slightly yellowed, suggesting the age of the document.

The Rev. James Lee, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Massachusetts, James McGilnen, William Tuttle and James M. Casey, of Boston, came to this city to meet the Florida and do what they could for Mr. Lynch. They found him conscious, but with only a spark of life left. His leg and thigh and head were terribly crushed and many of the bones of his body were broken. Portland also had set up

Saw Wife Killed.

"It was in the middle and my wife was on the 'South American,'" he said. "I wanted her to sleep on the berth, but she wouldn't. I missed the starting and was worried, for if we were in any danger, where there was an awful noise, the side of the steamship gave way and I saw my wife being hurled past me on the prow of the steamer, which had run into us. I saw, at the time, I was knocked to one side. Then it seemed as if the steamer came 'behind' me. I felt the other ship back away, I couldn't move."

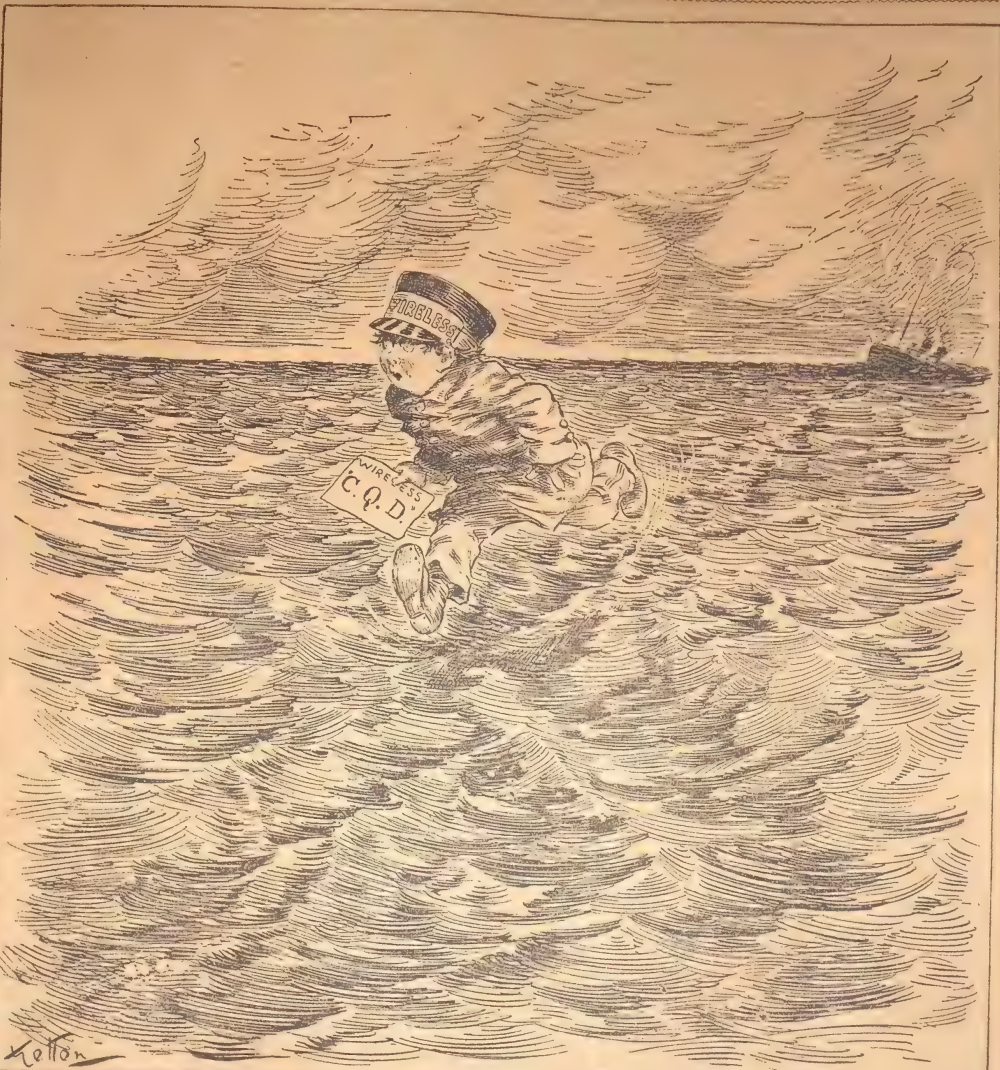
DEATH SHIP IN PORT, HER FLAGS AT HALF MAST.

**PRIESTS GIVE HIM LAST
RITES IN SHIP'S HOSPITAL.**

With her head bowed low in shame and her flags at half-mast in sorrow the Florida wallowed slowly into port late yesterday afternoon. She docked at her regular pier at the foot of Forty-second street, South Brooklyn, at 5 o'clock, and the strictest secrecy was maintained on officers and crew.

Over the hole had been hung an enormous plaster of sail cloth in futile hopes of keeping out some of the water that splashed and gurgled into

By Maurice Ketten



Dead Men in Her Battered Bow.

They fanned an ill-concealing shroud for the most ghastly bit of this tremendous tragedy of the sea. In the battered mass of steel there were fragments of the bodies of two sailors who had been crushed while they slept in the forecabin. Some keen-eyed reporters hovering closely around the ship thought they could detect here and there an arm, a leg, a torso, half washed by the rippling waves, half concealed by the flapping sail cloth. Further back was the body of a third dead sailor, who had been dragged from the edge of the demolished forecabin.

She was doubly a ship of death, this Florida. She carried dead and dying in her and she had dealt death to other innocent human beings on the Republic. Her wounds were as great as those of the Republic, but they had not struck into the vitals. A smashed nose, even to a ship, is less serious than a gash in the keel.

The Florida brought to land three dead, all members of her own crew. Their names were reported as La Valle Plagnola, Martinello, Cingero and I Amico Salvatore. The first two were

One Lone Passenger Aboard Her.
As her sole passenger the Florida set

As for the passenger the Florida carried Eugene Lynch, the Boston merchant, who had been a passenger on the Republic. He had been borne from that sinking craft to the Florida, but could not stand the strain of another transfer on the open sea to the Baltic.

His leg was broken. His talen was shattered, there were frightful internal injuries, but he never lost nerve or consciousness. When the Florida was towed into her dock a group of his friends hurried to his side. They had to plead, almost faint, with the Italian company's officers to get aboard for the

In the party were William Wirt and John H. Caster, of Boston; his lawsons, E. Watson, his chief clerk; James McClinton, a member of the Executive Committee of the church, of the Convention of the Free Will Baptist Church of the New England States; and a New York friend, Father John, President of Washington, and William J. Freidenberger, who had been a fellow passenger on the Republic.

Priests Give Him Last Rites.
This group of men broke down all barriers and hastened to the side of their injured friend. They found him down on the lower deck in the little room called a "stateroom." There, surrounded by the crew, they found the man who had been the victim of the attack. They gave him the last rites of the church and then, after a moment's delay, they carried him to the deck.

The doctor made examination of the heavy armor, that had been performed by the members of the 10th Mobile and Florida. There were fifteen minutes of waiting for the private ambulance of the Long Island College Hospital, where arrangements had been made to receive the injured man.

Mr. Lynch was the eldest of the party. He took them each by the hand and spoke words of cheer to them. They bowed in grief while one ventured to refer to Mrs. Lynch. They did not know whether he was aware of her death and burial in the sea with the sunken Republic. He told them that he knew all, that he had made the doctors tell him the truth.

He was especially glad to see Mr. Premargot. The two men had formed acquaintance on the Island, and after the collision Mr. Premargot had remained by his friend until forced away by transfer to the hospital. During some time to gain strength, Mr. French told the story of his tragedy.

"My wife and I walked back. We had started out for the station and never before had we seen a policeman. As we were preparing for a night's sleep, my wife said to me, 'Honey, I'm not a bit tired but I've decided to go out a little longer. I'm going to go out alone in this fog. It's as if we were walking blindfolded among a lot of trees, with no one to put out a hand to guide me.'"

"We are as safe as if we were in our own home," I told her.

Said "Don't Let the Fog Hurt Me."

"She preferred to sleep on the sofa couch, next to the outer wall, while I sat in the back. After I had turned on and checked off the lights—because a line after—my wife reached over to me and took hold of my hand."

with a kind of a tremble in her voice:
"Don't let the fog hurt me, will you,
'Gene?'"

"I told her to be a good girl and go right to sleep; that it was nonsense to think that any harm would come to us."

"I slept rather uneasily. Once I awoke and looked at my watch. It was 1 o'clock. The next time I awoke it was to hear a dreadful crash and a tremendous shock."

"There was an awful grinding, crunching noise. Some huge object was tearing the room to pieces. It pushed broken timbers down on me that pinned me fast. I heard one scream from my wife.

"My God, Mary! Mary!" I shouted. There was no response. I caught a faint glimpse of her below jammed and pushed along by the great waves that was crashing through the ship. She disappeared along with a mass of wreckage as the walls of the melting slateroom came crashing down.

The next day I had been killed almost instantly, by the blow of the other ship which crashed through the same doorway where she was standing. I was told that I lay motionless for nearly four or five hours or four hours there, all the time I was found and taken to the hospital.

The fortune told by the family (my mother and my father) was extremely bad. It spoke of a bad and painful death, but perfectly in line of what

The ambulance had been used by them for a long time. The driver, a white man, had been killed him up and down the road.

the deck and laid him in the ambulance. At the Long Island College Hospital it was said at midnight that he was suffering from the shock and excitement of the day, but was resting easily. What his chances for recovery are could not be told. Mr. Lynch is fifty-seven years old. His home is at No. 58 Elm avenue, Roxbury, Mass. He has no children. The Florida's entrance into the harbor and halting at a funeral procession. She was sighted off the Highlands at noon, but it was four o'clock before she crept up to Quarantine, stopping there only for a few moments, while the customs and medical officers went through the hasty form of giving her formal entrance to port.

There she was met by C. J. Richard, New York agent of the Lloyd Italiano line, who was accompanied by Count Massimo, Italian consul-general in this city, and newspaper reporters.

Her decks were clean, her brasswork was polished, her officers were calm and attentive, her crew were at their posts. On the bridge with the pilot was Capt. A. F. Ruspini, her youthful commander. He is but twenty-nine years of age, and is making his second trip in the ship. Previous to this he was first officer on the Indiana, of the same line.

It was only forward that there were any signs of the time taken in standing on deck it appeared as if thirty feet of the bow had been chopped off. Far out into the sea, a long stretch of bent and twisted railing like a waving flag. Nothing projected above deck. The force of the smash had been downward.

Everything had been buckled inward. The mass was pushed back against the forward bulkhead, which fortunately for the craft, withstood the strain without a puncture or leak. Had the crash extended back five feet further the Florida would have gone down bow on in ten minutes.

Capt. Ruspini had little to say. In fact, he was cautioned by the company's representatives not to discuss any important details of the collision, nor make any formal statement until Capt. Scoville of the Republic had made public his side of the story.

Captain Kept Close Watch.

"The fog was very dense," said Capt. Ruspini. "For some time before the accident we heard the howling of the Republic's fog horn, but not as many blasts as we were giving with ours. We were blowing regularly and hearing clear watch."

"Suddenly the Republic loomed up directly ahead and almost instantly there was crash. We backed off and the Republic disappeared in the fog. We took possession of the ship and soon found that we were in no danger."

"Meanwhile we could hear the Republic's howling and occasionally could see some steam of the Republic's bow and stern lights. After about two hours a small boat with the first officer of the Republic came aboard and asked if we could take off our passengers. We said we could and we did so. Prince Massimo then took us to the story which the captain declined to continue."

"We got our own boats and the Republic's boats came on board. We took the Republic's passengers. This work required three hours—from 7 to 10 A. M. Then when the Republic came up and it was decided to transfer all the Republic's passengers, as well as our own, that consumed five hours—from midnight to 5 A. M."

Excitement Quickly Subsid.

At no time was there any great excitement on either ship. Of course there was some uneasiness at first and it was necessary to get along them with the utmost care to insure safety and they quickly quieted down."

"During the day before the Republic came up, we had 150 people on board. Normally we were pretty well crowded, but they behaved wonderfully well. They were quiet and cool and stood the strain of emergency and waiting with great bravery."

The Royal Italian Immigration Commission in this story of the Florida's confusion of what the pincer said. He had seen among the large number of immigrants aboard of the Republic that there was no danger, and the crowd settled down."

Several general statements of conditions, no information could be obtained from the Florida's officers of any kind. When the Republic came up she was given a close search around her. No emergency except those arising from the collision was mentioned to the press. None of the crew was allowed to leave the ship until after the transfer of the passengers was completed. The transfer of the passengers was completed at midnight. The Florida's crew was then allowed to leave the ship. The Republic's crew was then allowed to leave the ship. The Florida's crew was then allowed to leave the ship. The Republic's crew was then allowed to leave the ship.

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passengers, was not required to have wireless apparatus. There would be very little use for it on board."

Of the responsibility for the cause of the collision, Mr. Richard said nothing. The Florida's crew had acted bravely. Mr. Richard and assistants earlier in the day went about the Baltic as soon as she had been warped into her dock and did what they could to help the Florida's passengers on that ship. Late in the afternoon the immigrants were taken to Ellis Island.

After four hours of work the ship chandlery men got out of the wreckage the body of Salvatore. He was a four-year-old cabin boy who had just escaped from the ruins of Messina, where all his family had been killed. Making his first voyage in the Florida he too was killed.

At midnight part of the body of Catagova, who was sixteen years old, was uncovered, but a mass of twisted steel held him so fast that many more hours of work was necessary before he could be taken out. The bodies of Flagnola and Salvatore were removed to the undertaking shop of Jacob Scoville, at Third avenue and forty-second street.

CAPTAIN SWORE TO STICK TO SHIP UNTIL SHE SANK.

Republic's Skipper and Second Officer Dragged from Sea When She Went Down by the Gresham's Crew.

SEALBY, EXHAUSTED, CLUNG TO ONE OF BOAT'S HATCHES.

"Save the Captain First!" Cried Brave Companion, Also in State of Collapse.

(Special to The World.)

WOOD'S HOLE, Mass., Jan. 25.—Capt. K. W. Perry, commander of the United States revenue cutter Gresham, which arrived here this forenoon, related a most interesting story of the experience of the Republic's crew from the time of the collision last Saturday morning until this morning, when he shipped them to the Seneca for New York.

Beginning his story at the time when the first news of the collision was flashed broadcast by wireless, I told of many heroic acts he witnessed.

According to Capt. Perry, the hero of the Gresham was Captain John Johnson, who was on duty at the time of the collision. He saw the signal for help from Capt. Scoville on the sinking Republic, rushed to the side of the revenue cutter and with his search knife cut away the wreckage of the Republic's crew. He was away in a nasty southeast storm, with the waves eating high and the fog almost impenetrable.

Didn't Wait for Orders.

Johnson did not wait for orders from his superior officers when he saw from the Republic's distress signals that she was in danger. He rushed on his own, rescued the Republic's crew and saved many lives. He was then taken to the Seneca for New York.

Capt. Scoville and his second officer had been taken to the Seneca for New York. They were then taken to the Seneca for New York. They were then taken to the Seneca for New York. They were then taken to the Seneca for New York.

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Hunted for Republic 7 Hours in Fog, Guided by Wireless.

Although Capt. J. B. Ranson, of the Baltic, who played such an important part in the final deliverance of the Republic's passengers and crew, had been without sleep practically since the night of Thursday, a period of more than seventy-two hours, he consented to receive a newspaper man yesterday afternoon. A world reporter was selected by his coworkers to take Capt. Ranson's statement. Still rosy and cheerful, the commander, who is also a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, told the story of his search in the fog for the sinking Republic, finding her and the transfer of her passengers.

"We got notified at about 6 A. M. on Saturday that the Republic had been in collision and wanted assistance," Capt. Ranson began. "The message said that she was in a dangerous position in latitude 40 and longitude 70. We turned and went back and began to search for the Republic. The fog on Saturday morning was very dense."

"We searched for her from 6 A. M. until 3 P. M. I should say. We found the Republic by the Marconi. The first thing was to take off her crew, as she seemed to be sinking. Then we went alongside the Florida and began to transfer her people to the Baltic."

"We took the Republic's passengers of the Florida; then we took off the Florida's own passengers. The three steamers—the Republic, the Florida and the Baltic—How Baltic Was Found."

"We used only the Republic's crew of the Republic's lifeboats aboard the Baltic now. The Republic's crew of the Florida transferred to the Baltic continued from 8 P. M. of Saturday until 3 A. M. of Sunday. The weather was threatening and very misty. I cannot give you by classification the numbers shifted, but the total was about 150."

The purser of the Baltic gave his roster as follows: Baltic—First-class passengers, 80; second-class, 12; third-class, 22; crew, 35. Florida—Third-class, 52; first-class, 15; crew 24—public—First-class, 22; third-class, 21; crew, 24.

"When we took off the Republic's crew on Saturday night," continued Capt. Ranson, "I left about Capt. Scoville, his chief officer, Captain, chief steward and one sailor's crew."

"Now, you wish to know how the Baltic found the Republic," he said. "The Republic was found by the Marconi. The Republic's crew of the Florida transferred to the Baltic continued from 8 P. M. of Saturday until 3 A. M. of Sunday. The weather was threatening and very misty. I cannot give you by classification the numbers shifted, but the total was about 150."

"The wireless operator of the Baltic, who was on duty at the time of the collision, arrived here this forenoon, related a most interesting story of the experience of the Republic's crew from the time of the collision last Saturday morning until this morning, when he shipped them to the Seneca for New York."

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WIRELESS OPERATOR WORKED 52 HOURS.

Tattersall, of the Baltic, Tells of Meeting with Binns, of the Republic.

M. J. Tattersall, the wireless telegraph operator on the Baltic, described his personal meeting with "Jack" Binns, with whom he had been talking through the fog for some time before the collision. He described the wireless from the station at Southport, Mass., that the Republic had been in collision and wanted assistance. He described the wireless from the station at Southport, Mass., that the Republic had been in collision and wanted assistance. He described the wireless from the station at Southport, Mass., that the Republic had been in collision and wanted assistance.

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"When we took off the Republic's crew on Saturday night," continued Capt. Ranson, "I left about Capt. Scoville, his chief officer, Captain, chief steward and one sailor's crew."

"Now, you wish to know how the Baltic found the Republic," he said. "The Republic was found by the Marconi. The Republic's crew of the Florida transferred to the Baltic continued from 8 P. M. of Saturday until 3 A. M. of Sunday. The weather was threatening and very misty. I cannot give you by classification the numbers shifted, but the total was about 150."

The wireless operator of the Baltic, who was on duty at the time of the collision, arrived here this forenoon, related a most interesting story of the experience of the Republic's crew from the time of the collision last Saturday morning until this morning, when he shipped them to the Seneca for New York."

Beginning his story at the time when the first news of the collision was flashed broadcast by wireless, I told of many heroic acts he witnessed.

According to Capt. Perry, the hero of the Gresham was Captain John Johnson, who was on duty at the time of the collision. He saw the signal for help from Capt. Scoville on the sinking Republic, rushed to the side of the revenue cutter and with his search knife cut away the wreckage of the Republic's crew. He was away in a nasty southeast storm, with the waves eating high and the fog almost impenetrable.

Johnson did not wait for orders from his superior officers when he saw from the Republic's distress signals that she was in danger. He rushed on his own, rescued the Republic's crew and saved many lives. He was then taken to the Seneca for New York.

Capt. Scoville and his second officer had been taken to the Seneca for New York. They were then taken to the Seneca for New York. They were then taken to the Seneca for New York. They were then taken to the Seneca for New York.

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the. They were described as being unsupported in an empty density, and it is the credit of those imperiled that it is a shocking loss of life is not chronicled. The first to board the Baltic after it had cleared Quarantine were passengers on the little steamer Gen. Jackson, which had been chartered by the United States government to carry the Italian passengers aboard the Republic. Deputy Governor of the New Hampshire and newspaper representatives were on board.

Three hundred passengers were rescued by the Baltic from the Republic. The Republic's crew of the Florida transferred to the Baltic continued from 8 P. M. of Saturday until 3 A. M. of Sunday. The weather was threatening and very misty. I cannot give you by classification the numbers shifted, but the total was about 150."

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Chief Officer of "Rudder" Ship Tells How Republic Sank

The *Marionette* carried no first class passengers. She had 95 second cabin passengers and 178 in the stowage. One of the three so logged only twenty-eight miles. During the gale a woman passenger was wounded seriously when thrown against her cabin door by the pitching of the boat. A male passenger was ill but the passengers say.

Wireless Hero of Baltic Tells How Republic was Foun

Treatment is required 2-3 times
weekly. Patients are given the Hays
diet. Patients are given 100 mg
of prednisone daily. The patient is
given 100 mg of prednisone daily.
The patient is given 100 mg of
prednisone daily. The patient is
given 100 mg of prednisone daily.

"You want details of the scene?" We should have to get them somewhere else. I can't give them to you. It's all a jumble with me. I guess I'm nearly all in."

"What do you think happened, though Saturday night?"

"I don't know. I came from the Florida. Who walked into my cabin but Rinn."

"Hello, Tattersall" says he, just cheerful as if he'd come from a garden party. "We've been having a lively time of it, haven't we? Thought I'd drop and see how you were, old chap."

"Then he went back to the ship and stayed by her until the ship was ordered the crew off. He thought any more would be a waste."

"Well, now, what do you think?"

Congress Halts Its Work to Honor Brave Jack Binn

"During the last two days," said Russell, "we have been surprised to find more of the parrots than have come to us than to the six in charge and the ten in lighter waters." The results that baffled the stronger Honolulu committee have regarding Council Island are

Connolly Accused of Cowardice by Ship's Stewards

General Ives and other passengers accused Connolly's alleged behavior on the ground that the writer was excited.

**Gen. Brayton Ives
Saw Woman Draw
Hatpin on Sailo**

There were two groups of men
from the officers of the Marine
and the attention of the two men
was directed to the two men
and the two men were
and the two men were
and the two men were
and the two men were

**Woman Author
Falls Into Sea; Is
Pulled Out by Hair**

[illegible]

SHIPS MAY LOSE WIRELESS

MARCONI COMPANY IN DISPUTE
WITH SEVERAL OCEAN LINES.

Controversy Has Been Going on for Some Time Over the Payment of Rent, Since Operating Concern Has Found that Losses Are Suffered in the Dull Seasons.

As time went on, however, it became more apparent to the wireless companies that it was losing money by the arrangement. So it presented its case to the steamship lines and suggested that a year's rental of \$85, \$1,000, would safeguard it from loss. That sum would pay about the salaries of the operator. Wireless operators, by the way, seldom get a good pay, especially men on the foreign vessels.

JACK BINNS'S \$12 WEEKLY PAY

To the plan of the working committee, is said the steamship lines returned negative answer. They positively refused to consider the suggestion of aid for the installation of the windows. At the stage of the proceedings, the Maritime party threatened to remove the insurance and men from the harbor, unless its demands were granted. This threat was calmly accepted by the steamship line. Their reply was, in effect, "By whom, you please."

Now comes the carrying of the logs by the Florida and the method of raising the floating rafts of logs. The logs come from the tip of Long Island in Northern Maine, where winds along the coast drive past. It is a combination of the calm or wireless immediately after, indeed, any windstorm, it was effected by the eye of the two days from Saturday to Sunday morning. These conditions, they said, prove that no ship is able without a wire

So they are sitting back in their chairs, wondering what the company will take about Will they the situation to some \$100 a week. To whom the situation can say they are doing.

WHERE THE COST COMES IN.

"I shouldn't wonder if they did try to do it," said Frederick Minton Samuels, chief engineer of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, to-day. "You would be surprised if I were to tell you some of the companies with whom we have been conducting negotiations recently—negotiations which can end only in our getting a reasonable rental or in the removal of our installations from their ships. They are thoroughly modern and up-to-date companies, too, of undiminished reputation so far. Yet they have plainly indicated that, rather than agree to our demands, they will do without our system."

"Our demands are not exorbitant. All we ask is that we shall be protected from loss. We'll be satisfied with anything that does that for us. Perhaps, to illustrate our position, a few figures will prove worth while. In the rush season, during the summer months, especially, we generally manage to make expenses all around, and sometimes we do big business. The German boats are the best payers. Sometimes we take in \$500 on a run to and from Europe. The big Cunarders pay, too. I can't explain why it is that the German boats pay best, but they do."

"When we make \$500 in the course of a run, we are lucky. All the expense to us out of that is the salary of the operator and his assistant. On the other hand, when the tide of traffic has fallen off, we often lose money on every voyage. When the New York came in yesterday with nineteen passengers in her cabin, do you suppose we made money on the trip? Not a cent. We lost \$10 or \$20, and we'll lose as much more on her run back to England."

"On the majority of the liners, we lose money most of the year. That doesn't count right to us. It wouldn't cost the company a large sum to insure us against loss, and they must know now, if they didn't know before, how valuable the wireless is. One thousand dollars a year for each vessel would suit us. That would allow us about \$60 for each round trip made, and would just cover us from possible loss."

Steamship men say that the Republic disaster has emphasized the need of some universal code of communication regardless of the particular system. Rivalry between telegraph companies, it is pointed out, makes this last impossible.

ACCORDING TO EMIL L. BOAS.

According to Emil L. Boas, resident director and general manager of the Hamden-American line, the existing arrangement is the cause of much confusion. Mr. Boas is also firmly convinced that all transatlantic ships which carry passengers are hereby bound to be equipped with wireless apparatus.

"The time is bound to come," declared Mr. Boas this afternoon, "when all vessels will take it up. Of course, at the present time, most of the large ocean liners do make use of the system, but it is not universal."

"I think steamships with passengers aboard should be compelled to maintain a wireless station and operator. The thing has become a necessity, as the recent collision has clearly shown."

"Then there is the other question which seems to me equally important. In our country, for instance, we have to maintain two wireless telegraph systems. Our Atlantic service, from New York and the West Indies, is equipped with the United Wireless system, while our transatlantic ships use the Marconi system."

"Now these two rival systems do not work together. You can imagine the inconvenience that results. Here is a case to illustrate."

A CASE IN POINT

Not long ago we took the Humber out of our Southampton service. She carried some 100 passengers, and had many arrangements made in New York for her arrival. She was met by the United Wireless company, and the operator seemed to understand all the arrangements for the United Wireless system."

"Nevertheless, through the operator in question, we took charge of the Humber's station. I don't know how far from New York she was when she was taken in charge, but she was under our control. The operator who was in charge of the Humber's station, I don't know how far from New York she was when she was taken in charge, but she was under our control. The operator who was in charge of the Humber's station, I don't know how far from New York she was when she was taken in charge, but she was under our control."

George H. Brown, New York agent of the North German Lloyd, added his opinion to that of Mr. Boas.

"Not only should all ships be provided with wireless," said Mr. Brown, "but there should be a universal system as well. I am strongly in favor of it. There is no reason why the different telegraph companies should refuse to accept of either's messages."

Officers of the Cunard line were not so strong in their opinion, although it was admitted that the suggestion had many advantages.

It was pointed out that the smaller passenger lines would have few occasions to make use of the wireless system, and that situations where it would be of real service would be exceedingly rare.

UNITED WIRELESS WILLING.

Officers of the United Wireless Company declared that they were willing to enter into an agreement with their rivals whereby messages should be received at all times, irrespective of the company which sent them. But this the Marconi company refused to do. John Bottomley, general manager of the Marconi system, explained that the other companies were regarded as imitators, who had sprung up later, and could not be recognized by his concern.

"The only time when we will accept their messages," said Mr. Bottomley, "is in case of distress. Then, all barriers are, for the moment, overlooked. If a ship is in danger, or if there has been an accident, her appeals for aid would certainly be received and answered, no matter what system she used. But otherwise, we will have nothing to do with our rivals."

C. C. Galbraith, assistant superintendent of the United Wireless, said that operators on this system would receive messages sent by the Marconi people, or in fact any other company. "We are agreeable to any arrangement," he added, "whereby a universal system could be established provided the tolls were equally distributed."

FLORIDA HERE; HAS THREE DEAD

A Fourth Likely to be Added—
Eugene Lynch of Boston
May Not Survive.

CAPTAIN'S STORY CUT OFF

Starts to Tell It, but Is Interrupted, and Officials Stop an Officer's Narrative.

BOW A MASS OF WRECKAGE

Smashed Almost to the Bridge, and She Comes Up the Bay Stern High Above Water.

With thirty feet of her bow cut away and sitting forward at an angle...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

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...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

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...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

...the Italian steamer...

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

The Republic Is 45 Fathoms Down.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

"This is how the Republic got us to her," he said. "She used our wireless and we used her Marconi. As fast as our Marconi operator got a message he handed it to me. I have all the copies. One of them reads: 'You are now on our port bow. Can you see us?' Republic. Other messages read: 'You are now very close. Can you see our rocket?' Republic. 'You are too close to us for safety, Republic.' 'You are getting louder. Steer east-southeast; listen to our bell, Republic.' It was a sort of blind-man's bluff, with the wireless messages coming. 'Now you are hot,' and 'Now you're cold.'"

"Then came messages giving us different steering directions, and in between we caught flashes of other messages. There was one I received that made me very anxious. It read: 'Shanonnelt says, hear from Republic, says to Baltic to hurry. Sinking fast.'"

"I think I received this about 8 P. M. Saturday, just before we found her. When I got alongside the Republic I asked Capt. Sealby to come on board my vessel."

"I can't leave my vessel," was his reply. "I tried to induce him to come, but he would not. So I left on board the Republic's chief officer, bos'n, Chief Steward, and a boat's crew."

"Throughout the whole trying time the passengers acted with coolness."

PASSENGERS PRAISE OFFICERS.

Vote to Give Them Medals and Raise \$212 for the Crews.

Resolutions indorsing the seamanship, courage, and devotion of Capt. Ransom and the officers of the Baltic were adopted at a meeting of the passengers of the Republic and Baltic on board the Baltic on Sunday evening. Two other meetings were held. At one of them a sum of money was raised to be distributed to the men of the two White Star ships as a mark of the appreciation of the passengers, while at the other a committee was appointed to consider all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, etc.

This resolution was adopted at the meeting on Sunday:

Whereas, On approaching New York word was received by wireless that the steamship Republic had been in collision with the steamship Florida in the vicinity of Nantuxet Lightship and was in urgent need of assistance; and

Whereas, The prevailing dense fog made ordinary navigation difficult and of searching for a distressed vessel especially so; and

Whereas, The commander of the Baltic successfully carried out this duty, also that of transferring over 1,000 souls in such haste without a single mishap; therefore be it

Resolved, That the passengers of the Baltic hereby convey to J. B. Ransom, R. N. E., his officers, crew, and men their high appreciation of the seamanship, courage, and devotion displayed; it is further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Messrs. J. May, J. G. & Co., Liverpool, managing owners of the White Star Line and to the Secretary of the U. S. S. S. S.

HARRY L. GREGG, chairman.

ALBERT E. ASHCROFT, Secretary.

After the second meeting this letter was sent to Capt. Ransom:

To Capt. J. B. Ransom, R. N. E.: We are requested on behalf of the passengers of the Royal Mail steamships Baltic and Republic to hand over to you the enclosed sum of 212 pounds sterling, to be given to the officers, crew, and stewards of the two White Star line ships and as a mark of their appreciation of the splendid efforts made by them in transferring and assisting passengers who were in such great need as a result of the unfortunate accident of yesterday morning.

We shall be grateful if you can do us the favor, bearing the disposition of the sum contributed to each vessel in your hands. We are, Sir, yours sincerely, the passengers.

H. WARD, chairman, S. S. Baltic.
E. J. LAMBER, S. S. Baltic.
ARTHUR HIGGS, S. S. Baltic.
MR. M. E. WALSTEIN, S. S. Republic.

This meeting also decided to have medals struck and given to the three masters, Ransom of the Baltic, Sealby of the Republic, and Volcott of the Florida.

The third meeting was held yesterday morning. The chairman was Mr. John May, of St. Paul, and the secretary was M. L. Macdonald of the same city. Major May stated that the meeting had been called for the purpose of considering all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, etc. He then transferred the chair to Mr. Macdonald, who announced that the meeting was called for the purpose of considering all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, etc.

The chairman of the meeting, Mr. W. Ward, of Minneapolis, W. Minn., said that the meeting was called for the purpose of considering all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, etc. He then transferred the chair to Mr. Macdonald, who announced that the meeting was called for the purpose of considering all matters pertaining to the collision, action of the officers, etc.

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RESCUED SAILORS IN NEED.

Seamen's Friend Society Shelters Them and Appeals for Funds.

The American Seamen's Friend Society, for many years, took care last night of about 20 of the Republic's crew, who were rescued from the sinking ship. The society, which has a headquarters in New York, is a charitable organization that helps seamen in need. It has a large fund of money that it uses to help seamen who are in trouble. The society also has a large fund of money that it uses to help seamen who are in trouble.

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JACK BINNS.

SEALBY TELLS OF DEATH WATCH ON LOST REPUBLIC

Captain Who Stuck to Ship Till She Sank Under Him Gives Graphic Account of Vessel's Last Hour.

RACED WITH DEATH TO RIGGING AS CRAFT SANK.

Caught Bit of Wreckage and Floated Long Before Gresham's Crew With Searchlight Could Find Him—Overcoat as a Life Buoy.

Here are the accounts of the two men who kicked the Republic away from under their feet as she dropped into her final resting place:

BY CAPT. WILLIAM I. SEALBY.

"I don't want to say anything about the collision itself or the happenings after except in a general way. Others have told those things. But I can tell just what happened on board the Republic as she went down."

"Mr. Williams and I had arranged to stick to the ship until she should sink or be beached. The derelict destroyer Seneca, the revenue cutter Gresham, the steamship Furnessia and the tug Seely were standing by—the Seneca and Gresham towing. All four vessels had their searchlights trained on the Republic. It was very dark and somewhat foggy."

"Mr. Williams and I were on the bridge. We were quite comfortable with our overcoats and blankets and really did not think the Republic was going down so soon. Both of us were tired out and somewhat stupid from loss of sleep. There was some wind and quite a little sea."

FELT VESSEL SINKING.

"Suddenly we heard a terrible rumble and crack aft and below. The stern began to go down rapidly. Then, I think, I turned to Mr. Williams and asked him what he thought about it."

"Well, Captain," he replied, "I don't think it will be a long run. Let's make a sprint for it!"

"All right," said I. "When you are ready let her go."

"Let us burn a blue light," said Williams. This I did. Then I fired five shots from my six-chambered revolver to attract the attention of those on the neighboring vessels in case they should not see the blue light."

"Then Mr. Williams and I ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, making for the foremast. We carried our blue lights and a lantern. I suggested making for the foremast."

When we got to the saloon deck forward the water was just creeping up on the deck aft and the stern was sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck was so steep that it was like climbing a steep hill to make our way forward, and we had all we could do to keep from slipping back. The water climbed up right after us at our heels."

"I saw Mr. Williams catch at the port rail and hang on, half over the side. I took to the rigging and climbed up as far as the masthead light—about 100 feet. The ship was standing with her nose out of the water and the foremast was at such an angle that if I had dropped I would have landed about amidships of the deck."

COAT WAS LIFE-PRESERVER.

"I rested at the masthead light a moment while I took another blue light from my pocket and tried to light it. The light was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver just as the water swirled up and caught me under the armpits."

"Fortunately I had my coat buttoned and my revolver and my binoculars in my pockets kept the skirts down. The water forced air up under the coat and it ended like a life-preserver."

"I was aloft, spinning around like a top for a little bit. Then the ship went under and I went down in a whirl of roaring seething water. The noise and power of the whirlpool were terrible. But I shot to the surface pretty soon and tried to get my coat off."

"I came up in a mass of floating wreckage, out of which I managed to catch a couple of spars. Then I got hold of a large hatch and pulled myself up onto it, where I lay spread-eagle fashion."

"The search lights were directed on the spot where the Republic had gone down and everything about me was light as day. But I was too low in the water for the search lights to reach for any length of time and the men in the boats did not see me. After what seemed an interminable time I felt myself getting numb and indifferent."

WAIVED TOWEL AS SIGNAL.

"I roused myself, got out my revolver, loaded it with greased cartridges and fired it again. Just then I saw a towel float by. I grabbed it and waved it aloft and the searchlights picked it out and it showed like a signal. A few minutes later a boat from the Gresham picked me up. I found they had already rescued Mr. Williams, who snuck hands quite early with me as I was dragged aboard."

"That ended our danger. I want to speak in the highest terms of the officers and crews of the cutter Gresham, Capt. Perry, and Seneca, Capt. Reynolds. I cannot say too much for them or for the service they rendered."

ALL SHOWED BRAVERY.

"During all our operations on board the Republic the wireless proved invaluable. It was to Captain Binns that we owed our ability to communicate with the vessels around us. If he had failed our wireless would have been of little use. Mr. Binns is a younger man, but he has real sand and will be heard from as he grows up."

"I can speak only in terms of praise of my officers and crew. As for the passengers, they were a remarkably cool lot. The behavior of the ladies was especially admirable. The men rendered available service in manning the boats at the time of the emergency in the Florida. The passengers on this occasion could not have given me of a kinder or a more orderly manner."

Jumped for Life as the Republic Went Down

No less interesting is the story of Second Officer Williams of what happened to him after he parted company with the captain on the forward saloon deck of the sinking vessel. Here is his account:

BY R. J. WILLIAMS.

"I was hanging on the rail by my elbows—I was going to say by my eyebrows—when I lost the captain. The ship had been going down steadily by the stern. As I hung on the rail I thought she was going to stand right straight up in the air and dive stern first.

"But her stern finally rested on the bottom. You see, she was 100 fathoms long, and the water there was only about 40 fathoms deep. So her stern struck the bottom and rested there, and I could feel the shock as she struck and feel the hull stiffen. For maybe about five seconds she remained solid and motionless.

"Then she broke in two, probably about the engine-room. I thought she would go that way and when I felt the shock I jumped from the rail into the water, forty feet below. I am a fair swimmer. As soon as I got into the water I turned on my back and shed my overcoat. Then I struck out with all my might to get away from the ship before she went down.

"I was swimming on my back and moving away from her foreward. I could see her keel when the searchlights played on her. Capt. Sealby was hidden from my view by the hull. I could see her settling steadily and knew that if I was within range of the suction she would pull me under when she took her last dive.

DOWN WITH FLAG FLYING.

"I was about five fathoms away when she went to the bottom. She left a hole for a second that looked like the jaws of hell to me, and then I heard a roar as if I was under Niagara Falls. The water boiled and whirled and dragged me under. I wasn't frightened and I thought with satisfaction that about the last I saw of the Republic was her flag, for she went down with her flag flying.

"It caught hold of a small hatch, but was unable to climb upon it. But it supported me until I got another, and between the two I kept afloat for twenty minutes. The searchlights did not seem to pick me out, but I could see them feeling all over the ocean around like fingers of light. Just as the small boat from the Gresham was picking me up I heard Capt. Sealby fire his revolver, and the sound guided the rescuing party in his direction."

Capt. Sealby, Who Stuck by His Ship, and Operator Binns Accorded Remarkable Reception at Pier and on Broadway.

With the survivors, officers and crews of the vessels which were in collision off Nantucket last Saturday safe in port, with funerals arranged for the dead and assurances in plenty that the injured will recover, today was devoted to honoring the heroes of the disaster and clearing the decks for the litigation which is to ensue between the White Star line and the Lloyd-Italiano.

The White Star line will claim from the Italian line the value of the *Republic*, which was sunk by the *Florida*, but the amount of damages, even if the claim is sustained, will be limited to the actual value of the latter vessel, her cargo carrying charges and fares, a total of \$1,020,000, it is estimated.

Capt. Sealby, of the *Republic*, landing this morning with his officers and part of his crew from the *Jerrell* destroyer *Seneca*, which had conveyed him from the scene of the wreck, spent a day of embarrassment.

SEALBY, LIONIZED, IS EMBARRASSED.

He is a sailor, proud, as sailing men are in general, and the lionization to which he was subjected from the time he set foot on the White Star line pier until he crossed the survey was more of a trial to him than his voyage over his sinking vessel off the coast of Massachusetts.

A remarkable demonstration, indicating what the *Republic*'s passengers who captured the collision, took of the commander of the ill-fated vessel, was rendered him at the White Star office, No. 9 Broadway, this afternoon. He stood in the office with Binns, the wireless operator; Second Officer Williams, Fourth Officer Morrow and Chief Engineer McGowan to make to the officials of the company a formal report of the accident. As a result of the collision, and his license was automatically revoked, and he will have to go to England, stand trial before the Board of Trade, and be exonerated of responsibility before he can take charge of another vessel.

There was assembled at the office of the company when Capt. Sealby and his officers arrived a large crowd of Republic enthusiasts. The company has given them the opportunity of remaining the entire of their presence money on, following their plans for the course of the *Republic* by departing from New York on the *Red Star* line *Vauban*, sailing tomorrow for Antwerp, the *White Star* line *Meridian*, which sails tomorrow for Liverpool, or the *White Star* line *Romantic*, which sails from Boston Saturday, to cover the route laid out for the *Republic*.

GREETED BY HIS PASSENGERS.

Among those who kept at the office of the line-making arrangements along these alternatives were Mrs. M. R. Baskerville, Dr. Arthur Brown,

FLORIDA NOT TO BLAME FOR CRASH, AGENT SAYS

The following official statement, setting forth the position of the officers of the Italian steamship *Florida* concerning the collision with the *Republic*, was given out this afternoon by O. L. Richards, agent of the Lloyd-Italiano Steamship Company:

"The officers of the *Florida* are in no way to blame for the collision. On the bridge at the time were Capt. Rustini, First Officer Raffaele Garguile and a quartermaster. They were proceeding cautiously in their course, sounding the fog signal frequently. They first heard the *Republic*'s fog whistle at a distance of probably a mile and a half to the northwest. They held their course. No signal was given them by the *Republic* indicating that they should go to starboard or port.

"The sound of the *Republic*'s whistle became plain. Capt. Rustini reduced the speed of his boat to five miles an hour. Suddenly the *Republic*, which had turned to the southeast from her course she held when her fog signals were first heard, loomed up right in

front of the *Florida*. The collision was unavoidable."

If the Admiralty Courts hold that the officers of the *Florida* were at fault Saturday morning when the Italian steamship rammed the *Republic*, the owners of the *Florida* will be liable to the extent of \$1,000,000. This is the value of the *Florida*, her passenger fares and cargo charges.

In explaining this to-day a member of the firm of Wallace, Butler & Brown, of No. 54 Wall street, counsel for the Lloyd-Italiano, or the Society of Navigation, as the company which owns the *Florida* is variously known, said that the line purchased the *Florida* three years ago for \$1,000,000. The value of the fares and cargo carrying charges amounted to \$200,000. No matter how many millions the *Republic* and what went down with her may be worth, the owners of the *Florida* cannot be held responsible beyond the value of the *Florida*.

The Italian line's attorneys said, however, that it would take at least a month to examine into the evidence concerning the collision and prepare papers.

F. D. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois and their infant daughter, who was the only baby in the collision; Major and Mrs. John Espy, Robert Friederichson, Miss Leslie Jackson, J. E. Lilly and Dr. Martin E. Waldstein. Scores of other survivors who were in the vicinity rushed to the White Star building when Capt. Sealby and his men arrived.

As soon as the Captain appeared a great cheer went up from the crowd that packed Broadway and the steps in front of the White Star headquarters. Hundreds of hands were put forward in greeting to the Captain, who bowed and blushed and grabbed here and there, all the time working his way toward the door. Behind him came Binns, the wireless hero, and others worthy of praise which was freely accorded.

The cheering was deafening as Sealby and his little company crowded through the jam in the office. Shipping men from all over the Battery neighborhood were on hand to chip in with congratulations. Sealby was overwhelmed. He shook hands with J. H. Thomas, chief of the operating department; W. W. Jeffries and David W. Lindsay, of the passenger department, and these gentlemen tried to force a way for him to the private office of Vice-President Franklin, upstairs.

INSISTED ON SPEECH.

But the crowd wanted a speech. Sealby was lifted bodily and placed upon a table. The man who remained on his vessel until he felt her touch the bottom of the ocean under his feet quailed and shivered in the face of the crowd that confronted him.

"I can't make a speech," he faltered, "because I've nothing to say. I'm glad to see you here. You must excuse me."

With that he made a leap from the table into the crowd, opened a way and rushed up the stairs. A great throng gathered outside and waited long and patiently for his reappearance.

Capt. Sealby and Operator Binns had been accorded a remarkable reception when they landed at the White Star line pier with forty-nine other officers and members of the crew of the *Republic*. The crowd was brought up from the *Seneca*, off Tompkinsville, by the revenue cutter *Manhattan*.

As it was not known that Capt. Sealby and his men would reach the pier, the general public was not represented there. But the other 150 men of the crew of the *Republic*, the entire crew of the *Baltic* and the pier employees of the White Star Company, less than 500 in all, made as much noise and generated as much enthusiasm as a crowd of a hundred thousand.

Capt. Sealby and Binns landed first. They had no sooner stepped on the dock than a rush was made for them and they were hoisted to the shoulders of cheering men. Then they were carried the entire length of the pier and into West street, around in a great circle on the plaza fronting the pier and back again and upstairs into the office of Supr. Penne.

All this was to the accompaniment of such cheering as only sailor men could do. The noise was heard for half a mile up and down the river front. Tug boat captains, catching the spirit, turned loose their whistles and pandemonium reigned for a time.

Capt. Sealby, although born in England, is an American by education and training. He has made his home in Vineland, N. J., since he was a small boy. At the age of fourteen—thirty-one years ago—he entered the White Star service, and since then he has sailed the seven seas. He has been commander for thirteen years.

While Sealby was being lionized in Manhattan stevedores were engaged down in South Brooklyn in taking out the cargo of the *Florida* preparatory to placing her in dry dock. The bodies of the seamen who were crushed to death in the vessel were removed this morning to an undertaking establishment. Whether they will be buried here or returned to Italy has not been decided.

Eugene Luch, of Boston, whose wife was killed by his side in their stateroom on the *Republic* and was sustained faithful after a month, died this morning in Long Island College Hospital. The other persons injured in the crash are doing well.

MEN.

The marvel-working wireless piercing the air with appeals for help and assurances of safety is the novel feature of the wreck of the *Republic*. There is another—an old, old story, but one of which the generous-hearted will never tire—the courage, discipline and iron endurance of the captain, his officers and their crews.

There were passengers of the *Republic* who did things in the hurry they would now wish to forget; small blame to a few poor immigrants on the *Florida* who had just escaped an earthquake to incur peril of shipwreck if they became frantic with fright. But the officers and crews of both the stricken ships and of the *Baltic* bore themselves like men.

The transfer of the *Republic*'s passengers to the *Florida*, and especially that of the passengers of both ships to the *Baltic* at night in a rougher sea, was a memorable feat. Capt. Sealby and First Officer Scott clinging to their ship while any part of her was above water were true to the British tradition. And Capt. Voltolini of the *Florida*, wherever lies the blame of the collision, displayed after it, in his more difficult post, with his smaller crew and badly crowded decks, the qualities of a brave commander of plucky men.

The wireless is a wonder, collision bulkheads that keep a wounded ship thirty-eight hours afloat are a safeguard, but so long as we go down to the sea in ships there will be need of men.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The news stories of telegraph operators remaining for two days at their keys without sleep following the *Republic* collision have a familiar ring. They are related of all great disasters, the telegraph service having a roll of honor for devotion to duty in time of emergency peculiarly its own. The fact for note is that the operators in this case were the servants of a new science, trained employees of an industry which has been created, developed and systematized all within a decade. The evolution of the telegraph and the telephone presents no such marvel of intentional progress as that shown by wireless telegraphy while yet in its infancy.

Only eleven years have elapsed since the time of Marconi's wireless signalling at Flatholm—but six years since the exchange of wireless messages between Cape Breton and Cornwall. Now the globe is virtually girdled with wireless stations—at Nome, in Hawaii, Hongkong, Burma, Mozambique, Trinidad, Tripoli. Paris talks with Messina, press reports are flashed across the Atlantic, steamships at sea receive daily bulletins, cars are ordered from a point 200 miles out of port, fugitives from justice are overhauled in mid-ocean.

The eighty-eight land and sea wireless stations on the American continent in 1906 have been multiplied. A wireless fire-alarm system for the preservation of forests is projected and wireless weather reports from fifty coast stations are proposed. The crowning demonstration of the usefulness of the wireless in summoning aid to a ship in distress has shown the ocean alive with such sentinels, all with ceaseless vigilance safeguarding sea travel. Wireless telegraphy has changed the nature of military evolutions and given a new aspect to naval warfare. The *Republic* disaster should make obligatory its installation on all vessels of the world's mercantile marine. If the *Florida* had possessed a wireless apparatus there need have been no collision.

Not the least of the wonders of wireless telegraphy while yet in its early stages is its creation virtually out of space of a new line of employment and a new field of endeavor for young men. Marconi and his companion inventors have literally produced national wealth out of the impalpable air.



Jack Binns
The C. Q. D. Hero

CROWDS IN LOWER BROADWAY CHEERING WIRELESS OPERATOR "JACK" BINNS AND CAPTAIN SEALBY ON THEIR WAY INTO THE OFFICES OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.



WIRELESS OPERATOR JACK BINNS...

When the officers of the lost White Star liner Republic came into the port yesterday on the passenger ship Manhattan they received a welcome that, as Capt. Sealby said, "was nearly as hot as a shipboard."

There were crowds at the White Star pier where the survivors of the Republic were met by the officers of the ship, and they cheered Capt. Sealby, Second Officer R. J. Williams and Wireless Operator Binns of the Republic, until these three companions slipped in the great sea and disappeared at a loss for words.

Thrilled men, survivors of the wreck for the most part, were waiting for the arrival of the gallant commander and his mate; they rushed past the two guards on duty at the pier and carried Sealby and

Williams out to the street. Binns was hoisted on the shoulders of two men also, but he struggled loose—as he expressed it, "ducked."

The demonstration lasted for ten or fifteen minutes; and during that time Capt. Sealby was busy shaking hands and expressing his appreciation of the words of cheer and gratitude. He literally had to fight his way out of the crush to the Ninth avenue elevated train, which he took for the White Star Company's offices at No. 9 Broadway. He went there to make a formal report of the wreck and loss of the Republic. Word of his coming had preceded him, and there was an immense crowd gathered in Bowling Green awaiting his arrival.

Another Crowd Surrounds Him.

Some one in the assemblage recognized the tangle of the captain as he cleared the entrance to the office, and a cheer went up. Then there was a rumour for him that he had nobly rescued thousands of men lined up and saved the Republic and Sealby and Williams. The three men and their crew, Sealby added to the cheering, and the crowd went on.

extended second line, and he began the impossible task of shaking hands. This seemed to be the end of the matter, which was getting longer and longer, and the captain was seen to wave off the crowd's salute to some thoughtless man seen in the crowd. The crowd, however, was not to be deterred, and the captain was seen to wave off the crowd's salute to some thoughtless man seen in the crowd.

The White Star Company's offices at No. 9 Broadway were crowded with people, and the captain was seen to wave off the crowd's salute to some thoughtless man seen in the crowd.

"I am glad to see you," remarked the captain, "and I am glad that you are here. Also I am glad that I am here, but I am not at all glad that I am here."

"I am not at all glad," he said, "that I am here, and I am not at all glad that I am here."

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to the small boats at once, and it is almost impossible to imagine such a contingency arising.

"It would be physically impossible for a vessel to carry enough small boats to take all of the passengers and crew off at the same time. If that number of boats were required there would be no room for passengers except in the hold, so that the proposition would be reduced to an absurdity.

"There need be no fear that the great liners are not provided with all possible safety devices. There is too much at stake for the lines to take any chances in that direction.

REPUBLIC VICTIMS TO ABANDON THEIR TRIP

Many Get Money Back and Give Up Plans for Travel Abroad.

OTHERS TO TRY AGAIN. Captain, Whose Offer of Tow Was Refused, Says He Could Have Saved Steamship.

Up to a late hour this afternoon only eight of the survivors of the Republic disaster had definitely announced their intention of resuming the journey interrupted by the collision. The Vanderland, sailing today, which was at the disposal of any of the survivors who desired to continue their journey, sailed without any of them. The plucky eight will sail on Saturday.

About twenty of the survivors demanded and received their personal money. Among them was Samuel Campbell, the agent for the Republic, who declared he will never go to sea again.

There have been many reported cases of the loss of money and other valuables. The loss of the Republic's money was estimated at \$100,000. The loss of the Republic's money was estimated at \$100,000. The loss of the Republic's money was estimated at \$100,000.

How They'll Go.

Sailing on Saturday from Havana Saturday, the Republic's survivors will go to New York. The Republic's survivors will go to New York. The Republic's survivors will go to New York.

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have been guided to some small-boat harbor and there allowed to sink in such a way that it would have been a comparatively easy matter to salvage her.

Offer of Tow Refused. Capt. Fenlon, of the Standard Oil whaleboat towboat City of Everett, states positively that he could have saved the Republic if Capt. Sealby had permitted. The Everett, he says, could have yanked the waterlogged liner through the water without any trouble and landed her on the shoals back of Martha's Vineyard in six hours.

It would have cost the White Star line about \$200,000 in salvage had the City of Everett towed the Republic to a safe harbor. Capt. Sealby feared to commit the owners to the expenditure of that sum. They had told him White Star

tugs were on the way and he knew a couple of revenue cutters were close by. To save \$20,000 he sacrificed his \$200,000 ship, according to Capt. Fenlon.

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tugs were on the way and he knew a couple of revenue cutters were close by. To save \$20,000 he sacrificed his \$200,000 ship, according to Capt. Fenlon.

Handed a Blackjack.

"When my first officer, Mr. Tucker, went on board the Florida the first officer on the Italian boat handed him a blackjack and told him to use it if necessary to keep the passengers from trying to jump from the Florida to the City of Everett."

All Saturday night I remained in the vicinity of the Republic and Florida, ready to give assistance if called upon, and on Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, I again ran alongside the Republic and offered to give assistance. Again Capt. Sealby refused my offer. I was desperate at the way things were going and felt I could do nothing.

"On board my boat were nine deep-sea towing lawyers and two spare ones. The fact that the Republic kept afloat until Sunday night in proof positive in my mind that had my assistance been accepted by Capt. Sealby the Republic would have been safe in New York Harbor today."

Vice-President Franklin, of the White Star line, refused to discuss Capt. Fenlon's contention this afternoon. He said he would wait until he got additional facts from Capt. Sealby and the officers of the Republic and the Italian line placing the blame for the collision on the Republic, we expected they would do this," said Mr. Franklin.

"The responsibility, however, will be fixed by a United States Court of Admiralty."

Not Going Full Speed.

"I have only one comment to make upon the statement referred to. They charge the Republic with running at full speed. That is preposterous. The Republic was running at greatly reduced speed and was right in the position she should have occupied at the time of the collision."

"As for the statement that the Republic was moving at the rate of five miles an hour, I call attention to the fact that she was in the side of the Republic. It does not seem reasonable that a ship moving five miles an hour could go almost half way through another ship in a collision, the other ship being of moderate construction and nearly twice the size."

WIRELESS LOG OF JACK BINNS TELLS REPUBLIC'S TALE From First Flash of "C Q D" to "Good-by" That Ended the Suspense.

KEPT HS VIGIL ALONE. In Darkness Hastened Rescuers and Caught Their Calls for Directions.

The last Marconi log of the Republic was supplied to The Evening World by Operator "Jack" Binns to-day from comparison with the log furnished the local Marconi office by Operator A. H. Ginnam, at Sacoisett and from notes which he retained as he left the ship.

The Republic's heroic young operator kept his collection of wireless logs among his souvenirs and was accustomed to consume hours in giving the minutest details of ocean travel and gossip with passing liners in those prime records.

The log begins at 6:38 A. M., when Binns found himself in the floor of the cabin and the splintered woodwork piling in about him. He lost only a second rushing to his wire and calling C. Q. D. owing to the darkness the time is fixed approximately.

The most dramatic tale of the sea ever unfolded is this log of Binns. It reads: "6:38—Called 'C. Q. D.' " "6:40—MSC (Sacoisett) answered 'C. Q. D.' " "6:41—Told him here, 'Republic ship wrecked.' " "6:42—Message came: 'Cabin wrecked, please come, must run to captain's bridge.' " "6:43—First MISC captain's message: 'Republic remained by unknown steamer 75 miles east Ambrose Light. Last 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770, 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950, 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080, 2090, 2100, 2110, 2120, 2130, 2140, 2150, 2160, 2170, 2180, 2190, 2200, 2210, 2220, 2230, 2240, 2250, 2260, 2270, 2280, 2290, 2300, 2310, 2320, 2330, 2340, 2350, 2360, 2370, 2380, 2390, 2400, 2410, 2420, 2430, 2440, 2450, 2460, 2470, 2480, 2490, 2500, 2510, 2520, 2530, 2540, 2550, 2560, 2570, 2580, 2590, 2600, 2610, 2620, 2630, 2640, 2650, 2660, 2670, 2680, 2690, 2700, 2710, 2720, 2730, 2740, 2750, 2760, 2770, 2780, 2790, 2800, 2810, 2820, 2830, 2840, 2850, 2860, 2870, 2880, 2890, 2900, 2910, 2920, 2930, 2940, 2950, 2960, 2970, 2980, 2990, 3000, 3010, 3020, 3030, 3040, 3050, 3060, 3070, 3080, 3090, 3100, 3110, 3120, 3130, 3140, 3150, 3160, 3170, 3180, 3190, 3200, 3210, 3220, 3230, 3240, 3250, 3260, 3270, 3280, 3290, 3300, 3310, 3320, 3330, 3340, 3350, 3360, 3370, 3380, 3390, 3400, 3410, 3420, 3430, 3440, 3450, 3460, 3470, 3480, 3490, 3500, 3510, 3520, 3530, 3540, 3550, 3560, 3570, 3580, 3590, 3600, 3610, 3620, 3630, 3640, 3650, 3660, 3670, 3680, 3690, 3700, 3710, 3720, 3730, 3740, 3750, 3760, 3770, 3780, 3790, 3800, 3810, 3820, 3830, 3840, 3850, 3860, 3870, 3880, 3890, 3900, 3910, 3920, 3930, 3940, 3950, 3960, 3970, 3980, 3990, 4000, 4010, 4020, 4030, 4040, 4050, 4060, 4070, 4080, 4090, 4100, 4110, 4120, 4130, 4140, 4150, 4160, 4170, 4180, 4190, 4200, 4210, 4220, 4230, 4240, 4250, 4260, 4270, 4280, 4290, 4300, 4310, 4320, 4330, 4340, 4350, 4360, 4370, 4380, 4390, 4400, 4410, 4420, 4430, 4440, 4450, 4460, 4470, 4480, 4490, 4500, 4510, 4520, 4530, 4540, 4550, 4560, 4570, 4580, 4590, 4600, 4610, 4620, 4630, 4640, 4650, 4660, 4670, 4680, 4690, 4700, 4710, 4720, 4730, 4740, 4750, 4760, 4770, 4780, 4790, 4800, 4810, 4820, 4830, 4840, 4850, 4860, 4870, 4880, 4890, 4900, 4910, 4920, 4930, 4940, 4950, 4960, 4970, 4980, 4990, 5000, 5010, 5020, 5030, 5040, 5050, 5060, 5070, 5080, 5090, 5100, 5110, 5120, 5130, 5140, 5150, 5160, 5170, 5180, 5190, 5200, 5210, 5220, 5230, 5240, 5250, 5260, 5270, 5280, 5290, 5300, 5310, 5320, 5330, 5340, 5350, 5360, 5370, 5380, 5390, 5400, 5410, 5420, 5430, 5440, 5450, 5460, 5470, 5480, 5490, 5500, 5510, 5520, 5530, 5540, 5550, 5560, 5570, 5580, 5590, 5600, 5610, 5620, 5630, 5640, 5650, 5660, 5670, 5680, 5690, 5700, 5710, 5720, 5730, 5740, 5750, 5760, 5770, 5780, 5790, 5800, 5810, 5820, 5830, 5840, 5850, 5860, 5870, 5880, 5890, 5900, 5910, 5920, 5930, 5940, 5950, 5960, 5970, 5980, 5990, 6000, 6010, 6020, 6030, 6040, 6050, 6060, 6070, 6080, 6090, 6100, 6110, 6120, 6130, 6140, 6150, 6160, 6170, 6180, 6190, 6200, 6210, 6220, 6230, 6240, 6250, 6260, 6270, 6280, 6290, 6300, 6310, 6320, 6330, 6340, 6350, 6360, 6370, 6380, 6390, 6400, 6410, 6420, 6430, 6440, 6450, 6460, 6470, 6480, 6490, 6500, 6510, 6520, 6530, 6540, 6550, 6560, 6570, 6580, 6590, 6600, 6610, 6620, 6630, 6640, 6650, 6660, 6670, 6680, 6690, 6700, 6710, 6720, 6730, 6740, 6750, 6760, 6770, 6780, 6790, 6800, 6810, 6820, 6830, 6840, 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13010, 13020, 13030, 13040, 13050, 13060, 13070, 13080, 13090, 13100, 13110, 13120, 13130, 13140, 13150, 13160, 13170, 13180, 13190, 13200, 13210, 13220, 13230, 13240, 13250, 13260, 13270, 13280, 13290, 13300, 13310, 13320, 13330, 13340, 13350, 13360, 13370, 13380, 13390, 13400, 13410, 13420, 13430, 13440, 13450, 13460, 13470, 13480, 13490, 13500, 13510, 13520, 13530, 13540, 13550, 13560, 13570, 13580, 13590, 13600, 13610, 13620, 13630, 13640, 13650, 13660, 13670, 13680, 13690, 13700, 13710, 13720, 13730, 13740, 13750, 13760, 13770, 13780, 13790, 13800, 13810, 13820, 13830, 13840, 13850, 13860, 13870, 13880, 13890, 13900, 13910, 13920, 13930, 13940, 13950, 13960, 13970, 13980, 13990, 14000, 14010, 14020, 14030, 14040, 14050, 14060,

Italian Line Issues Statement Declaring Its Ship Was Going Moderately, While Other Was at High Speed—
White Star Line Will Report To-Day.

SHIP SANK UNDER HIM AND HE
WAS RESCUED FROM THE SEA.

A photograph of a landscape featuring a body of water in the foreground, a distant shoreline with some vegetation, and a hazy, overcast sky. The image is somewhat blurry and has a vintage feel.

blowing, but nevertheless it is
that the lightship has had several narrow
escapes.

[illegible]

blowing, but nevertheless it is said that the lightship has had several narrow escapes.

board by the officers and lookouts of the
 property of the starboard bow of the Italian
 150007

"I remember one morning," said this man, "when a thick fog prevailed that one of the ocean greyhounds came within fifty feet of the lightship."

escapes.



CAPTAIN SEALBY

JOHN BINNS
2ND OFFICER R. WILLIAMS

Great Throng on Hand to Greet the Commander and Wireless Operator of Ship.

BINNS' FIRST REQUEST IS FOR A CIGARETTE

Captain Sealby and His Officer Tell of Their Desperate Battle as the Vessel Sank.

BOTH CAUGHT IN SUCTION

Owe Their Lives to the Searchlights of the Seneca and the Gresham, Which Stood by Doomed Vessel to End.

Captain Sealby, his second officer, Lieutenant R. J. Williams; "Jack" Binns, the wireless operator, and other officers of the ill-fated Republic met a noisy and enthusiastic reception when they arrived in New York yesterday morning.

The first demonstration occurred at the White Star pier when they were landed from a revenue cutter, the Manhattan, which had taken them from the Seneca at Quakerstown, and the second at the White Star office in lower Broadway, when the men appeared there to make their official report to the company.

At the pier several hundred persons were waiting and everybody shouted and tried to shake hands with the brave sailors when they came ashore. Captain Sealby appeared much surprised for the reception, but he put his own men with a will greater reserve when they got on board of Bowline Green and saw there a host of about five thousand officers waiting for "salute" in up in America, feeling for the men who had stuck to their post of duty and saved the lives of those on the Republic.

Greeted by Women.

The women of the White Star office had been decorated and they were the first to greet the men when they came ashore. A wave of sympathy from the Republic, however, was felt and there was a great deal of cheering and shouting as the men came ashore. Captain Sealby and his officers were met by a group of women who were waiting for them at the White Star office.

They had a hard struggle to get through the crowd, and I saw many of the women who were waiting for them at the White Star office.

the same performance, but only at shorter range. Captain Sealby could only bow and smile in recognition of the warm congratulations from many lips, and then somebody yelled "Speech!" A dozen voices took up the call, and as the Captain showed no signs of responding to the call a group of men caught him up and placed him on a table. The Captain pulled off his cap in sailor fashion, turned red, cleared his throat and said:

"I'm glad to see you all again. I am glad we are all here, and safe. Thank you."

Story of the Sinking.

It wasn't much of a speech, but it meant much, especially to the Republic's passengers, and then, after another season of handshaking and congratulations, the Captain and his men were allowed to go into the private offices of the company and make their reports. Later both Captain Sealby and Lieutenant Williams told briefly the thrilling story of their experience when the Republic went down. These two men stuck to the ship until she sank and were picked up by the crew of the Seneca, which was standing by.

"There isn't much to say about the last moments of the ship, except that she went down and Williams and I were saved, thanks to the good sailors who picked us up," said Captain Sealby. "Williams and I had been together on the bridge for a long time. We noticed that the ship was gradually going down and at about eight o'clock we could feel that she was going pretty fast."

"Finally there came a rumbling and creaking sound in the after part of the ship and we saw that for a moment or two she was going down very fast and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away. I did not realize that she was going down so fast until she was down and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away. I did not realize that she was going down so fast until she was down and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away."

"I picked up a towel out of the sea while floating and kept waving that. I shouted occasionally, but kept pretty quiet on the whole, for I was somewhat exhausted and wanted to save my strength as much as possible. That was about all, except that the Gresham's men finally saw me and picked me up in one of their boats."

"I thought Williams had gone to the bottom, and of course it is unnecessary for me to say that I was mighty glad when I found him comfortably tucked away in a warm spot where he did me. They found him before they did me. To be sure we got wet, but if there is any sense due to anybody it should go to the passengers of the Republic, who showed remarkable fortitude in keeping their heads and always be prepared for a ducking. It's different with passengers—some passengers I mean."

Lieutenant Williams told his story, describing as the captain had done how they stood together on the bridge until the stern of the ship began to sink and it became necessary for them to leap into the water. Beginning at that point, he said:

"After Captain Sealby showed me one of his things to me and with my own eyes and I thought I was in a very bad way. I remember very distinctly how the Republic looked as she went down. She was going down very fast and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away. I did not realize that she was going down so fast until she was down and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away."

"I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away. I did not realize that she was going down so fast until she was down and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away. I did not realize that she was going down so fast until she was down and I saw Williams to turn his light and get ready to go away."

forty feet, striking test net, and as a man dived away before the mighty suction caught me. I feared I would be sucked down after the ship, and fought hard to get out of the whirlpool. As the vessel sank out of sight there was a roar like a thunder, and then a great hole seemed to open in the sea. The water closed in, and after that came a furious boiling and swirling and tumbling all about me, with a great deal of debris of all kinds. At last I caught hold of a hatch cover, but I kept turning over and over with me until I became exhausted and simply held on to it and floated. When I caught another hatch cover and, bracing the two together, made a sort of a raft of them and, with my legs and body submerged, kept afloat until the Gresham's searchlight caught me and I was picked up. I was in the water about twenty minutes.

Meal of Macaroni.

"While Captain Sealby and I were waiting on the bridge earlier in the night we became very hungry and I managed to find my way into the pantry and get some bread and macaroni. I took that up on the bridge, and while we had to spread the macaroni with our fingers I think it was the most delicious meal I ever ate."

Binns, the wireless telegraph operator, who stuck to his post and doubtless saved the passengers by calling help to the ship, had very little to say in reply to the hundreds of congratulations given to him. He said he got pretty hungry at times during the long wait and wanted a cigarette. Part of the office in which he worked was torn away by the bow of the Republic, which struck the Republic, and much of the time he was exposed to rain. During all the demonstration yesterday at the pier and at the White Star office he remained in the background and finally slipped out of the office by a private door and joined a group of friends on the outside.

While no blame is attached to Captain Sealby for the loss of the Republic, it was stated yesterday that as a legal formality his license temporarily was suspended. Captain Sealby will remain in New York for several days, until he has given all the facts of the disaster to the company's Agents at this end, and then he will go to Liverpool, where he will appear before the court of Admiralty for an examination. If the tribunal which hears the testimony concerning the accident shall decide that the Captain is in no way responsible for the loss of the Republic his license will be at once restored.

SEALBY HAILED AS A HERO

MUCH EMBARRASSED SKIPPER LANDS IN NEW YORK.

With Binns, Wireless, and Others of the Republic's Men He Is Brought to the Dock by the Revenue Cutter Manhattan—Crowd at White Star Offices.

Probably a man who has felt a ship as big as a skyscraper rear and sink under his feet and who has had to fight for his life knows the man who is hailed to a pedestal for the hero worship of New York. He is in greater danger still, and he is a great man if he knows it. Captain Sealby of the wrecked Republic had to face this greater danger yesterday and he knew that he was under test.

With him in the ordeal of idolizing that began at Pier 49, at the foot of West Eleventh street, carried to the White Star offices at Bowling Green and there continued until the captain sought refuge in a Turkish bath uptown, were Jack Binns, the wireless operator aboard the Republic; R. J. Williams, second officer, and various others of the little group of officers and forty-one members of the emergency crew who had remained on the Republic until near the end.

The revenue cutter Manhattan had dropped alongside the Seneca anchored off Tompkinsville early yesterday morning and the commander of the Republic and all his men, who had been getting a much needed sleep securely locked from the intrusion of inquirers during the night, transhipped to the Manhattan and were brought up the bay.

The cutter drew alongside of the long pier, on the opposite side of which the big Baltic was lying. Most of the Republic's crew that had been brought in on the Baltic, a levy of stewardesses and a Supt. Penell hurried down to the gangplank of the Manhattan to give the Republic's commander and his officers the proper reception. From West street a big crowd of stokers, longshoremen and marine idlers had invaded the White Star sheds and filled the space between the ships with a mass of people.

Capt. Sealby came up the gangplank wearing the same heavy blue greatcoat that he had about his shoulders when he went down into the ocean with his ship. He had a rough black fedora hat on his head that he had picked up from the dirty bag of some sailor on the Seneca. His eyes looked heavy, and the marks of these nights of sleeplessness were about the corners of his mouth. Binns, the wireless operator, a cleaner, blond faced English lad, still garbed in his raincoat and a service cap of the White Star, followed with Chief Engineer McKeown, Fourth Officer Moore, Second Officer Williams and the rest of the officers that had been sent off to the Gresham by their com-

mander before the Republic took the plunge. Some of the emergency crew that followed brought with them the only survivors of the ship's stock of pots—some cans and a fuzzy parrot.

The crowd swooped down on Capt. Sealby and his companions before they had hardly set foot on the dock. The captain had to force his way through the cheering folk. Even though they did not dare to take liberties with their superior officer, the men of the Republic, who had been quartered on the Baltic, vented their enthusiasm by lifting boatswain Charles Barrow on their shoulders and parading about the dock with him. Capt. Sealby of the Baltic came down the gangway just then with an open hand for Capt. Sealby. For the second time in the space of three days the Baltic's commander had to receive Capt. Sealby. He took him in to see the gangplank and into the snug captain's quarters on the big ship. An hour later two captains of the last line came to the dock with a sort of order of other chiefs, a gray cap to replace the black ribbon and an aviator. Capt. Sealby had made him presentable for the reception of the port of Liverpool.

Capt. Sealby and his officers then came down to the White Star office. A janitor was waiting for them. On the sidewalk was a representation of all the shipping men from the harbor who were there, waiting to see the captain. Two ladies at the head of the red ship flag of the White Star in their enthusiasm, while the chief clerk of the camera batteries, volleys from meeting steps and verities.

Capt. Sealby's face was red when the crowd took up his name and he tried to get about with scattering cheer. He bowed his head and ducked for the receiving door.

Inside the office there was a crowd of the Republic's passengers. A housewarming started right there. Two dozen of the men and women who had been on the Republic and who had been down at the steamship office looking for other boats-out rushed the mortified captain to a table, hoisted him to the top of the middle of the room and then yelled for a speech.

"I can't make a speech," Capt. Sealby began with confusion written all over his pink countenance. "I don't know what to say. I am glad to see you here. That's about all. You must excuse me, really."

Mrs. Leon, daughter of the late sailor, the only first cabin lady on the ship that had been rammed on Saturday morning, was standing near the table where the captain had been placed. She lifted the pink lipped youngster high above her head and called out to Sealby: "Here's our officers and crew who wish to thank you, captain."

Just before the captain made for the stairs up to the President Franklin's office Mrs. J. P. Wyland, an old friend of his, pushed through to his side and gave him a warm invitation to visit her home at 48 East Fifty-third street.

"Oh, I can't do it, please," Capt. Sealby stammered in his haste. "You know others are waiting to see me in my own home at Yorkville."

When the Republic's commander disappeared the crowd in the White Star office seized upon Binns, the wireless man. It was a sad moment for Binns. He blushed, crossed one foot over the other and flung his hands in the pockets of his raincoat. His round British face was split with a wide grin of mortification.

"Oh, I say now!" he protested. "Call it off, call it off!"

Binns had to take refuge upstairs. When he came down it was by an elevator in the rear and through a side door. He slipped out to report to Mr. Bottomley, the manager of the Marconi American Wireless Company at 27 William street, and subsequently he had a difficult time saving himself from being kidnapped by enterprising theatrical managers and other interested persons. Mr. Bottomley said yesterday afternoon that he thought Binns would hide himself for a few days to rest up, then he would go back to England to take a job on a ship that the Marconi people have already placed for him. His salary of one shilling a month from the White Star people stopped the minute that he thought of that. He is employed by the Marconi people, and that shilling salary is a nominal one, necessary to comply with the English maritime law.

After Capt. Sealby had had a conference with Mr. Franklin and the other officers of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the nature of which was not given out by the company's officers, he slipped into a cab and made for a Turkish bath uptown, saying that as soon as he got fixed up and had some of the stiffness taken out of his joints he was going to make for his home in Vineyard, N. J. The rest of the Republic's officers who had come to with the Seneca scattered to various hotels to await the trip which would send them back to England by the company.

The Modesty of Mr. Binns.

Mr. Binns says: "Any other man in my place would have done the same."

It is a characteristic saying—characteristic of brave men. It is not quite true. The truth is that any other man might have done as Binns did; the possibility of fine, faithful deeds is in every man. But not all men realize the possibilities of their own nature.

Brave men like Binns always take it for granted that they are like everybody else. Brave men are never conceited. And conceited people—though they may sometimes blurt through great difficulties—are never really brave.

If real courage were not in its nature something very modest—making its appeal to what is commonest in men—it could not be so contagious as it is. It wouldn't be possible for the courage of one or a few to infect a whole ship's company and make everybody heroic—if courage were not a characteristic of plain, unadorned human nature.

When we cheer for Binns, therefore, or Sealby or the stewards and stokers of the Republic, we cheer our own near-heroic hearts with the assurance of the big things that lie latent within them.

"Any other man in my place would have done the same." Well, perhaps so, Mr. Binns. Anyhow, hooray! Millions of men, on account of you, will be a little more likely to "do the same."

SEALBY TELLS STORY

HOW HE STUCK BY HIS SHIP TO THE END.

Williams and Binns Describe Their Part on the Republic—Throng on Hand to Greet Them.

It was left for Captain Inman Sealby, of the Republic, and the men who added him so stoutly in his fight for the lives of all on board the wounded White Star liner to tell the tale of the last moments of the ship. The story was told as he came up the bay from Tompkinsville yesterday. Captain Sealby described the last struggle of the vessel, his plunge into the waters and his rescue by the men of the Seneca. "Jack" Binns, the man who stuck at his key by the wireless instrument and flashed the calls for help that brought every ship within range hastening to the rescue, had his modest story to tell, too, and not the least interesting part of the narrative was the contribution of Robert J. Williams, second officer of the Republic, who stood by his captain to the last and shared with him the peril of the plunge into the icy water, with the chance of being sucked down to death in the whirlpool created by the disappearance of the liner.

It was like drawing teeth yesterday to get Captain Sealby to tell of his experience, just as it had been the day before to induce Captain Ruspini, of the Florida, to tell of his wonderful trip from Nantucket to New York, without accepting a line or a bit of help from any other craft.

RECEPTION FOR CAPTAIN.

But Captain Sealby and the others got a reception when they came up the harbor that showed plainly what others thought of the work they had done. Whistles blew and men cheered, and there was a demonstration that lacked nothing in real and spontaneous enthusiasm. It seemed as if all the enthusiasm had been kept for the men from the Republic, for there were no whistles and no cheers on Monday when they brought his crippled and almost wrecked vessel triumphantly into port. To some this seemed a bit unfair, but there was plenty of appreciation of the Italian's work by the passengers he saved.

There was a great crowd on the White Star pier when the little party that had come from the Republic on the Seneca was landed, and Captain Sealby was lifted on the shoulders of a dozen men and carried to the shore. There he, escaping from the cheering crowd, made his way to the offices of the line, where he and Williams were mobbed by another throng before they could get inside. Some one had found a bugler, and he headed the procession from the pier, blowing triumphant blasts all the way. Captain Sealby began his story down the pier, and this is how it ran: "Williams and I were on



A HAPPY HERO OF THE REPUBLIC.

"Jack" Binns, the Marconi operator, to the right, and Third Officer Stubbs to the left.

the bridge when it was close to the time for us to leave her. The stern began to go down, and she began to rattle and crack.

"Well, what do you think about it?" I asked Williams.

"I don't think it will be a long race," he said. "Let's make a sprint of it. When you're ready, let her go."

"Burn the blue lights," I said, and fired five shots from my revolver. That was the signal to the Gresham to let go. We ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, burning blue lights and carrying lanterns. As we ran the stern of the ship was sinking rapidly, and the deck was so steep we slipped back. The last I saw of Williams he had caught the port rail and was hanging on. I went up the mast as far as the masthead light, about a hundred feet up, and tried to set off a blue light, but it was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver.

SUPPORTED BY COAT.

"Then the water caught me. It got under my great coat and supported me by the air inside, while the weight of my revolver, binocular and cartridges supported me as a sort of life belt. By this time there was a roaring mass of water all around me. I was churned down in it, but came up and tried to pull off my coat. I did not succeed. There was a lot of wreckage all around, and I finally reached a hatch. On this I lay spreadeagle fashion.

"The searchlights of the cutters played on the Republic as she sank, and finally they were concentrated on the spot where she had gone down. It seemed an interminable time that they played around without striking me, but I managed to reload my revolver and fired it to attract their attention. It was very rough and cold, and I was getting benumbed, so I lay on the hatch and saved my strength, shouting at intervals. Finally the lights struck me and I waved a towel I had found, and then a boat picked me up and took me on the Gresham. I was nearly finished then. The boat was in charge of Gunner Johanson, and he handled her well. Four of the eight men in her crew were from the Republic."

In his statement on board the Baltic yesterday afternoon Williams told how he and Captain Sealby stayed on the bridge of the sinking ship until compelled to slip into the water when the steamer finally settled herself for her long sleep.

"I am glad I am alive," said Williams, "but it would have been an honor that any man would be willing to fight for, to die with the captain. I would not have been the lucky man permitted to stand by the captain, maybe, if I hadn't been the first to get to him and beg for the privilege."

He said "No" at first. He said he was going to stay on the ship alone, but I kept begging him to change his mind. He wouldn't, though, and finally he said: "Williams, go ashore; you have a father and a mother. I have! I said to him, 'and a horse and a few dollars in the bank, too. But I will be a richer man dead, if I die here with you, than if I should go home and tell my folks that I left you in this condition, captain. My parents wouldn't care to see me under those circumstances, and the money I've saved up would be no use to me.'"

"And then the captain said, 'All right, Williams, I'm obliged to you for the offer,' and we were then on the bridge together.

"Well," says the captain after a while, "we've got a gallery seat, Williams." I never was so close to the skipper before. It was fine having him joking with me in an intimate way like that. We got hungry, by and by, and I said to him, "Captain, if you'll excuse me a minute I'll go below and bring you some eggs, and perhaps I can rustle up something else for a meal," and I broke a couple of eggs in a glass, with a little water, and we had a couple apiece, and some bread and marmalade that I ran across. I got him some blankets to put around his knees, and for my own, too, and we sat there, chummy like. I never was so close to the skipper before, let me tell you.

"When the nose of the steamer was pointing upward we knew she was going. I don't believe any man can explain the sound of the water as it rushed in at that time. It was an awful roar, and had a vicious snarl to it that said everything except what was pleasant to think about. "The captain and I started for the bow, arm in arm. When I felt the ship sink I let go and fell into the water; it must have been forty feet.

HELD ON TO HATCHES.

"While I was swimming," Williams continued, "a hatch struck me and I tried to get on it, but couldn't. Then another came along, and I got between the two and supported myself that way. I heard Captain Sealby fire three shots, and I had been in the water about twenty minutes when the Gresham's boat picked me up. "Having heard the shots, I was able to help the boat's crew in the search for the captain. They found him at last, and he was shivering when he was pulled in. He didn't know I was there at first, and I reached over and touched his elbow. He knew who it was, and threw his arms around my neck.

"Williams," he said, 'game to the last.'"

"JACK" BINNS MODEST FELLOW.

"Jack" Binns, the young wireless operator of the Republic, who had nerve enough to stick on the stemship to the last, was ready to signal "C Q D" the moment that he was landed from the revenue cutter Manhattan. He shared in the demonstration accorded Captain Sealby at the White Star offices. He stood it fairly well, keeping his courage up with a weak grin, until a girl stenographer grabbed him and kissed him. That was the last straw, but before he could get by the big negro porters who were waving the red house flags at the entrance he had been kissed half a dozen times.

He got inside after struggling with his fair assailants. "Give me a cigarette," he said. "This is the worst yet."

Offers from theatrical managers were waiting for him before he got ashore. He waved them all aside. "None of the cheap infamy for me," he said. "All I want is a cigarette, a long sleep and a chance to get back to work."

When he landed he already had received a message telling him of the praise given to him on the floor of Congress by Representative Rusk. "That's nice," said Binns, "but I did not do much."

Binns ought to be in the Fire Department, for when it comes to talking about himself he is about as communicative as an oyster, but when it comes to talking about the heroism of

others then Binns is as good a press agent as an opera promoter could want.

Not from Binns, to any degree, but from others, the story of his work on the sinking Republic was gathered. The dynamo out of commission, he had to rig up accumulators after the collision, and the power in these, he knew, would be short lived. So he sent out his "C Q D" call, telling all those he picked up that he would "listen in" on all messages, but would not send more than absolutely necessary. The roof of his deckhouse had been torn away, and for ten hours he sat wrapped in a blanket with the receiving harness on his head. Then he got hungry for food and cigarettes. He had to dive and swim into a galley, and found only a dish of almonds and a biscuit. From then on he did not take the wireless harness from his ears until the order to abandon the ship was given.

SEALBY PRAISES BINNS.

"During all the operations the wireless was invaluable," Captain Sealby said, in giving enthusiastic praise to the young fellow. "It is to such operators as Mr. Binns, who stuck to his post to the last, in spite of the fact that most of his operating room had been carried away, that we were able to maintain communication with the various ships that came to our relief."

The praise heaped upon Binns on his arrival shook his composure but not his modesty. The White Star officials wanted him to make his formal report before he talked for publication. A representative of the Marconi system also warned him not to say anything yet about what had occurred.

Binns is only about twenty-five years old, but he has knocked about the world a good bit, having been at Jamaica at the time of the Kingston earthquake, and in a good many other corners of the world.

Efforts were made to get Binns to talk the moment he was inside the owners' office. He had nothing to say, he said, for he had not done much of anything. All the credit, in his opinion, belonged to Captain Sealby. While efforts to get some part of his story out of Binns were being made, James C. Douglas, steward of the Republic, came along.

"Here's a man you ought to write about," said Binns; "he saved lives. Last night was the first that he has slept since the accident. He was with me all the time. He carried my messages back and forth, and kept me supplied with food. He did not desert me once, and if it had not been for him I would have had a pretty hard time."

FREE FLORIDA OF BLAME

ITALIAN'S SIDE OF CRASH.

Line May Be Liable for \$1,020,000, It Is Said.

Inquirers about the Florida, of the Lloyd-Italian Line, were referred yesterday by the agents of the line, C. B. Richard & Co., to Wallace Butler & Brown, their counsel, and back again, and finally a statement was given out, asserting that the Florida was not to blame. No one was allowed to see Captain Ruspini or any of his officers, and no statement whatever was made by him, according to Mr. Richard, or Archibald Thacher, of the legal firm, though several were attributed to him.

The pier was strictly guarded yesterday, and the men of the Florida, who were at work on her, were not allowed to give any information or to leave the pier.

Sailors all over the city who have seen the battered and smashed Florida have nothing except praise for Captain Ruspini's skill and nerve in bringing her to port, and say that he would have saved every soul on the Republic even without the aid of the Baltic. They say that he and his officers lived up to the finest and best traditions of the sea.

The official statement given out at the offices of C. B. Richard & Co. follows:

The circumstances of the collision between the Republic and the Florida were as follows: The Florida had experienced fog at intervals for some hours before the collision, and a dense fog existed at the time of the collision. The Florida had been proceeding at moderate speed, about 10 knots, and the Republic was proceeding at a speed of 12 knots.

The captain and chief officer were in the pilothouse at the time of the collision, and a quartermaster was at the wheel, and the lookout was stationed on the roof of the pilothouse. The Republic was proceeding at a speed of 12 knots, and the Florida was proceeding at a speed of 10 knots.

When the Republic was within 100 yards of the Florida, the captain of the Republic ordered the ship to stop, and the Republic was stopped. The Florida was not stopped, and the collision occurred.

It was afterward ascertained that the steamer which collided with the Florida was the Republic, of the White Star Line.

The collision occurred some distance southeast of Nantuxet Lightship, about 5:35 a. m. Saturday, January 21, 1912.

The statements which have appeared in some of the papers to the effect that there was any misunderstanding of orders on the part of the captain are not true. The orders given by the captain were promptly and properly executed. The steamer whose head was damaged was turned in, as was, therefore, the quartermaster at the wheel.

No criticism whatever is made by the captain or any of the officers against any member of the crew of the Florida. The captain and officers are foundation whatever for the story that any member of the crew was struck or reprimanded by the captain or any of the officers.

After the collision occurred, and after the Florida had ascertained the extent of her own injuries, she rendered such assistance as lay in her power to the Republic and her passengers.

Should the admiralty courts hold that the officers of the Florida were at fault for her owners will be liable for \$1,000,000, the value of the Italian steamer, her passenger fares and cargo charges.

This was explained by counsel for the line. The Italian line is a stock company with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. Nearly all the stockholders and officers are in Italy.

COMPULSORY WIRELESS.

Government May Require It on Every Ocean Passenger Ship.

(From The Tribune Bureau.) Washington, Jan. 21.—Urged by a telegram from Reuben Miller, of Pittsburgh, one of those who sailed on the Republic, Representative James Francis Burke, of Pennsylvania, today introduced a bill providing for the compulsory equipment of vessels with wireless telegraph apparatus.

Mr. Miller's telegram says: "I was on the wrecked Republic, and had it not been for the wireless I feel sure that all would have been lost. Could you not start an international movement to compel all vessels carrying passengers to equip themselves with wireless telegraph?"

Mr. Burke immediately drew up a bill which provides that every vessel carrying more than fifty passengers and sailing more than five hundred miles shall be equipped with wireless or that clearance be refused. It allows one year before its provisions go into effect.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and Mr. Burke hopes to obtain a hearing before that committee and to have the bill favorably reported to the House in time to permit its passage before the adjournment of the present Congress.

CREW HEARS ITS RIGHTS.

Republic's Men to Get Pay Up to Time She Sank.

The crew of the Republic stood on the chairs and tables in the stateroom department of the steamship Baltic at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, listened to E. W. P. Thurston, first British vice-consul at this port, outline in crisp sentences what the seamen could expect to receive from the White Star Line, in view of the laws governing the merchant marine.

The men were without money, without jobs, and in many cases lacked sufficient clothing, and were distressed by these conditions, they were a jolly, good-natured lot. Only once was there a groan of protest from the more than two hundred men in the dark hold of the vessel, and that was after one of their number, who acted as spokesman, urged that proper sleeping facilities be afforded the crew.

The men were then asked by Mr. Thurston if the seamen had received a stipend that was general. A deep rumbling "Aye, aye!" was the quick answer from all present.

"You can't have the same entertainment on the Florida, now, can you?" said Mr. Thurston, and the men, who were all of the White Star Line, said "No, sir."

"All we ask is a place to sleep," said a member of the crew. "We are men, and we need rest. Can't we have a place to sleep on the steamer?"

Mr. Thurston, in answering the question of the crew, said that they would receive a place to sleep on the steamer, and that they would receive a place to sleep on the steamer.

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WRECK SUFFERERS MEET.

Republic Passengers Deny Stories About J. B. Connolly.

The committee of passengers chosen by the survivors of the wrecked steamship Republic to look after the interests of all decided yesterday at a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria to take no action against the White Star Steamship Company to recover damages. The question was just casually discussed.

The members of the committee present were W. P. Devereaux, of Minneapolis; A. L. Clark, of Winnetka, Conn.; J. C. Phelps, of Metairie, Wis.; William Snyder, of Watertown, N. J.; and J. F. Gilfillan, of St. Paul. J. B. Connolly, of New York, who was selected as a member of the committee, did not attend any of the meetings.

It was also determined to leave claims for baggage, fixing value and other matters of personal interest to the individual passengers. After the meeting the committee called on the managers of the White Star Line and congratulated them on the excellent manner in which the comfort of every one had been looked after.

One of the members of the committee absolutely and positively denied any misconduct on the part of James B. Connolly, the Boston writer of Gloucester sea stories.

"I was ordered by the captain to assist in lining up the women of the steerage," said L. G. Phelps. "On one side we lined up the steerage women, and on the other the women from the first and second cabins. When the last woman cabin passenger had been removed from the Florida an elderly man tried to break through. I stopped him and told him that 'women first' went for the steerage as well as for the first cabin. He gave no more trouble."

Mr. Connolly was defended first by William P. Devereaux, of Minneapolis, and J. F. Gilfillan, of St. Paul, his roommate on the voyage.

"I stood where all the work of transshipment was going on," said Mr. Devereaux, "from start to finish. In all that time I did not once see Mr. Connolly. If he did say of the things charged against him I would have seen him and known of it."

"The whole story is a downright falsehood," said Mr. Gilfillan. "It is only the attempt of certain persons to get even for an attack Mr. Connolly made on them. I did not see him do any of the things that he was charged with and heard nothing about them until the Baltic docked."

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EUGENE LYNCH DIES.

Lost Wife in Republic Crash—Succumbs to His Injuries.

Eugene Lynch, the wholesale liquor dealer of Boston who was injured in the collision between the Florida and the Republic, and whose wife was killed, died early yesterday morning at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, where he was removed on Monday from the Florida. Father James Lee, rector of Boston, was with him until he died. Several friends were also at his bedside.

Before his death Mr. Lynch told his friends how the accident occurred. He was sleeping in the berth and his wife was lying on a couch. The crash awoke him, and he saw his wife struck by the low of the Florida and borne away. He was pinned under the wreckage and could not move.

He knew that she was killed. In great mental and physical agony he lay waiting for help from time to time for four hours before aid came.

"I do not care to live any longer, now that my wife is dead," he said repeatedly.

HEROES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

As between the wireless operators on the Republic and the Baltic in the emergency which recently arose off Nantuxet, it would be hard to say which is entitled to the more honor. Rims, of course, knew that his life was in danger, at least for a short time, and that the worst misgivings of Captain Souley might be realized before help came.

In asking to his post, therefore, he showed high courage, as well as devotion to duty. Such heroism cannot be admired too heartily. Tattersall, however, had no easy task. A part of his work was performed under peculiar disadvantages. For several hours after the Baltic turned back on its mission of mercy he had much trouble in discovering what the Republic was trying to tell him, because after the wounded White Star's engine room filled her wireless apparatus was obliged to rely on storage batteries in sending dispatches. The difficulty was increased, as Tattersall says, by the louder tones in which among two land stations were speaking at the time. The strain thus imposed on his nerves must have exceeded that to which Rims was subjected.

The ordinary marine service "radioed" in distress signals. In consequence, passengers and crew on ships are pretty sure to be heard by some land station within a short range, though the signal is often the poorest one that can be made. Captain Souley sent one dispatch which was captured and addressed to the receiving station, but he also sent another which

was meant for all stations within reach. It was both a warning (not to run into him) and a call for help. Either directly or by repetition it was conveyed to four or five lines, and nearly as many revenue cutters, and all of them sooner or later participated more or less actively in the work of relief, and those which were provided with Hertz wave apparatus gave an assurance of their intentions.

In ordinary telegraph service under the Morse system every operator on a line hears all messages which are going through, but only one at a time tries to send. A somewhat similar usage seems to prevail in wireless telegraphy. Under exceptional conditions one operator may interrupt another, but, as a rule, when an operator begins to send he is given the right of way until he finishes. As the land stations mentioned by Tattersall in the interview printed by The Tribune yesterday had more powerful transmitters than the partly disabled one on the Republic, it is easy to understand why they drowned out the feeble whispers from that ship. It may safely be assumed, however, that the operators who thus hindered communication between the Republic and the Baltic did not realize what they were doing. Perhaps the impulses from the ship which had received her death blow were too indistinct to be heard on shore.

WANT ONE WIRELESS SYSTEM.

STEAMSHIP MEN COMPLAIN OF RIVAL SERVICES.

Don't Object, They Say, to Paying Reasonable Charges, but Do Object to Having Some Boats Equipped With the Marconi and Others With the United.

The Republic-Florida collision has brought to a head a question which has been in dispute between the steamship companies and the wireless companies for some time. A steamship man who asked that his name be not mentioned summed the whole matter up in the following way yesterday:

"I hope that the collision will serve to bring the question of wireless telegraphy protection to the notice of our lawmakers. That there is a positive need for wireless on every passenger carrying ship cannot be disputed, but there certainly should be some universal system. The Government uses one system and the transatlantic steamers another, while some of the coastwise steamers use the Government system, some the Marconi and some a third."

At present the Atlantic liners use the Marconi system, but all is not peace between the steamship lines and the wireless company. As it is now arranged, the liners give board and lodging to the operators and have free use of the wireless service for company business. The wireless companies make their money out of private messages transmitted. The steamship New York arrived Tuesday with only nineteen first cabin passengers, and it is plain that the wireless company did a small business.

The Marconi company wants the steamship companies to pay them \$1,000 a year for each ship equipped with apparatus. An operator receives \$12 a week. An American operator, that is one who works for an American company, gets from \$60 to \$125 a month.

From what could be learned yesterday among the steamship men there is no serious complaint at paying a fixed price for the wireless, but the companies do protest at the fact that there is no universal system.

Officials of the United Wireless Company say they are willing to have the system made universal, but that the receipts must be equally distributed. John B. Connelley, general manager of the Marconi system, said yesterday that the other companies were dissatisfied by his concern only as imitators, and that only in case of distress would the Marconi consent to forward messages received through any of the other companies.

"In other words," said the steamship man already quoted, "the only solution is a true or some legislation that will force the wireless companies to get together."

There is a common impression that one system cannot receive or send the messages of the other system, but this is incorrect. By a very slight adjustment of instruments the operators of either company can be heard by that of the other.

Mr. L. B. Rose, resident manager of the Hamburg-American Line, said yesterday: "I think absolutely with passengers should be equipped to maintain a message station and operator. The thing has been done a number of times on the coast and has been very successful."

But again, there is the other question, which is equally important. In our country, the wireless system is not yet so well developed as it is in Europe. The United Wireless system, which is the one used by the Marconi company, is not yet so well developed as it is in Europe. The United Wireless system, which is the one used by the Marconi company, is not yet so well developed as it is in Europe.

COULD HAVE SAVED REPUBLIC, HE SAYS

Captain of the Everett Declares He Had Apparatus That Would Have Kept the Steamer Afloat.

Standard Oil Wreckage Had Most Powerful Pumps Made and Ample Room for Baggage, Her Commander Declares.

SAYS SEALBY REFUSED AID

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BINNS'S STORY OF WIRELESS WORK

Republic's Operator Gives The Times the First Account of His Long Vigil.

SIGNALS FROM BROKEN KEY

With One Hand He Holds It Together and with the Other Flashes Appeals for Aid.

SIASCONSETT REPLIED FIRST

'All Right, Old Man; Where Are You?'—Then Came the Baltic and Other Ships—Tribute to Capt. Sealby.

Plainly showing the effects of the harrowing experiences he had gone through in the last few days, John R. Binns, the Marconi operator who stood at his post on the Republic and flashed forth the messages that brought aid to the sinking liner, has written for THE TIMES the story of his experiences since the moment he was hurled from his berth when the Florida rammed the Republic last Saturday until his arrival in port on Monday night.

Mr. Binns is a modest man, and will not admit that he did any more than any of his fellow-operators would have done in like circumstances. Here is Mr. Binns' narrative in his own words:

By JOHN R. BINNS, Wireless Operator on the Republic at the Time of the Collision.

I had just turned in for a few hours after the previous day's work when the shock of the impact shook me out of my bunk. A crunching, rattling noise followed as the Florida's bows crumpled up on our side. The panels and side of our cabin fell in, one panel being smashed to splinters, but fortunately the wireless apparatus was unhurt and remained standing.

I had a fear, however, that the aerial wires between the masts might have been shaken down, so I hastily tested them, and most fortunately they were still intact.

My first impression was that we had run aground, which was strengthened when I heard through the intercom of the wrecked woodwork of my cabin and saw a dark object outside over which the sea was washing. This I took to be a rock, but now found it was Boat No. 15, which is always coming out from the ship and which had been torn from its davits.

The First "C. Q. D." Message Sent.

Five minutes after the collision the lights all through the ship went out, and as we were in total darkness, I tried to make my way to the bridge in order to report to the Captain that my post was all right, but, unable to make my way through the wreckage, I returned to my wrecked cabin. The darkness being complete, I groped my way to the wireless apparatus, which I found in good condition, and as I commenced sending the "C. Q. D." message, which amounted to a warning that the ship was in peril.

Just then the Captain's steward came to me from the forward end of the ship, and I saw that the ship was in a bad way. The passengers were scattered, and the crew was doing their best to save what they could. I saw that the ship was in a bad way, and I saw that the passengers were scattered, and the crew was doing their best to save what they could.

"This having been done, I returned immediately to my cabin and had the satisfaction of gaining the attention of our station at Siasconsett on Nantucket Island. This is the message flashed to A. H. Ginnam, the operator there:

The Republic. We are shipwrecked, stand by for Captain's message.

This was the answer that was immediately flashed back to us:

All right, old man. Where are you? At this stage our chief officer came, and anxiously inquired if I had yet got in communication with anybody, and was greatly relieved to learn that Siasconsett had answered me. He at once hastened to the Captain to convey this intelligence. Capt. Sealby then sent me this message for transmission:

Republic rammed by unknown steamer. Twenty-six miles southwest of Nantucket Lighthouse. Badly in need of immediate assistance, but no danger to life.

SEALBY.

Five minutes later Siasconsett informed me that he had sent for the revenue cutter Aqueduct, then lying at Wood's Hole, and that it was to proceed to assist us. Word had also been sent to the steamships Baltic, La Lorraine, and City of Liverpool.

I was now working under extreme difficulties, as it was very dark. I had unfortunately broken the lever of my sending key just after the lights went out, but eventually managed all right by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other.

The Dead Discovered.

Then came the first respite I had had since the force of the crash had hurled me from my bunk. It was now getting light, and with the first streaks of dawn I was enabled to look about me and comprehend the damage that had been wrought, together with the extreme peril of our position. This was more vividly

brought home to me when, glancing at the floor just outside my wrecked cabin, I saw the mangled bodies of two passengers. The light was not strong enough for me to make out who they were or whether they were the bodies of men or women, but both were mangled beyond recognition, and for the first time I knew that human lives had been sacrificed in the crash of the fore-bound ship.

Capt. Sealby was on the bridge all this time, and soon after I discovered the bodies lying near Mr. Marsa came along, and, after examining the bodies, announced that both had been killed outright. Blankets were stretched over the two still forms, and a little later they were laid in state. It was not until a few minutes later that I learned that the identity of the dead was established.

Sick with the horror of the scene that had been enacted before my very eyes, I was indeed grateful for the brief respite that followed. I drew on my boots and, as I was lucky enough to find an apple and some water at hand, but it was bitterly cold in the cabin, for a stiff breeze was blowing through the splintered woodwork, and then, lo, the blinding fog filtered all about me, chilling me to the marrow. I was soon lured again, however, and once more in communication with the Siasconsett station, doing my utmost to locate the Baltic. I could hear the Baltic's wireless signals as they were being flashed to shore, but my disabled key was too weak to reach the Baltic's operator.

Just as the Florida returned to us the Baltic began to pick up my signals, and then on I was kept busy putting out short cuts of our position, and from that time forward it was a ceaseless interchange of messages between Tattersall and Baldwin, the Baltic operators, and myself.

The passengers were successfully transferred to the Florida, and not a single mishap occurred to mar this peaceful work. The fog lifted for a few minutes, and the Baltic sent me a few messages, and I replied to them at that moment and saw the Florida with her bows gone, adrift in the fog, the majority of her remaining plates forward of the bridge being in a bad way, and I replied to them at that moment.

About 2 o'clock I reached the first time that I was alone and Douglas, my steward, who had been keeping to me and from me, and I found that the ship was in a bad way, and I saw that the passengers were scattered, and the crew was doing their best to save what they could.

The Lorraine Gets in Touch.

At 3 o'clock the Lorraine got in touch with us, and I saw that the ship was in a bad way, and I saw that the passengers were scattered, and the crew was doing their best to save what they could.

most anyone here of the day was at about 6 o'clock. In the evening, when Capt. Sealby heard, only faintly, the explosion of a bomb in the far distance, he at once communicated with me, and I made inquiries, learning that the Baltic had been exploding bombs in an effort to appease its anger. The Republic, however, had been exploding bombs, but exhausted our supply, and from now on had nothing but our almost exhausted and fast weakening batteries dependent on what we could pin our hopes of rescue.

The Baltic then informed me that she had a solitary bomb left, and as I was then at a certain moment. This was done, and we heard the faint rumble that was no further doubt in our minds that the Baltic would soon find us as we tumbled about, unharmed, as it were, in the fog, and not knowing how long we could remain afloat.

Capt. Sealby took the direction from which the bomb came, and so I was then able to give the Baltic Capt. Sealby's orders as to what course the sister ship was to steer to reach us.

The steering directions Capt. Sealby changed at times in accordance with the change of wind, and a little later we heard the Baltic's fog horn blowing faintly, and this increased in volume as she increased the distance between us. Occasionally we fired rockets, but they could not be seen through the fog, although a little later the fog lifted, and we saw the ship. Realizing this, Capt. Sealby issued orders that the Baltic be told to proceed as carefully as possible, as she was now too close to our port side to be safe.

The Baltic at Hand at Last.

I had just communicated this message when I heard a cheer, and I at once realized that these sounds of rejoicing could not come from our men, as only Capt. Sealby, the officers, myself, and the crew were aboard our ship, and they were all busily engaged in standing by the boats. Looking aft through my splintered cabin I made out the Baltic quite near the stern of our ship, the fog having lifted somewhat. She was a blaze of light, and as I sat there in my little cabin the thought occurred to me that the most beautiful sight in the world is a ship at sea, especially when that ship is needed to supply a link between life and death. Time and again it occurred to me, as I worked away in feverish haste, a mere machine voicing the words of our gallant Captain who so heroically watched over the safety of those who had entrusted to his charge the ship, that the end was near; that it was only a question of how long the ship could withstand the wound that pierced her very vitals, and I had practically resigned myself to the fate that every seaman has been expected to meet in his career. I never expected to see New York again, and as I sat here writing this narrative it all comes back to me like a terrible nightmare.

We were now apparently settling fast, and Capt. Sealby sent this message to me for the Baltic:

Come to our board and take up our boats. Have Lorraine and Aqueduct convey the Florida.

This message concluded with the words: "Wireless now closed."

The Captain then sent me to come forward from the cabin as they were being flashed to shore, but my disabled key was too weak to reach the Baltic's operator. I was told to take to the boats with the officers and the crew, who were about to be transferred to the Baltic. By that time the weather had cleared to a considerable extent, but a heavy swell was running. After a stiff pull we reached the Baltic, where people gave the heartiest kind of a cheer as we came alongside. Our sailors were about to respond to the welcome when Mr. Williams, the second officer, who was at the tiller, said: "Now, my hearties, steady. Keep cool and let them see us come up in good style." And, without a word, we ran alongside the gangway.

As soon as all the sailors and officers were aboard, with the exception of Capt. Sealby, Chief Officer Crossland, the boatswain, and a boat crew who were standing by the ship, Capt. Sealby ordered to Capt. Rayson of the Baltic, asking him to go to the assistance of the Florida, and I have me, as I am all right.

Perilous Transfer Successful.

When the Baltic came alongside of the Florida, the Baltic and Republic's officers and sailors, under the Republic's flag, began to transfer the passengers to the Florida. The transfer was a perilous one, and it was a great relief to the Republic's crew when the Florida was safely transferred to the Republic's crew.

The Lorraine Gets in Touch.

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credit is due to our officers and crew for the magnificent and cool manner in which they conducted this most arduous undertaking, as it was only their strenuous and unceasing efforts that prevented loss of life. Cowardice? Not a bit of it! Never, and I mean it absolutely. There a braver lot of men whose courage was put to the most cruel test. They came through the trying ordeal with their lives flying, and reflected wonderful credit upon that most splendid and bravest of masters, Capt. Sealby.

Our officers and crew had no sleep Saturday night. I was more fortunate, having snatched a few hours' rest in one of the cabins. The following morning the Florida (she had a very powerful list to port Saturday night) had righted herself somewhat and her Captain apparently had decided to go to New York without assistance.

The Baltic steamed back to the Republic, and Capt. Sealby, after having asked for volunteers to go and stand by the Republic. The officers, many sailors, a cook, and one or two stewards, including Chief Steward Stanley and the second class steward, the saloon steward, and myself, all went aboard, steering, heading the Captain, who had remained aboard all night, made thirty-eight of us all told. Arriving on board, I tested my wireless apparatus, found it to be all right, and so reported the same to the Captain, who at once made wireless inquiries for the lugs that had been sent to our assisted ship.

By this time the Furness had arrived and had been standing by; then the Florida came alongside of the Republic, remaining there as a safeguard for those of us left on our ship, and the Baltic took up her journey to New York with her tremendous burden of human freight. As she steamed by our stern, where our Captain and officers had assembled, every living soul aboard the Baltic gave us a hearty cheer.

After seeing the Baltic vanish from view, I thought me of my wrecked cabin, and later, sailing up some blankets around the rent sides, I soon made it more habitable, and was able to keep sheltered from the cold air. Once more I was ready for business.

The volunteer cook had prepared us a meal, and this we had just partaken of when the revenue cutter Aqueduct arrived. She took one of our lines on board, and sent the Furness attached by two lines to our stern, to steer us.

Ordered to Abandon Ship.

At about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon we had shipped so much water that Capt. Sealby decided to order the crew to the boats, and transfer them to the Aqueduct. I had put a box of cigarettes in my stateroom, and in case we left in a hurry I could snatch them up, but so unexpectedly did the order come that I forgot to take them, and, being somewhat addicted to the tobacco habit, and with nothing to smoke, my pangs became more and more acute as night wore on.

One of the officers then ordered me to the boat, Capt. Sealby and Second Officer Williams remaining on the fore-seeing Republic.

This time we were taken aboard the Aqueduct. Reaching across the stern of the Republic were two steel hawsers, which were attached to the Republic's bows. Capt. Perry then ordered that a nine-inch rope hawser be attached to that end of the steel hawser, and then said to me: "Now, my hearties, steady. Keep cool and let them see us come up in good style." And, without a word, we ran alongside the gangway.

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"I'm No Hero," Says "Jack" Binns



When "Jack" Binns, the heroic wireless operator of the lost liner Republic, arrived here he made the following modest statement to an Evening Journal reporter:

"It's a treat to me, y'know, to get a good smoke. While I was going through that inferno on the Republic I did not have a single cigarette."

"A heavy fog hung everywhere as we were passing Nantucket, and I was weary by my long vigil. For almost twenty hours I had had no sleep, and I had just turned in for a little nap when the crash came. The sound awakened me."

"I dressed in a hurry, and when I realized the seriousness of the accident I sent out an appeal for help. I don't know how long I remained on duty, but it seemed an age. I am ready now for a good, long sleep."

"I don't see why they call me a hero. What I did was only in the way of duty, and any other man in my place would have done the same thing."

He had followed some one of the several different courses suggested to him by men who had none of his responsibility. It would be equally, therefore, for the passengers and other landmen taking part in the argument over this matter to keep clearly in mind the circumstance that there is a wisdom that comes after the event after the failure of a course chosen by a man who doubtless considered all the courses open to him before he selected it, and acted as he did with a full realization that upon the outcome depended in large measure his professional future. Having decided, he deliberately staked his own life on the result, and because, incidentally, he also staked upon it the rate of some trunks is hardly a reason for criticizing him with acerbity, now that the event has proved, not that he could, but that he might, have brought the sinking wreck into shallow water. However this may have been, it remains true that, high above the many who did their duty faithfully and bravely, stands the figure of JIMMY SHAW, the hero of the disaster. Much has been said, and properly, about the devotion of his crew, the discipline, maintained by the Captain. The passengers have been much praised, and, properly, for the self-control and courage they displayed, but that, too, was in great part a reflection of like qualities manifested by the bridge crew. The little speech from the bridge is described by those who heard it as a masterpiece of eloquence in that it was perfectly adapted in both substance and manner to the end of inspiring the anxious multitude with quiet confidence. There was no vain effort to hide the facts. The example of danger was frankly admitted, but with the admission went assurances of timely help at hand, so convincing in their simple sincerity that women and men alike waited patiently in the cold and darkness till the help came and obeyed every order without a sign of panic. Capt. Shaw and crew managed to deal with, but his dealing was as good as the material, and the people who are now mourning about their trunks forget how different they would be to such things as baggage if immortality had stood on the bridge of the Republic, or even if competence there had looked two feet and force required for controlling a shipwrecked crowd.

SENATE LAUDS WRECK HEROES.

Resolution at Albany Praising Binns and Ships' Officers and Crews.

ALBANY, Jan. 27.—The Senate adopted a resolution today, which was introduced by Senator Smith, expressing its admiration for the heroic services rendered by the wireless operator on board the steamship Republic after the collision with the steamship Florida, and of the conduct of the officers and crews of the colliding vessels, the steamship Baltic, the revenue cutter Greenham, and the destroyer Fishhawk. Senator Kadin, in speaking to the resolution, said:

"The operator of the Marconi system has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said, 'I simply did my duty.' I suppose every officer of that ship did his duty, but there are so many who fail to perform their duty in emergencies that I think it may be well to adopt the resolution, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office and officials and employees of companies charged with the safety of the lives of men, women, and children, who, in an emergency, are capable of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves and performing the duties they owe to those in their charge."

Inevitably there will be more or less of discussion as to whether the commander of the Republic used the best possible judgment, after his passengers and crew had been removed to places of safety, in the measures he took for the saving of his ship. The only interest, other than sentimental and general, which the public has in this disaster, however, is in the fact that a large quantity of baggage was lost that might have been rescued if

JACK BINNS—\$12 A WEEK.



JACK BINNS'S salary was \$12 a week and board when he was working on the Republic. For the fifty-two hours Jack Binns worked on a stretch he got no overtime pay. Everything, his services, his clerical skill, his courage, his judgment and his endurance, was included in the \$12 a week.

While Jack Binns was sending and receiving wireless despatches from the sinking Republic a member of the Stock Exchange announced that he had made so much money in Wall street that he was going to retire and work no more. He had been a stock broker about as long as Jack Binns has been a wireless telegraph operator. On the Stock Exchange he had cleared up two or three million dollars. Jack Binns had not the money to buy a cigarette or a meal, much less to get clothes to replace those which he had borrowed.



In recent years it has become too common to measure a man's success by the amount of money he has made and to compute his value to the rest of the world by the number of millions of dollars which he has been enabled to get away from other people and keep other people from taking away from him.

Measured on this basis this stock broker is worth three million of Jack Binns.

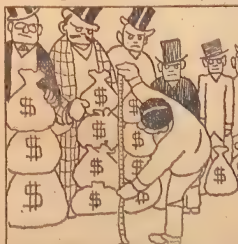
Measured on the basis of real public service, Jack Binns is worth considerably more than three million stock brokers.

There are many ways of comparing men. One is by how they influence scale. A fat man may outweigh two thin men. Another way is by height. Three tall men may measure more feet and inches than four short men.

Another way is by digestive capacity as displayed at beefsteak dinners and pie-eating contests, or by the number of bottles of wine that a man can drink without lying down on the floor, as in the New Year's eve and election night drinking contests in the White Way lobster palaces.

But the most common way of measuring men's success is by their ability to make money. Rockefeller is the richest man in the United States, therefore he must be the biggest man in the United States, the ablest and the most powerful. J. Pierpont Morgan has got up more and bigger trusts than anybody else, therefore he is a great man. Gauged by this scale, the stock broker who retired with \$3,000,000 was not so successful after all, although he showed a great deal of sense by quitting before some bigger Wall street man took it away from him.

But measured by their services to mankind, Jack Binns excels them all.



BINNS WANTS ALL HE SAYS IS SLEEP.

Wireless Operator of the Republic on His Way to Philadelphia Tells of His Adventurous Life.

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ALBANY, Jan. 27.—The Senate adopted a resolution today, which was introduced by Senator Smith, expressing its admiration for the heroic services rendered by the wireless operator on board the steamship Republic after the collision with the steamship Florida, and of the conduct of the officers and crews of the colliding vessels, the steamship Baltic, the revenue cutter Greenham, and the destroyer Fishhawk. Senator Kadin, in speaking to the resolution, said:

"The operator of the Marconi system has been most highly complimented by the press. In response to the compliments extended to him he said, 'I simply did my duty.' I suppose every officer of that ship did his duty, but there are so many who fail to perform their duty in emergencies that I think it may be well to adopt the resolution, as expressing our appreciation of the fact that there are men in public office and officials and employees of companies charged with the safety of the lives of men, women, and children, who, in an emergency, are capable of overlooking the necessity of taking care of themselves and performing the duties they owe to those in their charge."

Inevitably there will be more or less of discussion as to whether the commander of the Republic used the best possible judgment, after his passengers and crew had been removed to places of safety, in the measures he took for the saving of his ship. The only interest, other than sentimental and general, which the public has in this disaster, however, is in the fact that a large quantity of baggage was lost that might have been rescued if

JACK BINNS, THE C. Q. D. HERO.

Jack Binns, the young wireless operator who stuck to his key the ill-fated Republic for fifty-two hours and by so doing his duty sixteen hundred lives were saved, is being lauded to the skies by the press throughout the world. So, too, we are glad to praise Jack Binns, not because we admire his brother operators the less, but the lucky chap who made good, the more. But while we are lauding Binns we should not forget that there is another whose name must also be considered, for without his initiative genius Binns could not have sent his life saving signals. To Marconi is due the honor and the glory of the invention of the wireless telegraph, that marvelous device which will save other lives and enable other operators to win the appreciation and the applause of a grateful people until such time as the building of ships shall have become an exact science.

Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack Binns," Hero of the Republic

Tells To-Day How He Became a Wireless Man After Having Been the First on Whom the Serum Anti-Streptococcus Was Used.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Co.)
BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS.

By the time I was able to walk I had neither father nor mother to speak to. Father, a factory engineer, passed away two days after my birth—almost as soon as he saw me—and mother, a hardy Yorkshire lass, only living a year after this event, you may call it. My full name is Jack Robinson Binns, after my father, and I was born twenty-five years ago—July 4, 1884, so you see I am somewhat of an American by birth.

I was the only child, and Grandmother Binns, my father's mother, took me from the lonely little cabin in which I was born, outside Briggs, Lincolnshire, to her home. She was good to me; taught me to spell and write, told me of my folks and my home, and the hills about Lincolnshire where my father hunted and roved. He was an adventuresome Briton, and I guess being forced to work broke his heart early.

At fourteen I was a big lad and could shoot a ball, shoot a gun or use my dukes with any inches and lots bigger. I had a fair education, and, being an observant fellow, I managed to get a good idea of life, principally in roaming about Lincolnshire with my grandmother, who moved about every year. Then I decided to shift for myself. I didn't know what to do. I struggled into a railroad office one day and saw a dozen young men drawing lines.

Starts Work for a Railroad.

That decided me. I wanted to be a draughtsman. I got a place with the Great Eastern Railroad. There was no opening at once, and each day I hung about the railroad telegraph office until the operator took pity on me and taught me the code. In two weeks I could "send" but not "receive." Learning telegraphy was my first "accident." Then came the second. One day I was crawling under some cars when an engine bumped the "string" and I fell. Two cars ran over my right foot and left leg. That was Dec. 5, 1898.

In the six months I was in the hospital they gave me up four times. Finally, my temperature got to 104, the highest on record at that time, the surgeon said—and they left me to die that day. Toward night I saw three long-whiskered men standing over me. One said: "Let's try it on him—it's our only chance. No one will know." I didn't know what it was about. I figured it was all off, anyhow, and didn't mind it much. Then I saw them bringing in a long needle, half an inch thick. They punctured my back. I found out after that it was a newly discovered serum, called "anti-streptococcus." I was the first human patient they ever experimented on with it. Well, it was a bit with me. I began to get better right along, and my leg muscles and ankles are as strong as any man my size.

Took Out Nine Pieces of Bone.

They took out nine pieces of bone, some of them more than an inch long. One was twisted like a drill. I put them all in alcohol and had them with me when the Republic went down. So, you see, I'm with the old ship yet—in part, anyhow.

While getting better I kept practicing at a little key, and when able to get about went to work again—on crutches. Four years more were spent with the Great Eastern—they had promised me a job for life. I was a good operator when I quit, in 1902, to take a job with the British Post-Office in Colchester, Essex. It was here I had my third accident. Over there you sleep right under the roof. One night the house took fire. I had been awake twenty-six hours and was sound asleep. No bells or shouts reached me. Finally I felt my face warm. I tumbled out of bed to see the sky above me and flames eating away the last shingle on the roof. My bed was burning and ashes were piled on my clothes. I rolled down to the edge and tumbled to the ground. My hair was singed. Two minutes after the floor crashed in. Then they called me "lucky Jack."

First of a Series of Articles

Binns the "C. Q. D." Man

A Story of a Remarkable Orphan



WIRELESS OPERATOR
"JACK"
BINNS.

Photo by
H. H. H. H.

President-elect Taft was completing his trip about the world. He was returning on the President Grant and I got the job.

He enjoyed the trip and we had many chats. He's an excellent man and will make a splendid President. Then came the Berlin Conference, which forced only German speaking operators aboard the German boats. After a time at Crook's Haven, in Ireland, a ship station, I joined the Republic in Liverpool. It was the 14th of last November. We sailed between Liverpool, Boston and New York.

My next assignment? Well, I go where I'm sent, but by Capt. Seelye gets a ship I want to go with him and stick with him, too. His example and nobility of command in the face of such peril won for the good brave master the confidence which even wireless could not give the passengers. His splendid example must be ranked with the success of the wireless when history writes the log of the Republic.

TO TALK WITH SHIPS 3,000 MILES AWAY

Bids Opened for Wireless Station at Washington Subject to No Interruption.

THE FLORIDA LIBELED

White Star Line Sues for \$2,000,000, but Its Opponent Asks to Limit Liability to Value of Vessel and Contents.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Following the achievement of wireless telegraphy in the recent collision between the steamers Republic and Florida, the Navy Depart-

ment to-day opened bids for locating a wireless tower in Washington for communicating with ships at sea, to the distance of 3,000 miles.

For a long time the department has felt the desirability of the development of wireless telegraphy as a means of communicating for long distances between central stations at various points in the United States with the commands at sea. An effort was at first made to secure the Washington Monument because of its great height, for this purpose, but this met with disapproval by the president, and bids for constructing a tower were invited several months ago.

The specifications require that the tower or station shall be capable of transmitting messages at all times and at all seasons in a radius of 3,000 miles in any direction from Washington.

At the same time the department asked for bids for two sets of apparatus to be installed on naval vessels, to be capable of transmitting and receiving messages at all times, seasons, and latitudes, and to receive messages from the Washington station at a distance of 3,000 miles at all times.

The bids submitted to-day indicated a lively competition, no less than seven firms submitting proposals. The most satisfactory of these, according to the officials, was that of the National Electric Signaling Company of Pittsburgh, which offered to furnish the apparatus and tower for \$182,000.

Features of some of the other bids, which included ideas not called for in the specifications, favorably impressed the officials, and they may receive consideration before the award is made.

Another manifestation of the interest of Congress in the proposed compulsory wireless telegraph apparatus was evidenced to-day, when Representative Peters of Massachusetts introduced a bill more general in its application than the first bill on the subject, introduced

in Pennsylvania. The bill provides for equipping wireless telegraph equipment on all ocean-going vessels, in both the foreign and domestic trade, and for the purpose of the bill, the Republic is included. The bill also provides for the equipment of the foreign service. A bill to provide for the equipment of the domestic service is also pending.

LIBELS THE FLORIDA.

White Star Line Also Presents to the Court Its Version of the Collision.

The responsibility for the sinking of the White Star liner Republic, the damages of the Lloyd Italian steamer Florida, the collision on the night of Dec. 31, 1908, was the subject of a hearing before the United States District Court, New York, today. The hearing was held in the court room of the United States District Court, New York, and was attended by the representatives of the White Star Line and the Lloyd Italian Line. The hearing was held in the court room of the United States District Court, New York, and was attended by the representatives of the White Star Line and the Lloyd Italian Line.

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Official Republic Version.

About 5:45 A. M. a signal of distress was heard and reported on the Republic's part. Immediately the vessel "stop" and "full speed astern" were given. The engine room, and the beam was put in. These orders were at once obeyed, and at the same time a signal of distress was given. Shortly afterward there was made out ahead of the Republic a vessel of a number of bright lights, apparently from a large vessel, which proved to be the Florida, bound for New York. The Republic came into view. The Florida was heading down on the Republic at high speed, threatening to strike the Republic a right angle blow amidships. In the effort to escape the blow the master put the engines of the Republic ahead, and the vessel came on at a high rate of speed, apparently swinging under a starboard helm, and crashed head on into the port side of the Republic, penetrating into the engine room. The collision occurred about 5:50 A. M.

The stem of the Florida struck the Republic's port side nearly a square blow and made a narrow, vertical cut, extending well below the water line, causing and starting the bulkheads. Under her momentum, the Florida's bow, where I stood, the side plating and frames, was crumpled back some thirty feet. The top of the Florida's bow passed above the Republic's side plating, so that it reached and struck the bulkheads along the saloon and promenade decks, causing the death of two passengers and injuring two others. The Republic's engine room was quickly flooded and smoke from the bulkhead doors was closed. The captain showed that the ship was settling.

Florida Accused of Sinking.

The story of the transfer of the passengers and the sinking of the boat is then set forth. In contending that the accident was due to the fault of the Florida it is charged that she did not keep her proper course; that she did not have a proper lookout; and that her officers not only did not give proper whistles, but that they did not pay heed to the whistles and lights of the Republic. It is also declared that the Florida was going at "immoderate" speed, and that she did not stop her engines when the first whistles of the Republic were heard by those on her bridge.

The most serious charge is that there was a lack of presence of mind on the part of the Florida's officers at the critical moment, when the Republic appeared out of the fog, the helm of the Florida was thrown suddenly to starboard instead of to port, thus throwing her directly in the path of the Republic, thwarting all the efforts of Capt. Seelye to clear the oncoming Florida.

To Recognize Binns's Heroism.

PARIS, Jan. 28.—The Maritime Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has decided to ask the Government to recognize in a special manner the heroism of John R. Binns, the Marconi operator aboard the Republic.

Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

Tells To-Day of Experiences in His
Cage on a Great Ocean Liner and
the Women Who Ask Questions.

(Copyrighted, 1930, by the Press Publishing Company.)
BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,
The Republic's Famous "C. Q. D." Man.

A wireless operator must pet and caress his instruments even as a violinist tunes his strings or a chauffeur tests his engines. The spark-gap flashes of the wireless is the ocean song of electricity—the humming of the auto on land.

He is as helpless as a babe if he doesn't know every little device's condition. It's like a person out of sorts, only far more so. A fellow on edge can't work the limit, and the least bit of illness with any part of the wireless makes the whole system

useless. On a voyage is full of excitement. You know you have everything arranged and ready long before the big boat's horn announces you are out in the stream. To be sure you toy with it a bit as the passengers roll from the ship's side and crowded pier to a waiting sea of handkerchiefs and farewells. Once into the stream you telephone the captain "All's well" and send by. You take up the 14320 MHz communication device, furnished by the Marconi, indicating just where in the Atlantic you will pass, incoming or possibly slower outgoing vessels.

But That Is Only Routine.

There are the first routine matters. None of the fashionable dandy tourists have begun their wanderings about the decks to finally reach you and bombard you with questions a scientist couldn't answer. You're smoking your pipe or some of the ship's cigarettes and, maybe, leaning back in a wicker chair and a fair face who asks you by two miles. Or, maybe, you're thinking how many days and nights are before you until you'll see her on the other shore. The phone rings at your side. It's from the captain's bridge—the only phone leading to the wireless room.

"Please say to office that Miss O'Hare, No. 113, lost her purse and tickets on deck!"

It's the "old man's" voice and you're well down stream.

It's the old story—one one always leaving or dropping something. Sea duty is hard and you tell them. Maybe an hour after you get your first message.

"MRC, MRC, MRC (Republic). Please send. Give her ship's best."

It's a MRC (captain's message) and no one knows its contents but the skipper. Passing down below Sea Gate you may hear:

"SA, SA (Sea Gate), how's things?"

"All's well here. Had his first on Broadway this trip."

On Liner's Last Trip.

The last New York to Brazil alone I can recall showed us meeting the Atlantic liner east of Ambrose Light.

I stood by the bow until after midnight that morning to bid her adieu. Then I lay down for a few hours until I could meet the New York about nine o'clock.

My first work interrupted by the Florida. Then came two long tedious hours when the communications network made me a hero. I did my duty, that's all, and expect nothing for it.

Twenty you are quite out of the "lineage." You send a hundred messages as to about the Atlantic coast.

At midnight someone will send into the Atlantic and nothing seemed to mind you into a room, where some hours and the sleep will make you happy.

Probably a day and a group of passengers. You send a hundred messages as to about the Atlantic coast.

At midnight someone will send into the Atlantic and nothing seemed to mind you into a room, where some hours and the sleep will make you happy.

Second of a Series of Articles Binns the "C. Q. D." Man The Wireless Operator Aboard Ship



JACK BINNS

In through a window. Out on deck I point to the two masts supporting the antennae, to which are attached the aerials. One who looks down into my cabin, I show them the glass indicators on the aerials and the indicators below deck and explain how the waves go out from the wires at the antenna.

Moisture Costs Energy.

I emphasize much too this: Successful wireless depends on perfect insulation. Moisture is such as the fog we can take on our Republic's masts and antennas.

It is the moisture that is the trouble. Successful wireless depends on perfect insulation. Moisture is such as the fog we can take on our Republic's masts and antennas.

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WIRELESS.

The seas are deep and the seas are wide,
and over the days of creatures
were.

By sun and moon was pulled the tide and
all the Earth was coasted.

Then came land and then came beast and
then came Man, and five feet high
blinked his eyes on the swimming coast of
a sea that melted in the sky.

Laughing the five-foot creature stood
against the leagues on leagues of the
deep.

Laughing he knotted a raft of wood and
paddled his craft through hollow seas
steep.

But the seas are deep and the seas are
wide, and they swallowed him down—
and a host thereafter.

Till nations came like a vast child and
went down curled of innocent laughter.

Nation by nation the driving came, with
rills of oak and with rills of steel.

With wing of sail or heart of flame, but
the great sea sucked them head by
head.

Till some escaped and some flew free,
and mammoth greyhounds skinned the
deep.

Yet still the salt and dreadful sea was
like a mastodon asleep.

But now comes the triumph of all the
ages—the subject seas belong to
Man.

They break his ship when the tempest
rages, they bind his keel with the
steep sea.

But out through the big and blinding
weather and the thick black fog
that chokes and smothers.

Man sends his cry through the infinite
ether and calls to him his courting
brothers.

Lo, at his call the mighty steamers turn
them about with a word of love.

And deeds in the brains of ancient dreamers
come real in flesh and bone and
move.

The Brotherhood gathers on gliding foam
and with sandals-seas are their trail
feet clad.

Man is making of Earth a home, man is
making of man a god.

Lo, we have taken, the Earth's rough
features and build cities and civiliza-
tions—

Lo, we tiny sky-lost creatures are shaded
by our own creations—

Earth, that was but rough seas and
sands, becomes a being with soul
and heart—

Man is the Power of God with hands to
build of Chaos an ordered Art!

Earth and the teeming fullness thereof is
Man's; and in five-feet of clay

There is light of Dream and fire of Love
enough to burn the skies away—

With every Labor the Soul enlarges—its
depths are vaster than the seas—

We have not touched its starry margins,
nor guessed how godlike we may be.

Vast Myriads are before us with dreams
and labors no soul may touch.

Pure with the Glory divine that here us
we shall lessen God in us: set Him
to work!

Unborn glories and grandeur wait the
releasing touch of a new creator:

The Immense Creation of God is great, but
the human spirit shall make it
greater.

JAMES O'NEIL

The Boy Hero, or Words to That Effect.

Within a few days, tortured public, the popular song writers will commit
something like this—maybe worse!

It seemed as if that all on board was surely going to drown;
But Binns, the boy operator, perched in his room so high,
stood at his post and to those folks these words did loudly cry:

CHORUS.

Don't be scared, for I am here;
Please don't go away from here.

I will bring help, for cannot you see
These messages I'm sending out?

They show I know what I'm about,
Now listen while I sound the CQD.

He hit a wave on most nearly, but Binns was on the job.
And now and then some passenger would give a fearful cry:
At last a boat came over waves it was the "Laurie!"

And Binns he hit a cigarette at these words he did say:
CHORUS.

Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

How the News of the Great Earthquake in Italy Was Flashed Over the Ocean Immediately After Disaster.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by the Press Publishing Company.)

BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,
The Republic's Famous "C. Q. D." Man.

"C. Q., C. Q., C. Q.—Earthquake has ravished Italy's 'boot.' Maybe half a million dead. Messina straits wiped out. Greatest disaster in world's history. Old Sylla and Charybdis gone. Stand by—did you feel shocks? E. S."

It was just after sunrise on the morning of Dec. 28. A semi-tropical sun was blistering the upper deck. There wasn't a breath of air stirring. The old Mediterranean was as smooth as glass and the sky serene and cloudless. It was a beauty of a day. I had arisen early, for the bunk was beastly warm and the shade of my cage was pleasant and inviting. We were thirty miles out from Genoa and bound for Italy. It was the ill-fated Republic's last visit to the tropics.

I had lit my pipe, tipped my chair back against the cabin and was drinking in the wonders of the far-off mountain shore line of the Northern Mediterranean when I heard the C. Q. (all ships) repeated three.

I dropped my pipe and in a second and answered MGC, MGC Republic 1 was answered. Clear and crisp came the dash of the above message. It was flashed from the Mazon tower at Porto Speria, in Sicily, the signature "M. S." being the code sign of the Italian station.

Sent News to Captain.

In five minutes I had the captain over the phone, read the wireless of the catastrophe and sent it down by the steward to be posted on the ship's bulletin board. Five minutes later all the ship's passengers were crowding about "M. S." asking if friends were safe. One inquired for American Consul Cheney and Messing. I stood by my line for a hour and finally twenty-five miles further on the Republic's call came in my ears. It was very faint, but about seven o'clock on the 29th and the brilliant sun was early morning was gone. I could also hear the "M. S." again. It was difficult to get "M. S." message.

"MGC. No details. Whole cities razed and swallowed in pits of earth cracks. Messina and Reggio burning. Can't see. Smoke from burning district clouds everything. Horrible calamity. God pity the poor creatures caught in upheaval. Our office wrecked. Wireless tower may tumble. Help us dying, commiserate the dead. E. S."

The press operator at Porto Speria had little time to ask me all. Almost as soon as the full impact of the dash from over the sea reached us Captain William and I were on our feet. The Republic's catastrophe had reached us. The Republic's catastrophe was out of the dead in the sinking straits. It was impossible to get and was posted by Capt. Smith.

Suggests a Fund.

Later I posted on a wave surface from the west, probably near Messina. It was a North German tanker, moving a cargo ship in the sea. The press operator at Porto Speria had little time to ask me all. Almost as soon as the full impact of the dash from over the sea reached us Captain William and I were on our feet. The Republic's catastrophe had reached us. The Republic's catastrophe was out of the dead in the sinking straits. It was impossible to get and was posted by Capt. Smith.

"Suggest fund for victims. Most frightful dead list in world's history. Reaches 300,000. Shocky recurrent. Do you get them? Dangerous to touch territory. P."

Stranger, we were surprised at the news. Although passengers on the ship were listening and asking the same questions. Some were asking messages and "M. S." the day before. As soon as a second dash up a wire I knew it posted. The Republic's catastrophe had reached us. The Republic's catastrophe was out of the dead in the sinking straits. It was impossible to get and was posted by Capt. Smith.

"CQ. CQ.—Italy's King and Queen rushing to Messina. Refugees say thousands are planned under fallen

Third Article in Series BINNS, THE "C. Q. D." MAN Earthquake Told by Wireless.

into the Atlantic I could make out some of the bulletins spitting over the "Cap. Cod" wireless station and from nearly all the lines.

So much for the gloomy side of that last visit to the Mediterranean. We had some pretty times before we ran into the earthquake wireless messages. These put a damper on the crew and passengers. But in Genoa we had the times of our lives. There is no game I more thoroughly enjoy than "soccer" or association football. We had a team and a mighty good one, too, aboard the Republic. One day we got a challenge from the University of Genoa.

Beat the College Men.

Our stokers and seamen lent the college fellows two goals to none in the first game, but their better training told in the second half and they got us 2 to 1, making the final score 3 to 2 in the Republic's favor. I played a half and "Leggie," our engineer, played a fore.

Then the times we had in Genoa's streets. Ever hear a Fifth band play? Well, you've missed something. We had the most expert in captivity. Our players were drummers, seamen and stokers, but every one skilled on his own peculiar instrument. The bass was a butter barrel with ends knocked out and canvas stretched across. The kettledrum was a biscuit tin, and there was a triangle of iron and a tin whistle for a concertina.

Their best piece was "Stars of the Sea," composed by "Leggie," I guess. On Christmas Day we had the great blow. We paraded Genoa's streets until fully 2,000 people fell in behind our Fifth band. Then the citizens passed the hat and we got six francs. Then the boys, becoming more imbued with the Yuletide spirit, entered cafes, hotels and got through on "Can they lost their way back to the ships."

Left in a Graveyard.

The plight wasn't a pleasant one, as those who leave was up. Finally one of those cheerful fellows offered to show us the way back to the ship. He took us five miles about streets and over a high, inclosed ground. Quickly he turned and led us at a graveyard. He was dodging among the tombstones, and some of us pursued. It took six hours to get back.

CHORUS GIRLS MOB BINNS.

Hero of the Republic Wreck Has Exciting Time at the Theatre.

"Jack" Binns, the wireless operator of the Republic, did show the white feather at the Hippodrome last night. He fled before an onslaught of chorus girls who tried to kiss him. Binns didn't run fast enough. He put up a heroic fight, and when he did escape into Sixth Avenue, bedaubed with rouge and powder, with the chorus girls still pursuing him, even his friends who went to his assistance had difficulty in recognizing him.

His appearance at the Hippodrome was entirely unexpected both by himself and the audience. He died last night at the Hippodrome, as a guest at its offices, about 11 o'clock it was suggested that the party go over to the playhouse and see the water ballet, which is the last act on the programme. Just as the act was drawing to a close the spot light was flashed on Binns in the box, and Stage Manager Benside announced in a loud voice:

"Allow me to introduce C. Q. D. Binns."

The audience jumped to its feet, and Binns was head, all for a spin. Several of Binns' friends charged him from the box to the stage.

After the cheering subsided Binns bowed. He said simply that it was no fault of his that he was there, he had tried to escape but it was not his fault if he could not escape the press agent. Then he thanked the audience and hastily departed.

Binns was standing in a group of about fifty chorus girls who all had their hands on his back. The chorus girls were all dressed in white and were all looking at him. He was looking at them and they were all looking at him. He was looking at them and they were all looking at him.

One girl threw her arms around the young man and started several kisses on his lips, or as near to them as she could get, before he could shake her off. The girl's action was the signal for all the others to imitate. Binns was firmly wedged in the group, but by main force he fought his way clear and darted down the first passageway. It led to the solar, where the dressing rooms are. With loud screams the girls started in pursuit.

SUIT OVER REPUBLIC'S LOSS

FLORIDA BLAMED IN LITIGATION BY THE OCEANIC CO.

Lloyd-Italiano Replies by Seeking an Order Turning Over the Boat to the Court and Staying the Suit Says the Florida Was Off Her Course.

Litigation to fix the damages for the sinking of the White Star liner Republic on Saturday last commenced yesterday with the filing of a libel against the Lloyd-Italiano steamer Florida by the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, the owners of the Republic, and the filing of a petition by the latter company for the limitation of liability and the transfer of the vessel to the custody of the United States District Court, wherein the action by the owners of the Republic was initiated. Judge Adams granted the petition of the Lloyd-Italiano company and by so doing he stayed the suit of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company.

The law firm of Robinson, Biddle & Bonnet, representing the company owning the Republic, which is one of the constituent companies of the International Mercantile Marine Company, filed their bill against the Florida before the admiralty branch of the United States District Court yesterday morning, setting forth an official report of the incidents surrounding the loss of the Republic. Damages in the sum of \$2,000,000 were named in the bill, \$1,500,000 being claimed as the value of the ship, its equipment, stores and passage money, and the remaining \$500,000 covering the loss of the cargo and personal effects of the passengers and crew.

The bill of the libellants sets forth the facts that on the morning of the collision the captain and chief officer were on the bridge and double lookouts had been stationed in the crow's nest. Fog blasts were being sounded every minute and a half. At 5:45 o'clock one whistle was heard on the port bow and immediately the order to stop and reverse the engines of the Republic was sent down to the engineers. Full speed astern was the order given when the beam of the Florida's lights appeared off the port side about midships.

The facts as set forth by the counsel for the libellants go on to show that the Florida was bearing down upon the Republic at a high rate of speed, that in an effort to escape the impending blow the master of the Republic ordered full speed ahead and that the Italian steamer, apparently acting under a starboard helm, struck the Republic head on with sufficient force to cripple the stem of the Florida for a distance of thirty feet back from the prow.

All the blame for the accident is thrown upon the Florida in the bill submitted, with the claim that she did not keep a proper lookout and that she was not equipped with sufficient lookouts. It is charged that the Florida was proceeding at an excessive rate of speed, that she was not equipped with sufficient lookouts, and that she was not equipped with sufficient lookouts.

In the petition for a limitation of liability, which was entered in behalf of the Republic by the legal firm of Wallcut, Wright & Brown, it is claimed that the Republic was not more than \$200,000, the freight pending amounted to \$400,000, and the passage money to \$200,000. The Republic was not equipped with sufficient lookouts, and that she was not equipped with sufficient lookouts.

The bill of the Republic's counsel goes on to claim that the Republic was not equipped with sufficient lookouts, and that she was not equipped with sufficient lookouts. It is charged that the Republic was not equipped with sufficient lookouts, and that she was not equipped with sufficient lookouts.

"Florida at High Speed."

"The Florida was bearing down on the Republic at high speed, threatening to strike the Republic a side blow which would have been fatal. In the effort to escape the blow the master of the Republic ordered full speed ahead and that the Italian steamer, apparently acting under a starboard helm, struck the Republic head on with sufficient force to cripple the stem of the Florida for a distance of thirty feet back from the prow.

The bill of the libellants sets forth the facts that on the morning of the collision the captain and chief officer were on the bridge and double lookouts had been stationed in the crow's nest. Fog blasts were being sounded every minute and a half. At 5:45 o'clock one whistle was heard on the port bow and immediately the order to stop and reverse the engines of the Republic was sent down to the engineers. Full speed astern was the order given when the beam of the Florida's lights appeared off the port side about midships.

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Daily Wireless Stories of the Sea Told by "Jack" Binns, Hero of the Republic

Tells To-Day a Story of Love Along
the Wireless Waves, When Cupid
Sounds the "C. Q. D."

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BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,
The Republic's Famous "C. Q. D." Man.

The Kaiserin Auguste Victoria was bound for Hamburg. All morning I watched from my cabin window an endless chain of "baggage smashers" struggling up the plank with grips, trunks and bags of all sorts pressing into their shoulders.

It was the only trip I made aboard the Hamburg-American liner. I was dreamily wondering how long—well, just thinking, when I was attracted by the loud laughter of a fashionable group ashore. I moved my chair outside the "cage."

It was half an hour before we sailed. A glance was enough to show that one of the party, a fine, vigorous specimen of a young man, was leaning over the side. His smiles and nods were only half-hearted. He seemed depressed. Evidently the others were trying to cheer him up. He seemed to cling to the side of a tall, quietly looking girl, whose face was hidden under one of those big Persian hats. There were eight in all.

Visitors Ordered Ashore.

One of the chaps was telling a story; the girls were swaying their silk parasols and glancing shyly at the athletic fellow. It came time to get aboard and they were out of sight for some minutes. Then came the hail and the words "All but passengers ashore!"

As I sat the athletic youth brushed by me and stood on the upper railing. He was grinding his teeth and heavily fighting off an outbreak. Down on the pier were his friends again, and the beauty in the center. They were shouting cheers. His eyes were fastened on her. The hues were cast off and we pulled into the stream. Far back on the dock was the little room waving handkerchiefs and parasols. Finally we were out of sight. The next time I saw him he was handing the tug captain a letter.

"Send it special, old man, as soon as you land, will you?" he asked excitedly. We were probably out through Ambrose Channel when the door opened and the object of my interest stood ashore and half inside the "cage."

"Parlous me, do I intrude?" he asked. "Messengers from shore don't begin to come in until you get off, and I saw you were lonely and told him to make himself at home. He asked a lot of questions about wireless, how far it carried, if it ever went out of order, how soon messengers usually are sent ashore and how long it takes to transmit them."

Making Love by Wireless.

"Great scheme," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I wish you could tell me how you send one now?"

It was addressed to a young woman whose first name I had just learned. "Off Sea Gate. Every ripple of the sea and every wave of the air is burdened with my love for you."

It was signed, but I can only give you the initial of his first name, "H." He watched the spark and saw the key's contact. If his face and breath could have emitted Hertzian waves I guess would have carried around the globe.

"Say, old fellow," he continued when I told him the telegram was ashore and on its way, "you must have a great time here."

I nodded. His face was rugged and built up from a massive and square chin and powerful nose. His eyes were blue and frank. It was easy to see he was making a trip against his will and would rather be ashore with her.

"Regular repository of the world's secrets, are?" he remarked slowly. "Get 'em all, don't you? You know, two hundred or more, don't you? Ever in love?" "Well, it's hard, old man. Got to settle some business for the governor in London—pressing, urgent, private—you know, and had to tear away from—well, her, you see. It's broke me up a bit. Met her at last big game. Why, hanging out a three-bagger in the north or making ten yards in a close game isn't it with this thing. It's got my goat."

Impatient for an Answer.

Well, you see I didn't exactly grasp what he was saying and for a second studied him closely. I gathered he was not a very clever fellow and an obvious school for his father. He interrupted my thoughts with:

"Any answer, yet?"

We were hardly at sea and only a few hours out from shore. He went on and on, and I was sending him messages from Sea Gate in the next breath. He was about 4 o'clock when he burst in:

He was greatly disturbed. Got up and sat down. Gazed wistfully back toward New York and then studied me curiously.

"Maybe the wires are broken—I mean maybe—eh—er—well, isn't something wrong with that?"

As he pointed to the spark gap there was a sputter and I picked up my pen. "I can't hear or sight will you?" "I can't hear or sight will you?" "I can't hear or sight will you?" "I can't hear or sight will you?"

He grabbed up the message, read it several times and sent her another:

"Don't cry, dearest. Wish I hadn't started. Whether fine, my overcoat's home. Wireless waves can't contain my love for you. Best to follow and your sister, Aida."

Before we got to Sluiceport he had sent four more and received one, which read:

"Won't leave house until you return. Your chum, Harkins, here from Mexico. Sends best. Cheer up. Have you your deck chair?"

Next morning he was up bright and early. He was by Sluiceport and off early.

After More Love Messages.

He tumbled into the cabin when I was half dressed and asked nervously, "Anything for me?" He went away, but returned in an hour with the bloom all over his face. For two hours he was regular in his visits to me.

"Can't eat without wireless. Need the sparking. X-merry. Gee, I love you, Aida."

About noon I got one for him. There was some delay on land, for it was nearly a o'clock. I sent the telegram to find him. He came, hands outstretched. Really, I began to feel sorry for him. He was such a polite, contented young gentleman and so badly smitten.

"Spent evening with Harkins. Great entertainer. Wants to see you. Keep courage, honey! You'll soon be home. X-merry love, Aida."

The reference to Harkins didn't seem to cheer him, and he quickly sent another message. Harkins, he explained, was an old pal who played and on his eleven in college and who had lived for years next door to that of his fiancée's home. The Harkins boys and Aida and her sister were comrades from childhood. He said, and then suddenly a suspicion got the master hand in his wretched condition. He explained:

"Wonder what in hell Dick Harkins is doing there, anyhow?" he said, and off he scampered.

Shows Peevishness.

Next two days he sent four messages and received two. Both were brief, asking if he was well. It was the fourth day out, when the big lad became peevish. It had been raining during the night and communication wasn't clear.

We had not met a boat in sixteen hours. He had sent one message, but hadn't heard from her in twenty-four hours. He was broken-hearted, waited to climb the mast and examine the aerials and offered to do anything he could only just use more messages.

I was waiting to get into the Baltic's own confining and stood by to get her call. Minutes after minute he fretted and fumed. At times his foot stamped the cabin floor and his mutterings turned into general condemnations against wireless, the winds and waves, ocean and about everything his half-dead brain could conceive. It was a horrible suspense for him. I could see it and sympathized, but could not help him.

His message, held up, read:

"Why no wireless? Please, Aida. Hurry. I am dying with suspense. Don't expect me, yet."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening. Many of the passengers were at dinner and none were about the boat deck. I was alone. His eyes were fastened

Fourth of a Series of Articles Binns the "C. Q. D." Man Romance of Wireless Telegraphy



SENDING LOVE NOTES BY WIRELESS.

Wildly on the wireless apparatus. He became exhausted and sat with head drooping and dozing on a chair.

Then came my ship's call. I wrote it was addressed to him. I called him, figuring on relieving his suspense as quickly as possible. He saw me write his name and—

"Aida has eloped with"—

I felt a clutch at my coat and then whirled about to see him leaning against the cabin door, his head buried in his arms. His whole frame shook. He was awaiting as if struck by a hard blow. Then he yelled aloud: "He won her; he won her at last!"

Had Eyes of a Madman.

His eyes were those of a wild man and he tore his coat and vest from his shoulders. I felt a creepy feeling stealing up my back and pressed a button under my arm, calling him. The rest of the message read:

It was signed "G." the initial of his brother's name. Well, help arrived just in time that day. The first relief had come from the cabin. I learned that three husky seamen had come just in time to prevent him tumbling into the sea. He raved and tore like a maniac, throwing the boat into terror and finally being forced into the lifeboats.

Two hours after the fatal telegram I was pondering over the fickleness of women and swearing eternal scorn when Cupid sent out the C. Q. D. of a lover's distress and rescued his subject from despair. The answer to Cupid's cry of distress was:

"Aida ill in bed. Your telegram's best medicine. Aida's elopement shock to us all. Bloopers in Chicago."

It was signed by the girl's mother. The thing stupored me a minute. I read a copy of the other message and then this one. Something was wrong. Suddenly I became excited and rang for the steward.

I was afraid that the poor fellow would go into convulsions and harm come to him if he got the second one suddenly. Finally the steward gave it to him. He was laughing feebly in the cabin and showing the effects of many drinks. He sobbed instantly.

"Oh, God, what a burden from my heart!" he exclaimed. "What a mistake, boys, and what a mistake! I lost my dear old dad and mother and her. They've mistaken the letter 'G' in Aida's name for the 'H' in her sister Aida's. Here, quick, rush this note to her."

Danced With Joy.

He was brought up to my cabin, where he hugged me with joy and I tell you I felt it too, for he meant it. He danced.

He slipped me on the back, ordered drinks, wanted me to eat with him, spoke to the sailors, shook hands with the steward and stood still with joy. His wireless read:

"Been slightly seized with attack of chills. Recovery complete. Grieved over your illness. On land in two days and with you forever in two weeks. Cheer up, dear."

I then showed him a diagram of how the mistake was made. The Continental code reads:

A L D A

A I D A

The omission of a simple dot and dash of the letter "I" made it read like an "L" and changed the name "Aida" into "Alida." The story quickly circulated. He was demure and modest and usually spent his time with me. From over the waves he sought more quick order. The girl got better, but as we neared shore he became more impatient. Instead of remaining a week abroad he closed a deal for his father, lost something like \$25,000 by his haste—his afterward told me—and flew across. He's married now.

It was not Harkins, but another chum who ran away with Aida.

Some Shipwreck Thoughts

WE are tempted to inquire what would have happened to Jack Binns, the wireless operator, had he shown any disposition to desert his post of duty when the Republic was sinking. Would not Capt. Sealby have handed him a wallop on the jaw? We vot in the affirmative.

SOME of those rescued from the Republic jammed mightily because the transfer to the Florida was not made in unpolished steam launches and there were no steam-heated rooms with baths or roof gardens on the latter vessel. And yet these same kickers ride in the Subway every day.

Kidnapped From Jacks by Gen. Wood and Lionized at Army and Navy Club.

WAS FORCED ON STAGE.

"Exhibited" at Hippodrome Has to Run Kissing Gantlet of Pretty Girls.

Kidnapped by Gen. Leonard Wood from a party of friends in Jack's last night, hoisted into the banquet room of the Army and Navy Club as the guest of honor, forced on the stage of the Hippodrome, surrounded by four hundred flimsily dressed girls of all sizes and—must it be said—ages, and finally forced to run a kissing gantlet which took him to the brink of the stage pond, under the elephants' quarters, and back and forth through a labyrinth of stage properties, are but a few of the experiences which "Jack" Binns, the hero of the Republic, encountered in a few hours last night.

"I'm bloomin' well tired of this sort of thing," declared the modest young fellow to-day. "Why I don't understand it at all. I have a good mind to taset on getting a berth for the other side. Why should all this be? I don't enjoy it."

Won't Go on Stage.

"One thing I wish the American people to understand positively. I will not under any conditions accept an offer to go on the stage and haunt myself before the public for money, and I don't care how much they offer me. I'm loathed to death with their offers. I don't want to go on the stage and won't. I'm not an actor. I'm a seaman and I propose to return to my place in the wireless cabin."

Binns was the most important young hero one would wish to run about of last night. He declared it was unfair to force him on the stage at the Hippodrome, and so expressed himself when he reached the front of the stage. He was flanked on either side by his compatriots, the wireless operators of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria and the New York.

The continual audiences heaped upon him bored the British youth almost to the point of explosion. Once he became angered and exclaimed:

"I say mates, let us go back to ship. We'll escape all this sort of thing."

Taken From Friends.

This was uttered just as he emerged from the Army and Navy Club. Just what the young Englishman's impressions of Uncle Sam's officers is couldn't be obtained, but the confused and mumbled babbling of some of them as they squeezed his hand and told of the "blonds" colors of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, was "trick," he said.

Gen. Wood halted Binns just as he reached the street. Above all he the Republic's wireless man is gentlemanly and considerate as was shown by the dozens of signatures which autograph collectors secured from him during the evening.

He turned when called. The army man pulled him by the hand through Jack's and into the club. He was quickly missed.

A dozen of his friends stormed the officer's citadel and sought Binns. They were told he was not there. Finally a major, more considerate and less excitable, returned Binns to his friends.

The unexpected and unexplained act of Gen. Wood broke up the programme of entertainment which his friends had planned. It was considered quite proper by the officers.

Taft and Wireless.
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**BINNS, THE "C. Q. D." MAN.**  
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Fifth Article in Series.

BY JOHN ROBINSON BINNS,
The Republic's "C. O. D." Man.

His smile was so contagious that I quite frequently found myself laughing with him. He's a bully gentleman and will make a President that Americans may look to with pride. He has dignity, democracy and a rare understanding of man well combined in his makeup. The trip to New York was without incident. We shook hands as he left.

Through Siasconset passed the first important messages that told the Baltic and La Lorraine, both outside the wounded Republic's wireless range, of the danger of the 700 and more souls on board the White Star liner. The world did not know then, and learned only through the wireless some hours later, that the Italian steamer Florida, which had caused the disaster, was standing by.

For the first time the wireless had shown on a scale that could not be ignored its possibilities for humanity.

"You will excuse me," said Glimmer. "If I don't tell you a very clear story, but you see I haven't slept for about two days and nights, and I think I need a nap."

In the drama of the sea thus begun, which lasted 40 hours and ended

"But," He Says, "Jack Binns is The One to Write Up."



A. H. GINMAN,
Head Operator of the Wireless Station at Siasconset.

Republic's Man Through All Kept
Accord Perfect And Also
"Saved His Juice!"

with the sinking Sunday night of the Republic when in tow of ship summoned by wireless, and the landing a few hours later in New York of her passengers from another ship that also had been called to her aid by wireless, the greatest chapter in the history of a modern marvel shaped itself.

In this chapter important characters were Girmann and his mates of

"The greatest hour in my eight years of wireless service was between 6 and 7 last Saturday morning, when we were trying to get messages through the air to ships that could help the Republic."

The speaker was A. H. Glaman, head operator at the Marconi station at Siasconset, on the far side of the harbor. He and his mates had

NE of the pleasant memories of many trips across the Atlantic, was the privilege of acting as the President-elect's tutor in chief in wireless when he was rounding the last leg of his famous trip about the world a year ago. We became very friendly, and I may be pardoned for expressing the opinion that Mr. Taft is well versed in the marvels of the Herzan waves.

The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria had just tied up after my only trip

with her when I got orders to return at once on the President Grant, about to depart with the then "Secretary of Peace." There wasn't anything unusual for a day out. The operator's "cage" was not as well apportioned as on some of the big liners, but the instruments were reasonably installed and the ship's system was an excellent one.

I was sent out one day with a green operator. He was a regular young Irishman. Van Winkle, Sleepy, and I went to the engine room. I noticed that the engine was awake. I came up for twenty-two hours steady on heavy commercial business when I first shipped with Marconi. I was a little confused at the time. I mind the meaning of the code words "C. D.," saying that seconds were

Mr. Taft Appears.

Several messages for the captain had reached me, four of them giving descriptions of persons "wanted" by Scotland Yard. I was ready to go, but I had to wait until the shadow fell across the door. I had heard that Secretary Taft was one of the biggest men in the United States and instantly guessed that I was going to meet him. I was sitting in his shadow before him. I arose, stepped quickly to the door, and, sure enough, there he was, smiling at a greeting with the remark, "What a pleasure to meet you, the wireless! Good night, good night!"

I bowed, replied that I was, and invited him into the "cave." He squeezed through the door. Then he looked at me sort of puzzled, and I confess I was facing an enigma, too. There were no chairs about sufficiently built to accommodate him.

He saw my discomfort, opened wide his mouth in a hearty laugh and squatted down almost instantly on the side of my bunk. I waited for an accompanying crash, but it didn't come. Then I made myself comfortable again. I sent two messages for him.

Gets a Message for Taft.

As he sat there discussing the distance the ship's system would carry, I got the boat's call. It was a message relayed from New York. The message said: "The Crook brothers began to fly as I gave the return flash and the Secretary sat there, his eyes glued to the receiver about my ear. The message said: 'This is for you, Mr. Secretary.'"

Taft Hears of a Hero.

"Well, well, you don't say. And from whom? What is the matter now?"

He spoke as if he half expected to receive advice to go into some other corner of the world and scatter the doctrine of love and good-will to the winds. Anybody he patiently waited until he was left and lifted.

His severe mien at once vanished, and again it seemed to come out again. It was a wireless from New York here, a telegram from Philadelphia. He took them up, and he folded the message and placed it in his pocket, remembering that he had to go a few miles from the nearest railroad, and when we waited a half cut we had to go eighty-five miles for it.

He won the Royal Society's medal for life-saving. He was a lord man and, hoping it's not late majesty, I didn't blame him. McCortely was a whaler off Fastnet Light, eight miles from land, when his steamboat refused to take on board a whale.

The sea was rolling over them and every one expected to see them engulfed.

"Can't escape 'em. There used to be a place where a fellow was safe from the newspapers, but wireless links the deep blue sea with the devil, and there's no betwixt any more."

Taft Learns the Code

Then he laughed again, and finally remarked that the "boys are a good set, anyhow," and sent along a short statement. This document, which was the same as the one that explained the Continental code system and the meaning of C. Q. (all ships) and C. D. (all troops), was handed to him of a "C. Q. D." who, which acted like a ruler's lack on the perpetrator, who was merrily it.

"Well Done," Said Taft.

"Well done, McCarthy," shouted the President-elect exultantly at this point, slapping his hands and slapping me on the shoulders. Well, we talked of other things that day, and from time to time I would take him a message. Usually I was met with the query:

"Urgent, Jack?"

Mohawk at New Bedford, the Seneca at New York, and boats we didn't think of, like the collier Lebanon.

"As you know, the Grosvenor and Seneca finally got lines to the steamer. "Inside this land service we began sending for steamers we knew were due in our zone. The weather was so thick we were in doubt about some of them being on time, but we knew that we should pick up soon, or in a few hours, the Baltic, La Lorraine, the Furness, the New York and the Lucania, all bound west."

"The Baltic had passed west in the night, and was about off the east end of Long Island. La Lorraine was eastward of the lightship, about 100 miles or so, we thought."

In Touch With Steamers.

"When we began sending out the distress call we didn't know who we would get first. In about 15 or 20 minutes we got La Lorraine. Her signature is L L."

"When we picked up that, we sent this message: "Republic wrecked and wants assistance. Latitude 40 degrees 17 minutes north. Longitude 70 west."

"La Lorraine gave us 'O K' and repeated our message to the Lucania, about 30 miles astern of her and out of our zone."

"Our message to La Lorraine had been overheard by the Baltic, although we didn't know that at first, and she had at once turned back."

"La Lorraine tried to get the Republic, but couldn't, and at 7:30 we heard her again. She said: 'Tell Republic we are 120 miles east of her and shall reach her about 1 p. m.'"

"Not long after that La Lorraine got the Republic, and we had no more to do with her for awhile, as the Baltic had also got her, and they were exchanging messages."

"Both were racing for the Republic, in opposite directions. La Lorraine was coming up at 22 knots an hour, and her captain was sending frequent messages to the Republic."

"The Baltic was doing the same thing, but very often the ships had to work through us, as the weak sending on the Republic made it difficult for them to get what she said."

Binns Saves His "Juice."

"We repeated a great many messages between the three. Binns was very brief, saving his 'juice' against the time when he might need it more."

"All day we were hearing the call 'L L' from the Lorraine and 'B C' from the Baltic, and occasionally the weaker 'M K C' from the Republic."

"For several hours we acted as relay between La Lorraine and the Baltic, keeping each informed of the position of the other. Samples of these messages would be like this: "L L is steering so and so. What is your position and how are you steering?"

"From La Lorraine we also got this message: "Find out from M K C what depth of water he is in and on what kind of bottom."

"That was how the French captain was guiding himself. "The captains on the Baltic and La Lorraine could tell pretty well the distance from the Republic—whether it was increasing or diminishing—by the strength of the Republic's messages. If its strength increased they knew they were heading toward her."

"From time to time the Baltic would send a message like this: "Our position is so and so—we are steering to scene of disaster with all speed. B C."

"Our position is so and so—we are steering to scene of disaster with all speed. B C."

Siasconset Power Unlimited.

"Whether or either the French or British power failed to hear the other we repeated the message. Of course it was also heard by the Republic."

"I see we had unlimited power, and we filled the gap. Binns was nursing his power well, and we could hear him most of the time, for he was sending faintly. We could tell that the storage batteries that he worked from when the engine room went out of business were growing less and less powerful, for it took him longer to tick off the dots and dashes."

"The Republic's wireless went out of commission temporarily about 8 to the evening Saturday, when all hands left the ship because they thought she was going down. We didn't get her after that until Sunday morning, when Binns got aboard again."

"The Florida, which rammed her and took off her people, had no wireless, and that accounted for long gaps that occurred in the news of the wreck, until the Baltic got alongside the Florida and the transfer of passengers to her began Sunday."

"We kept close tabs on that, and forwarded the messages. We also forwarded 25 private messages from relatives of the Republic's passengers, and these reached them on the Baltic. We also received 25 from them."

"At the same time we were keeping tabs on La Lorraine. The last message we got from her was: "We are proceeding to New York under orders from Baltic to convey the Florida."

"La Lorraine couldn't find the Florida in the fog, and so kept on to New York."

"By that time we were talking with the Anchor Line Furness. "The Lucania and New York were also now in our zone, making their best speed toward Nantucket, and a little later Sunday we picked up the Atlantic transport liner Minneapolis."

"The Republic's End. "Then we got a message from the cutter Seneca, saying she was 40 miles from the wreck. Next we heard from her saying she had reached the Republic and the Grosvenor had a line aboard, with the Furness acting as a drag, to steer her."

"The last message we got from the Seneca told the story of the Republic's end. It came in private conversation between our operator, E. T. Edwards, and the operator on the Seneca."

"Fifteen minutes later the official notice of the sinking of the Republic came from the Seneca, for transmission to Washington."

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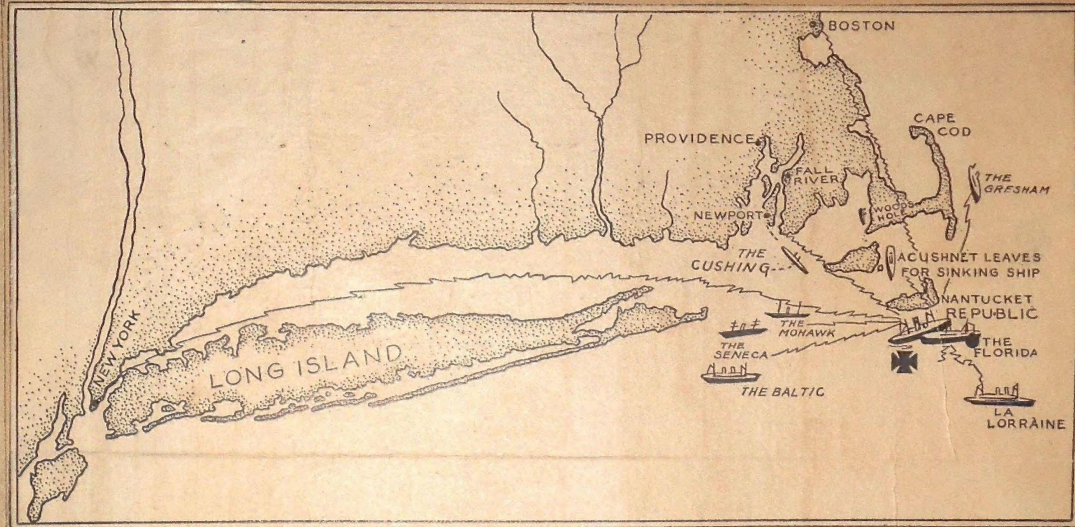
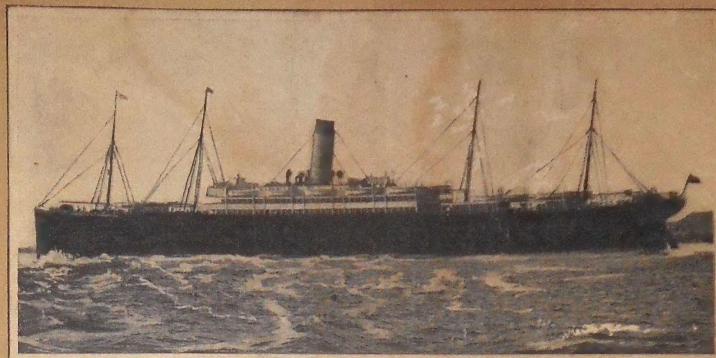


Diagram showing the scene of the collision, and the manner in which the aid of other vessels was brought to the stricken steamship by the use of wireless

UNDERNEATH a mesh of wires from which the electric flames sprang in streaks and flashes, Gimman, who operates the wireless station at Siasconset, a village on the south shore of Nantucket Island, sat at his work on the morning of January 24, waiting for the dawn to break. From time to time the gossip and chatter of the big ocean liners came drifting over a radius of hundreds of miles of fog-bound sea.

It was quiet in the little shack upon the spit of sand that runs out into the Atlantic. Nothing broke the monotony of the night except the distant pounding of the breakers, the wind that sang through the wires overhead, and the steady, uninteresting click, click of the chattering ships. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, cutting through the air, came the three letters C. Q. D., the signal made by some ship in distress at sea. (C. Q. D. stands for "all ships." D. means "distress.") It was a notification to transmit the distress signal to every vessel within two hundred miles of Siasconset.

Gimman waited. The chatter of distant ships clicked off meant nothing more now than the noise of the wind or the pounding of the sea. A few seconds afterward the message came:

"We were struck by an unknown boat; engine-room filled; passengers all safe; can stay afloat; latitude 40° 17' longitude 70° Republic."

It was the big, four-year-old White Star ocean liner that was in distress. She had sailed from New York on Friday, carrying a full complement of passengers for the Mediterranean—wealthy Americans upon their way to their winter residences, and returning immigrants. She was rammed amidships in the thick fog on Saturday morning by the Italian Lloyd's emigrant ship Florida, heading for New York. On the two ships one woman and five men were killed and two men injured. They were those whose staterooms or sleeping-berths were at the point of the collision. The Florida stood by, in spite of a smashed bow, and received on board the 700 passengers of the Republic; later, her own condition being precarious, the sixteen hundred souls aboard her were transferred to the Baltic, which carried them to New York in safety. After heroic but fruitless efforts had been made to save the Republic she sank.

That these sixteen hundred-odd lives were saved is due entirely to the marvels of wireless telegraphy. It has robbed accident by sea of half its terrors. No longer need the passengers of a wrecked ship scan the horizon hopelessly while the sea pours into the hold

and, inch by inch, death gains his footing. For an invisible network of ethereal communications unites ship to ship; and from the station of the Marconi operator help can be called for and assurance of safety received. Truly, in the words of Longfellow's sea captain, "heaven is as near by water as by land."

In the transmitting-room of the Republic Binns, the Marconi operator, sat, calmly tapping a key at the dictation of the captain. Outside, the passengers ran through the wrecked ship, whose engine-rooms were flooded; there were the multitudinous sounds of fear. Was the vessel sinking? Was the unknown ship that had rammed her standing by? Nothing was visible in the night; and if it had been day the Florida would have been hidden in the fog. But inside the transmitting-room Binns sat, calmly ticking off the message that was taken down almost instantaneously at Siasconset. The wires above Gimman's head began to catch the reply to his signals. First Charleston Navy-yard called promise of aid; then in succession came word from Newport, Boston, Wood's Hole, and Vineyard Haven. From Wood's Hole the revenue cutter Acushnet went to the rescue. The revenue cutter Grosvenor sped out from Boston. The cutters Mohawk and Severn caught the distress signal as they cruised along the coast and started away. Then came another message from Binns, still at his post in the transmitting-room aboard the Republic:

"Able to keep afloat; engine-room full. The Baltic and the Lucania caught the C. Q. D. signal later in the day. From every point rescuing ships were converging toward the shattered Republic. Somewhere in the thick fog La Lorraine came steaming toward the New England shore."

"Am going to the rescue of the Republic, which is sinking off Nantucket," called Captain Tourner. "Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take our bearings." At noon a message from Captain Warr, of the Lucania, was flashed at Siasconset, and thence transmitted to New York, to be posted at the Cunard offices in State Street:

"Sixty-five miles east of Nantucket. Hope to reach Republic at 4 p. m."

Would the rescuers reach the sinking vessel in time? "Power off; have to use storage batteries," was the last message that had come through from Binns. With the flooding of the engine-room and the shutting off of the power that drove the dynamos, a necessary substitution of the reserve storage batteries for the transmission of wireless messages, the radius of

communication was shortened by half. People were waiting in New York, waiting through a deep, impenetrable silence that had wrapped itself around the Republic. She had ceased to signal. Had she gone down, or were her storage batteries too weak to carry to Siasconset?

Soon after noon the tension was relieved. A message came through from the Baltic, via Siasconset, where Gimman still sat waiting in his shack. The Baltic was almost at hand; the Republic was still afloat, and her passengers had been transferred in safety aboard the Florida during the middle of the forenoon. Through the dense fog she came, forging her way as swiftly as she dared over a dead calm stretch of water. Even when near enough to hear the deep, measured booming of the Republic's submerged bell she could see nothing; only the messages of Binns that came from the transmitting room kept the rescuers informed. At eight o'clock in the evening Captain Lamson, of the Baltic, sent a message directly to New York. The damaged vessels were still afloat.

Now the veil had been lifted. All were aware that through the power of wireless telegraphy—and, of course, the heroism of Binns in staying at his post—some seven hundred passengers had been saved from death. At nine o'clock word came that the Republic had been abandoned. When she went under, Captain Seally and an attendant officer, who had refused to leave, flung themselves into the sea and managed to keep afloat on a rail until picked up.

On Monday evening, sixty hours after the collision, the Florida arrived under her own steam at this port. One of her holds was filled with water, but her watertight compartment system had kept her afloat. It is believed that it will be impossible to save the Republic, which is sunk in thirty-eight fathoms of water.

